WHAT PARENTS SHOULD KNOW ABOUT

CHILDHOOD CANCER

BY DR. JOHN E. ALLEN

CALIFORNIA'S BATTLING BISHOP PIKE BY JEROME ELLISON

The Saturday Evening POST

Oct. 7, 1961

20¢

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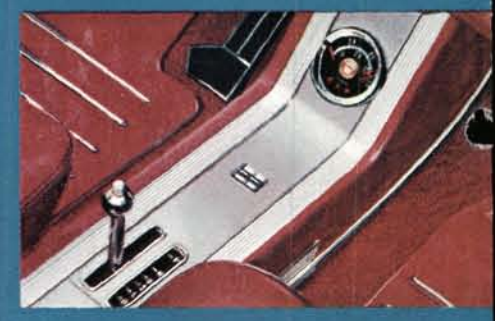
Starfire ... AN OLDSMOBILE ORIGINAL

Glamor and "go"—that's Oldsmobile's Starfire, the new class of car that sparkles with distinction! Stunningly styled inside . . . with leather-appointed bucket seats and sporty center control console. "Something extra" in performance, too . . . with a blazing 345-h.p. Starfire Engine and stick-operated 4-S HYDRA-MATIC. An adventure in motoring excitement awaits you . . . in the limited-edition Starfire! OLDSMOBILE DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



Two models—featuring a brand-new coupe for '62—with all this standard equipment: 345-h.p. Starfire Engine with 10.50-to-1 compression ratio • 4-S Hydra-Matic with stick control • Dual exhausts • Fiber-packed mufflers • High-torque 3.42-to-1 rear axle • Foam-cushioned bucket seats • Tachometer • Power Steering • Power Brakes • Clock • Windshield Washers • Color-matched luggage compartment.

There's "SOMETHING EXTRA" about owning an OLDS! NINETY-EIGHT • SUPER 88 • DYNAMIC 88 • F-85 • STARFIRE

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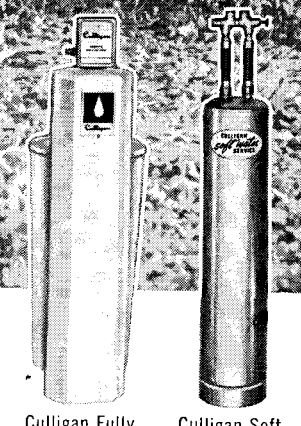
That ought to fetch him. And with him, the blessings of a life with soft water. Silken, soothing soft water bathing. Sudsy, lathery soft water shampoos. Housework and dishwashing made easier. Whiter, brighter washes. And an unlimited supply of Culligan soft water. Now it's *your* turn. Go ahead . . . call your Culligan man.



Culligan Fully Automatic Model. You own it.

Culligan Soft Water Service. We own it.

Culligan®...SEEN MOST OFTEN WHERE THERE'S WATER TO SOFTEN

Culligan, Inc. and franchised dealers in the United States, Canada, Latin America, Europe and Asia • Home Office: Northbrook, Illinois • Franchises available.

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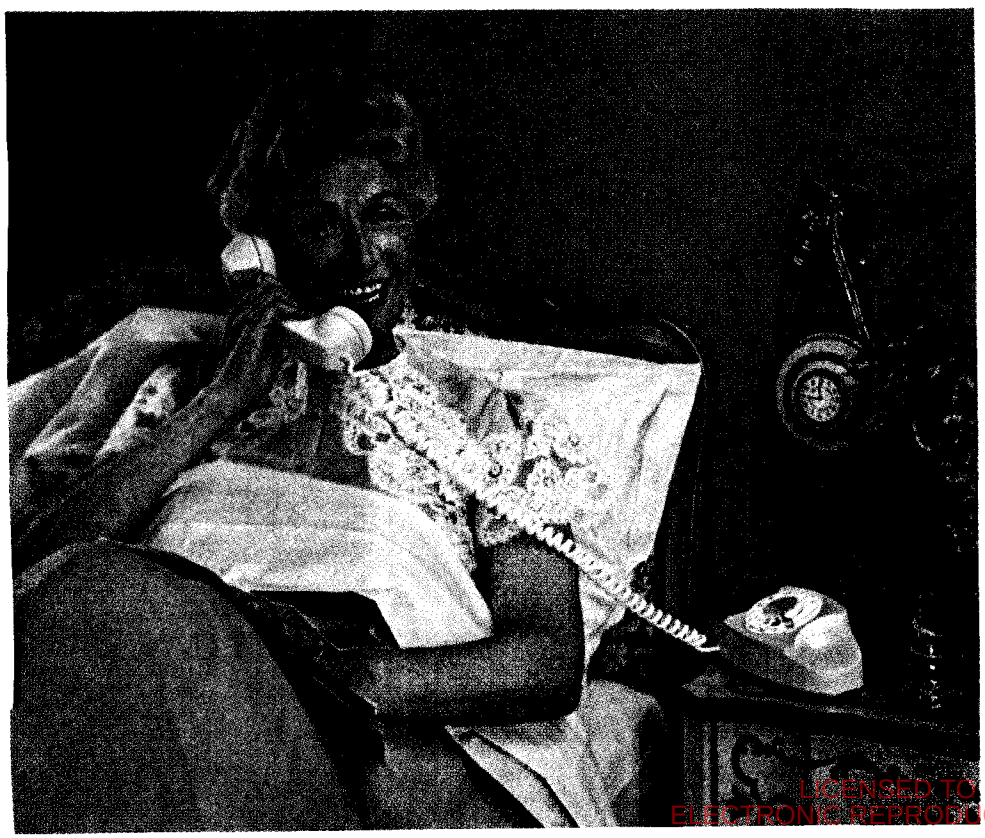
This lovely little phone goes tastefully in any bedroom. It saves time and steps whenever there are calls to make or take. Keep it within arm's reach on a desk or by a favorite chair.

To Each Her Own Princess

Nowadays you see Princess phones in the nicest bedrooms of the nicest homes. They fill the need for an extension, and fill it beautifully. Why not a Princess for *you*, or for someone in your family? Call the Business Office or ask your telephone man.

Bell Telephone System



The dial lights up when you lift the receiver. You can make calls in the dark, or when light is subdued. By the bedside a Princess phone gives daytime comfort, nighttime security.

A Princess of her own means privacy for a teen-ager, peace and quiet for parents. There's a choice of decorator colors — white, beige, pink, blue or turquoise. A small separate ringer goes neatly on the baseboard.

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in this issue

"The best that medical science could do for Paul Czika was to administer massive doses of X rays and an anticancer drug, Cytoxan. It was a forlorn hope. Paul's 'tummy pains' had gone unattended too long." (*See* WHAT PARENTS SHOULD KNOW ABOUT CHILDHOOD CANCER, *by John E. Allen, M.D., p. 110.*)

"Pike brings an unconventional background to the highest order the Episcopal Church can bestow. He was a Roman Catholic until he was twenty. By his twenty-ninth birthday he had been through marriage, divorce and remarriage; at thirty he was an atheistic Government attorney." (BATTLING BISHOP, *by Jerome Ellison, p. 38.*)

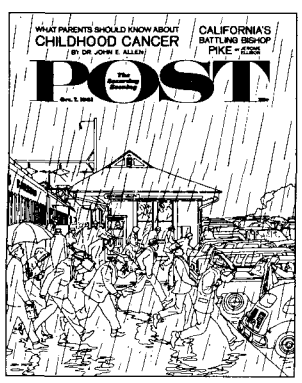
"Well, out comes a high fly ball and it hits Mantle right on top of his head . . . . He wasn't hurt, but he was so embarrassed that he lay there and covered his face." (CASEY STENGEL: MY OWN STORY, *p. 66.*)

"Charles First entreated his captors to let him ride Newmarket Heath once more. They did—before they handed him over to the headsman." (NEWMARKET: HORSIEST TOWN IN THE WORLD, *by John Kobler, p. 19.*)

"Hydrogen has just one electron, and so can be used when one is needed to fill a gap. It is like the hostess's useful friend who provides an extra man for the party." (ADVENTURES OF THE MIND: WHAT IS LIFE MADE OF? *by Sir Lawrence Bragg, p. 34.*)

"She 'loves' hot dogs, frozen custard and charm bracelets—but brings to her work a discipline beyond her not-quite-fifteen years." (PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP, *p. 31.*)

"It is today's civilized substitute for the orgies and Bacchanalia of ancient Greece and Rome." (SPEAKING OUT: IN DEFENSE OF THE COCKTAIL PARTY, *by Hannah Lees, p. 12.*)



THE COVER: Nineteen moist commuters. See how they run. Scarcely a word of complaint about how the rain in suburbia seems to fall mainly when they detrain. Artist John Falter can afford to laugh at these rush-hour scurriers. Falter's studio is in his home and he painted the railroad station at nearby Gwynedd Valley, Pa., in his own good time, when the sun was shining.

Demon of Karimpala (*p. 32*)

Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

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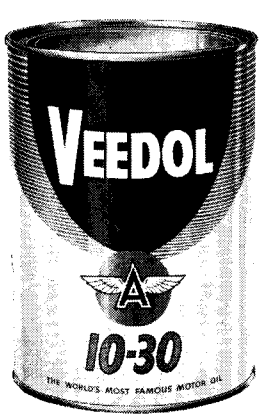
Because it's more versatile. Veedol works like three fine motor oils—light, medium and heavy. It flows freely in zero weather, yet won't break down under extremely high operating temperatures. And Veedol's detergent action cleans as it lubricates... keeps your engine in top condition. Ask for the world's most famous motor oil at your favorite service station, garage, or car dealer.



TIDEWATER OIL COMPANY

LETTERS

OUR WITTY READERS

Dear Sirs:

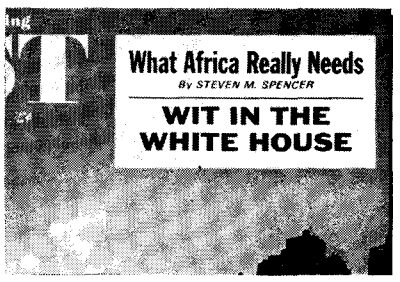
Your obvious attempt to "beef up" our President [THAT WIT IN THE WHITE HOUSE, by Rowland Evans Jr., Sept. 2] may be commendable, assuming your sole aim is to act as trumpet bearer for him. . . . It is good, too, to know that our boy has humor. It is a priceless asset. But to compare his to that of Lincoln is a bit farfetched. Sound judgment complemented Lincoln's humor. One wonders what quip from our wit preceded the Cuban fiasco; what quips accompany the planned inroads upon sound fiscal procedure.

JAMES L. OLIVER
Sycamore, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Is this [below] what Africa *really* needs?

ROLAND BIRNN
Clearwater Beach, Fla.



Dear Sirs:

Isn't it conceivable that more wisdom and less wit could possibly enhance the stature of the United States and perhaps the whole Western world?

R. W. AUGSBURGER
Lima, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed the article. . . . I couldn't help but think of all the angry howls it will arouse. Let me be one of the first to tell you I think it's wonderful that a man under the tension and pressures President Kennedy is under can still have a sense of humor.

MRS. BILLY BARNES
Dayton, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

I would like to commend Mr. Evans on his fine article concerning the sense of humor of President Kennedy. . . . After listening to the President's speeches one cannot help but be amused. Everything he says is a joke.

J. M. SIZEMORE, JR.
Birmingham, Ala.

Dear Sirs:

I never enjoyed an article more than this one. Many people, I have noticed, write to your LETTERS department and criticize the abundance of articles on our President. To these people I say: Remember, he *is* our President and if the people of the United States did not like him, he wouldn't be President. Citizens should *know* their President, and *The Post* deserves a cheer for helping us know him.

PATRICIA A. BUTA
Bellwood, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I fully agree that Kennedy is a quick and clever wit. Why doesn't he go into show business? We need a leader for President, not a clown.

THOMAS A. CASTA
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps we should consider in 1964 Joey Bishop, Jimmy Durante or even Uncle Miltie.

W. G. CLARK
Greencastle, Ind.

PEACEFUL HAVEN

Dear Sirs:

Justice William O. Douglas's article ["MY ISLAND," Aug. 19] about his canoe trip through the Minnesota north woods was refreshing. . . . It would be nice if we could have more such articles of peace and beauty in these troublous times—a rest from the constant badgering about the cold and hot wars throughout an ungrateful world.

I. P. WILSON
Douglas, Wyo.

Dear Sirs:

He really caught the canoe in serving up this fine article. Too bad the good Justice has missed the boat so many times on the court bench.

FRED DREHER, SR.
Cullen, La.

Dear Sirs:

In his peaceful haven does he ever think of us? Whites and Negroes and the torment he helped create in the South?

MRS. JOHN D. BRITTON
Kingstree, S.C.

GHOSTLY BUSINESS

Dear Sirs:

Your article SUICIDE [by Peter Wyden, Aug. 19] stated: "Many doctors, hospitals and social agencies dislike treating suicidal patients, who often require lengthy, delicate therapy and have been known to kill themselves between visits."

It is no wonder that these doctors dislike treating these patients. I

wouldn't enjoy having ghosts for patients either.

MABEL E. BULLOCK
Kansas City, Mo.

• *We agree that "between appointments" would have been more literally correct.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

After Drs. Shneidman and Farberow complete their research on SUICIDE, they owe it to society to address a few frank words to those contemplating self-destruction. The title of that report might well be "How and Where NOT to Commit Suicide." The theme of

Time saver! Temper saver!

ADALOX®sands 5 times better than ordinary sandpaper

. . . and lasts a lot longer on any sanding job. For fine finishes that come fast, ask your hardware, paint or lumber dealer for ADALOX. BEHR-MANNING CO., Troy, N. Y., a division of Norton Company.

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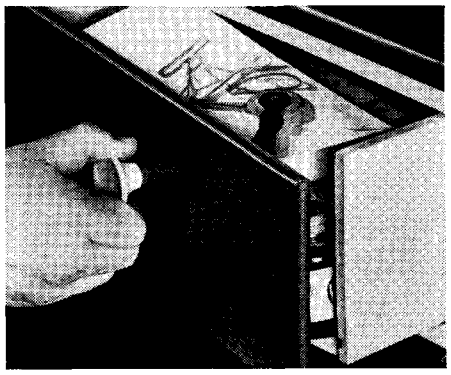
ANOTHER NORTON PRODUCT



don't say "darn"...say DURATITE

Best White Glue you can buy!

Ask for DURATITE WHITE GLUE to solve mending problems like this in a hurry. Dries fast. Makes a tough bond as strong or stronger than the materials you repair. Mends so many different materials so easily you'll want two big plastic bottles . . . one for household, one for workshop. Get other DURATITE products, too — Wood and Metal Fillers, Household Cement, many more—at hardware, paint and building supply stores. Write for free DURATITE folders.

Say DURATITE for the best in Glues, Cements, Wood and Metal Fillers . . . say DAP for fine Caulking-Glazing-Sealing-Spackling products.

DURATITE, A Division of DAP inc.
Dept. 13, Dayton 31, Ohio

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A Mixer with a knife-sharpening accessory!

It's General Electric's Portable Mixer.

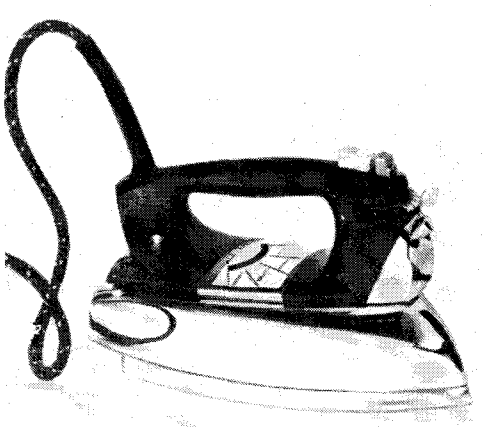
It beats the heaviest batters. Whips the most marvelous meringues. Coddles the most delicate sauces. Has a free drink mixer and an optional accessory that sharpens knives quickly and easily!

The mixer is handsomely styled—sleek, slim, portable. Just remove the cord and it hangs on your wall. It weighs only 2¾ pounds, is available in a choice of decorator colors—white, yellow, pink, turquoise.

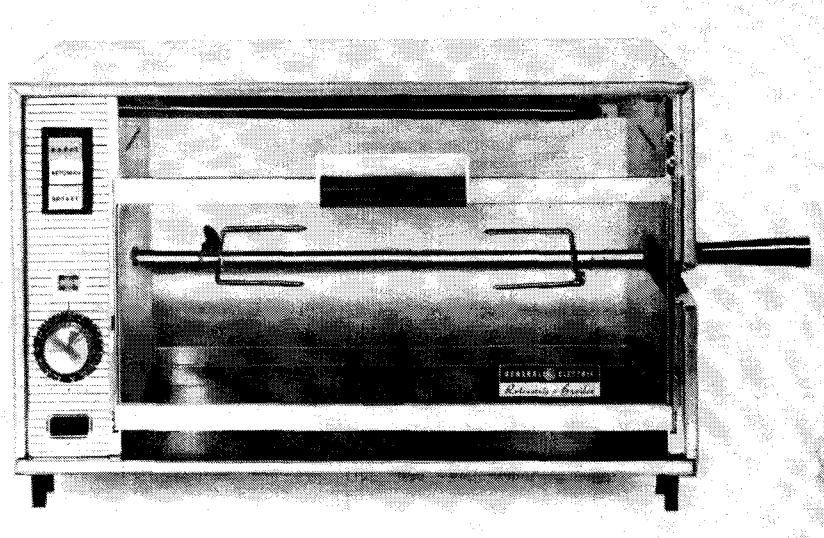
Your General Electric dealer has it. *You should!* General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Dept., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



Spray, Steam & Dry Iron! It sprinkles as you iron! Has 3 wash-and-wear settings, handy fabric guide, unique Even-Heat system!



A Rotisserie And Portable Oven, Too. Broils, rotisserizes and bakes with controlled heat. Tilt-top lid for easy access.

Coffee Maker Reheats Without Reperking! Reheats coffee without that "staled over" flavor. Easy-to-clean stainless steel.

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YOU KNOW, LINUS, EVERY '62 FALCON IS LOW PRICED, AND SAVES MORE ON GAS, OIL AND MAINTENANCE
WHAT'S MORE, WITH 13 DIFFERENT MODELS FOR 1962, FALCON OFFERS YOU THE LARGEST CHOICE IN THE WHOLE COMPACT FIELD
FACED WITH SUCH AN IMPRESSIVE LINE-UP OF FALCONS, I WONDER WHAT THE COMPETITION IS DOING...
HIRING NEW ENGINEERS?
SCHULZ

Peanuts Characters © 1950 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

It's too late, Linus . . . Falcon is already first by far in the hearts of America. And for 1962—there's more of everything that made it America's best-loved compact! More models—13 altogether—including an exciting new Futura, a great new Club Wagon—and the elegant new Squire Wagon. There's more economy, too—with a new improved version of the famous Falcon Six engine, that last spring recorded the best gas mileage for a Six or Eight in the 25-year history of the Mobilgas Economy Run. Best of all, Falcon's low price for 1962 makes it still America's best compact value!

PRODUCTS OF Ford MOTOR COMPANY

The New Falcon Squire Wagon. Steel paneling, with elegant woodlike finish, makes this the only compact wagon of its kind. And it's available with bucket seats and console!

Ford Falcon '62

BEST SHAPE ECONOMY'S EVER BEEN IN

LETTERS

many suicide notes is "I'm doing this only because I love you," but the facts belie the words. The thinking of the note-writers is so self-centered that they cannot even project it for one instant beyond their own death.

Take the shotgun artists. How can a man possibly bind his poor widow and his children to a home in which he has decorated the kitchen walls, the ceiling and the floor with his blood? And then, for good measure, arranged matters so one of his "loved ones" is first to find what is left of him after a shotgun blast.

And what about the leapers? If life is no longer worth living for them, why must they make it more difficult for others by dropping their shattered remains at somebody's feet on a busy street in front of some tall office building?

Few in this day and age believe in ghosts. Yet it would be a brave hostess indeed who dared to say to her friends, "I've made up the guest bedroom for you tonight. You know, that's where I found Charles hanging on our last wedding anniversary."

If people must die by their own hands, they should at least have the benefit of some advice from the experts.

PAUL F. KNIEF
A former police reporter.
Santa Monica, Calif.

WHY PRISONS FAIL

Dear Sirs:

Hal Hollister's I SAY PRISONS ARE A FAILURE [Aug. 26] adequately describes those inmates who are generally referred to as "psychopathic." . . . However, classifying or pigeonholing inmates solely on the basis of their deeds is not the answer to recidivism. There is still a large percentage of inmates who make the grade. . . .

Granted, few penal institutions practice rehabilitation at a level even worthy of the name. They are criticized for what has never adequately been tried. . . . Pilot projects throughout the country have demonstrated what can be done. Most states haven't had the chance to even try.

WILLIAM J. ENSIGN, *Executive Secretary*
Ohio Pardon and Parole Commission
Columbus, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

The title of Mr. Hollister's article, I SAY PRISONS ARE A FAILURE has some validity only as considered from the aspect of reformation. They are not failures as places to put those who must be taken out of circulation for the protection of society.

RALPH M. HOLMAN, *Presiding Judge*
Fifth Judicial District
Circuit Court of Oregon
Oregon City, Oreg.

ELSA'S CUBS

The book Living Free *by Joy Adamson (portions of which appeared in the September 30* Post*) will be published on October 16 by Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc.*

—THE EDITORS

CUBS CLOBBER COVER

Dear Sirs:

As a former Cubmaster I rise to the obvious bait you flaunt on the August 26 cover. To illustrate the Cubmaster as

an addle-brained individual who gets lost in the short distance a Cubs' hike encompasses is unmitigated gall. It is obvious that neither the illustrator nor the editorial staff have any public-spirited, self-sacrificing individuals who know anything about or participate in this worthwhile patriotic idealist movement that Scouting represents.

J. P. AUSTIN
Newton, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

I am a Cub Scout for three years, and me and my friends wouldn't go hiding from a summer rain.

BOBBY SCOTT (*age 10*)
Englewood, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

It's no wonder the cow and her calf are staring at the Cubmaster and his Cubs. . . . The Cubmaster is wasting his time. As far as I can see, there are no telephone lines connected to the booth. So he couldn't be getting too far that way!

MICCA SANDERSON (*age 14*)
Santa Fe, N. Mex.

● *Cover artist Dick Sargent says, "The phone booth I used as a model (below) is located on Round Hill Road in Connecticut and, as you can see, the wires come in the back through a pipe out of the ground. I hope all this attention to details didn't obscure the cover's basic idea, which I thought was rather amusing."—ED.*

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His first name was Joe...

Schlitz®

The above is a Milwaukee engraver's version of the way Joseph Schlitz signed his name.

Jos. Schlitz did not actually found the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company. He married the widow of the man who did. But before he drowned in the Irish Sea, his name had been put on a beer so good that it has endured and prospered for 112 years.

All this time the same family that founded the company has directed the patient, prideful brewing of Schlitz beer.

And the beer has become such a familiar friend that no one thinks of the name as odd at all any more.

© 1961 Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., Brooklyn, N. Y., Los Angeles, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Tampa, Fla.

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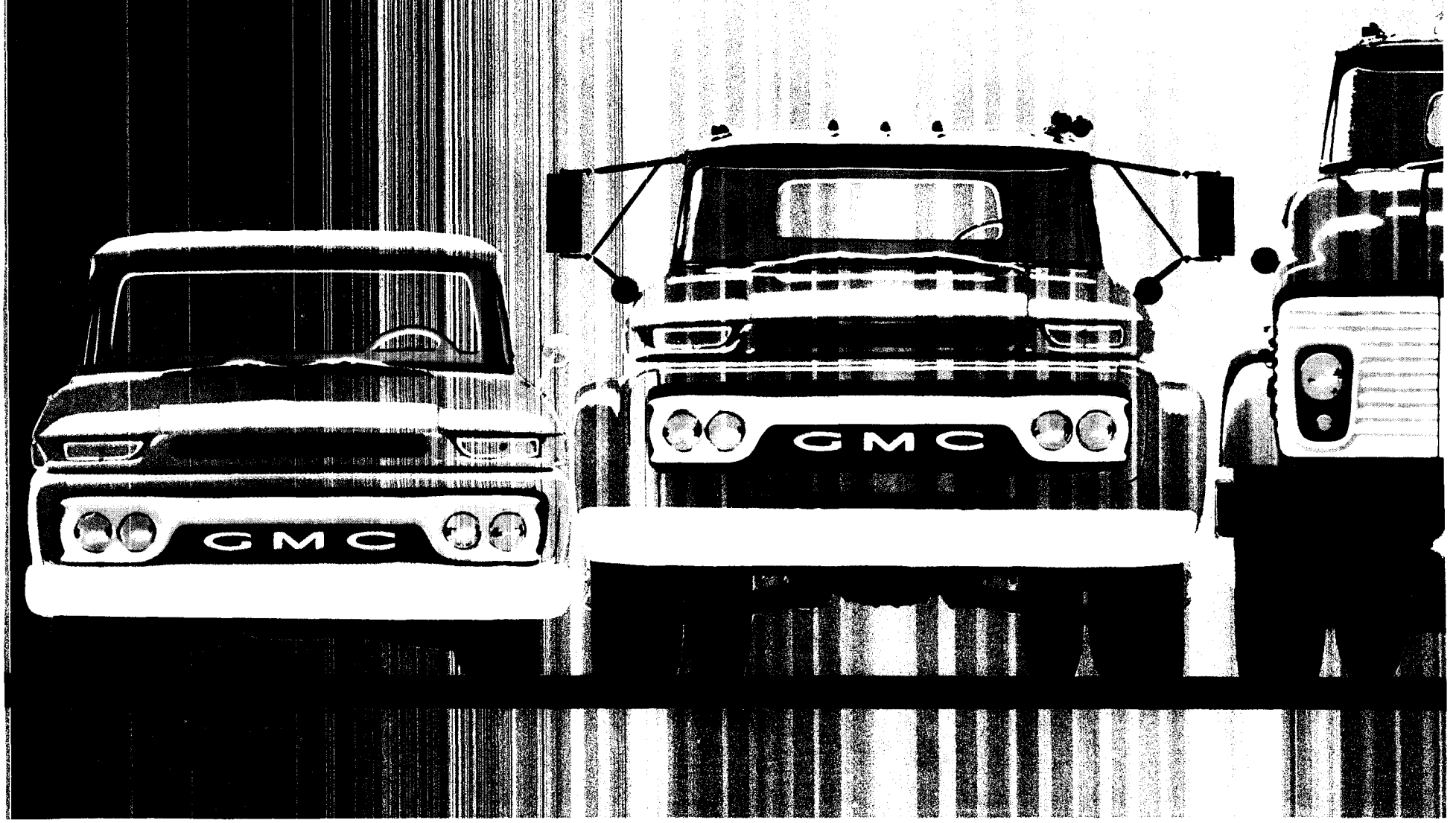

Built-in bonuses of new design, new performance, new economy in many GMC light-duty truck models!

Now . . . in 76 different, distinctive, prestige-styled new light-duty models . . . each one brilliantly designed inside and out . . . GMC brings you as standard equipment the great performance of the powerful new 165 hp. V-6 engine. Result: You get the most pulling power at low rpm in any comparable truck engine today . . . plus outstanding economy and long-running life! And every other part of every GMC is built to save you money, too! Examples: Independent front wheel suspension with torsion bar springing, double-wall cab construction, rugged frames, longer-lasting, chip-resistant finishes. Let your GMC Dealer show you all these special built-in bonuses in GMC light-duty models. Call him . . . you'll find him listed in the Yellow Pages.

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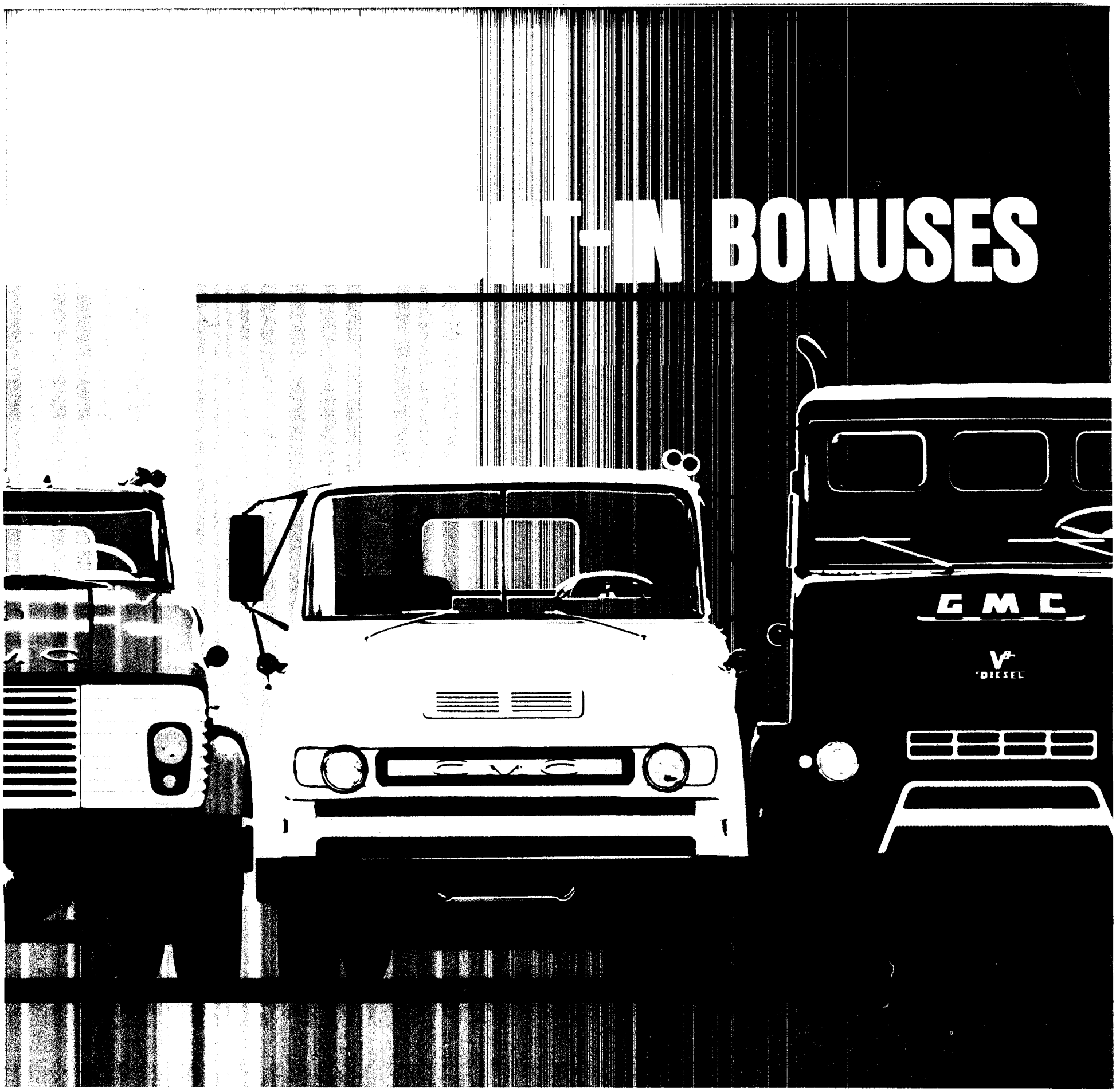
T-IN BONUSES



Built-in bonuses of service-tested, field-use improvements in GMC medium and heavy-duty truck models!

Here is the pay-off of the "Truck Triumph of the 60's"—GMC's promise of hundreds more hours of continuous hauling . . . bigger payloads . . . a safer, sounder return on transportation investments. On the road today—proved and improved through constant, careful service-testing: The exclusive Twin-Six—with the highest performance of any standard gas truck engine. The 48" aluminum-tilt cab—shortest and lightest in the industry! The 2-cycle GMC Truck diesel—more efficient and fuel saving than ever! The 72" steel-tilt cab—easiest to service, easiest to drive on the road. Plus the widest selection of 90" Conventionals in trucking. Get the facts from your GMC Dealer. GMC Truck & Coach . . . a General Motors Division, Pontiac, Michigan.

GMC
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
TRUCKS
FROM ½ TO 60 TONS

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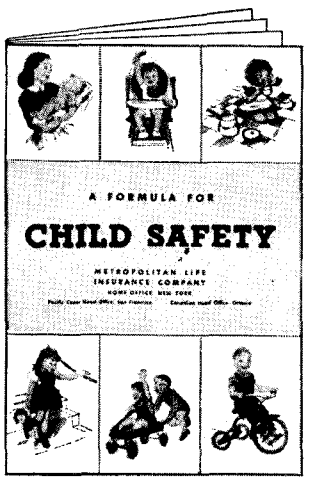

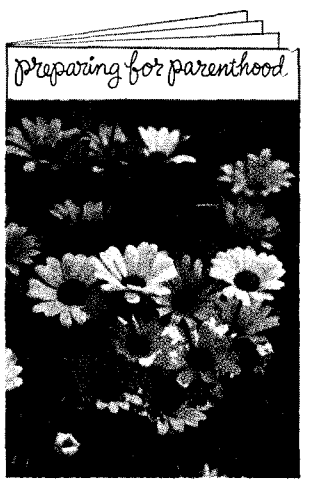

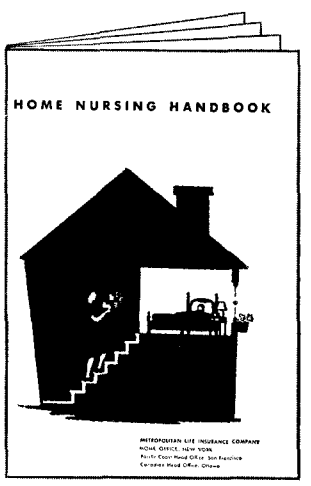

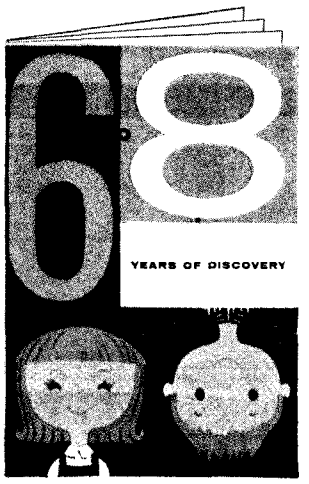

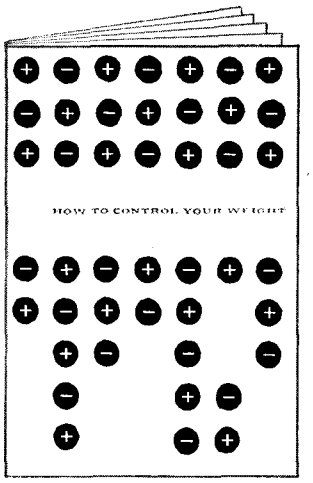

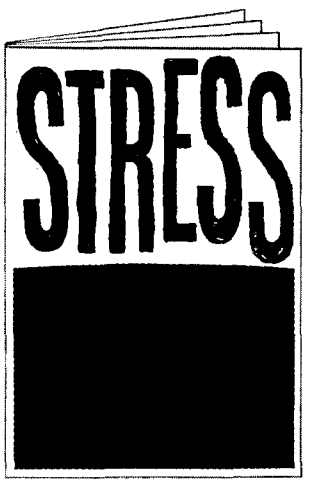

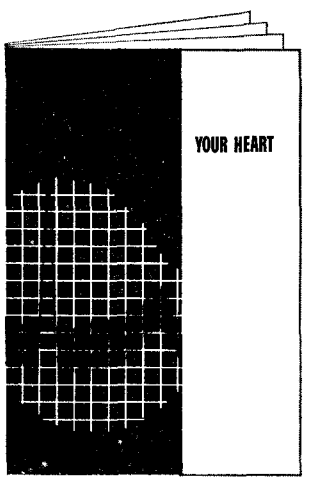

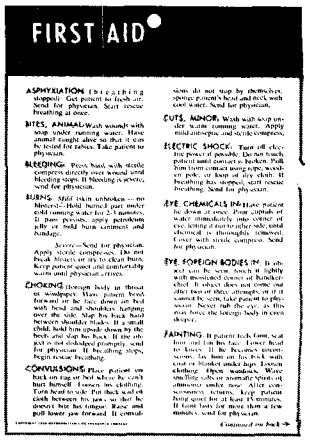

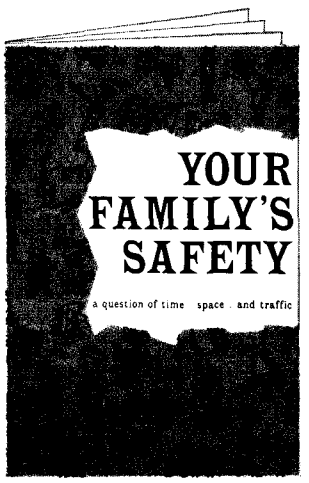

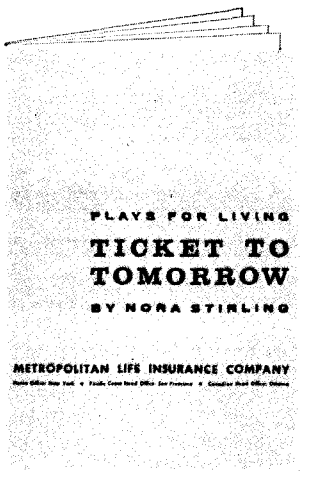

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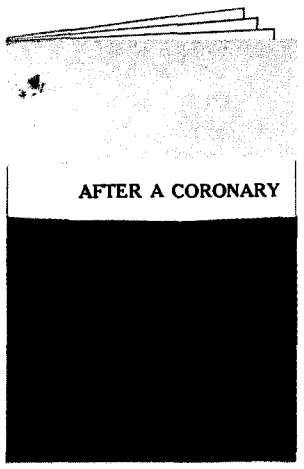
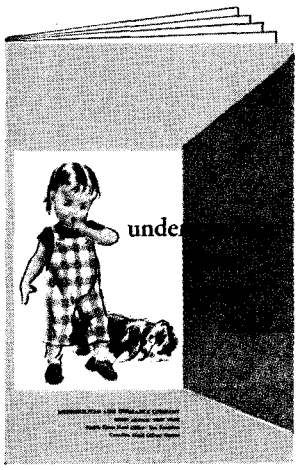
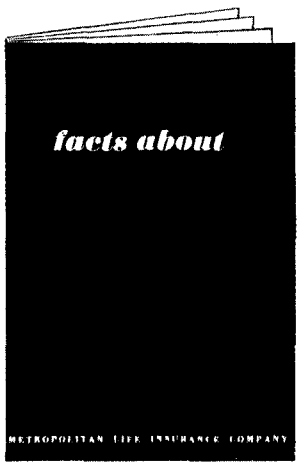
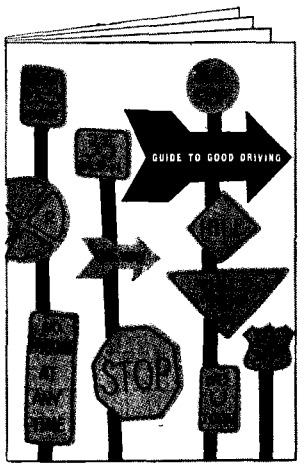
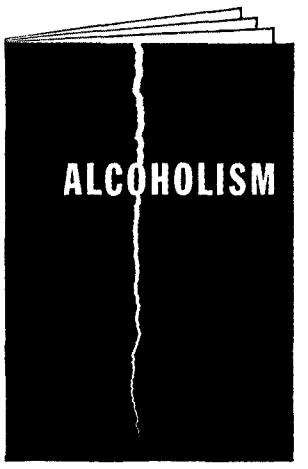
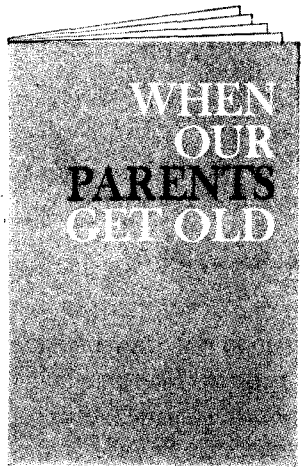


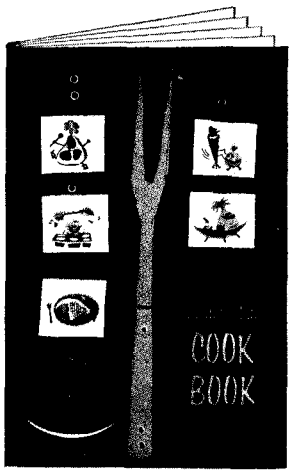


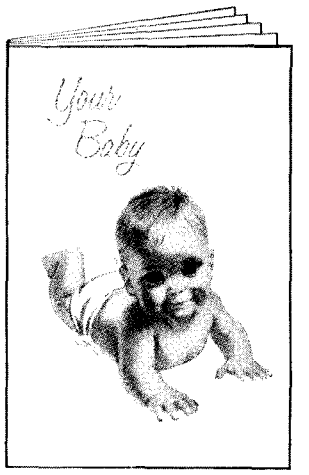


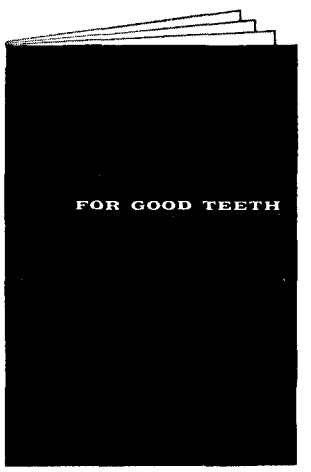


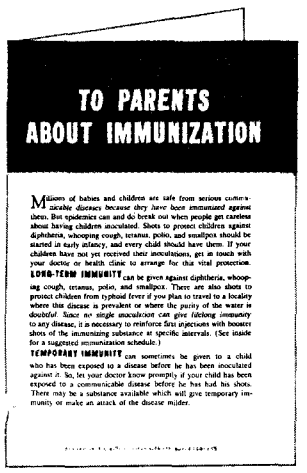


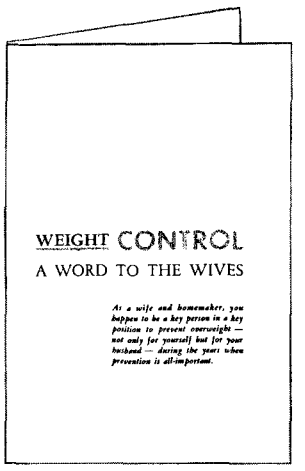


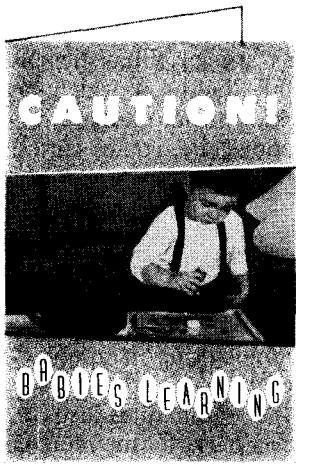


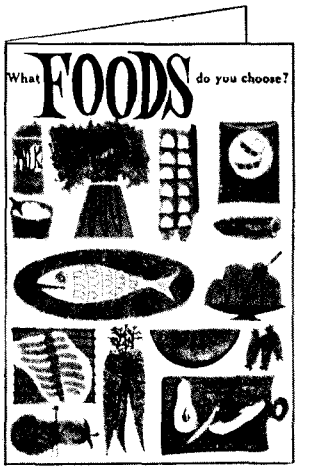


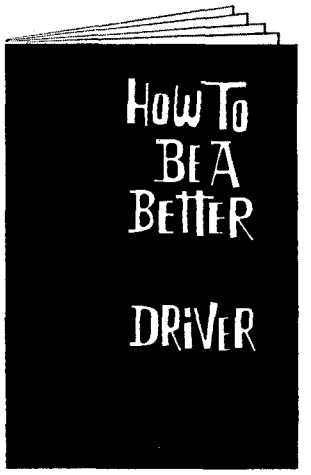



TO PARENTS
ABOUT IMMUNIZATION
Millions of babies and children are safe from serious communicable diseases because they have been immunized against them. But epidemics can and do break out when people get careless about having children inoculated. Shots to protect children against diphtheria, whooping cough, tetanus, polio, and smallpox should be started in early infancy, and every child should have them. If your children have not yet received their inoculations, get in touch with your doctor or health clinic to arrange for that vital protection.
LONG-TERM IMMUNITY can be given against diphtheria, whooping cough, tetanus, polio, and smallpox. There are also shots to protect children from typhoid fever if you plan to travel to a locality where this disease is prevalent or where the purity of the water is doubtful. Since no single inoculation can give lifelong immunity to any disease, it is necessary to reinforce first injections with booster shots of the immunizing substance at specific intervals. (See inside for a suggested immunization schedule.)
TEMPORARY IMMUNITY can sometimes be given to a child who has been exposed to a disease before he has been inoculated against it. So, let your doctor know promptly if your child has been exposed to a communicable disease before he has had his shots. There may be a substance available which will give temporary immunity or make an attack of the disease milder.


WEIGHT CONTROL
A WORD TO THE WIVES
As a wife and homemaker, you happen to be a key person in a key position to prevent overweight — not only for yourself but for your husband — during the years when prevention is all-important.







about your family's health

METROPOLITAN LIFE

oft-quoted phrase: "He who hath himself for a doctor, hath a fool for a patient."

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Among the booklets shown here, there may be one or more of special interest to you. For free copies, write to Metropolitan Life (Dept. A-1), One Madison Avenue, New York 10, N.Y. and list by title the booklet or booklets you want. Your Metropolitan Man or your local Metropolitan office will also be glad to supply copies.

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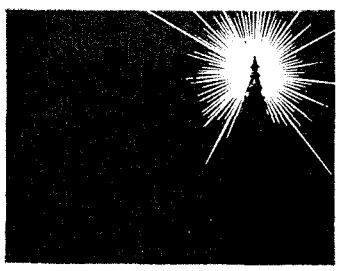

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SPEAK!NG OUT THE VOICE OF DISSENT

IN DEFENSE OF THE COCKTAIL PARTY

BY HANNAH LEES

Hannah Lees, a frequent Post contributor, writes about human relations, both public and private. She and her husband, Dr. Ferdinand Fetter, have observed the American cocktail ritual in such diverse places as Philadelphia (where they live), Finland, Yugoslavia, and Guatemala.

The social institution known as the cocktail party has a hard time at the hands of its critics. Dissolute, destructive, disgusting and a waste of time are just a few of the ways I have heard it described. Yet offhand I can think of no other social function that fills so many basic human needs. It is today's civilized substitute for the orgies and Bacchanalia of ancient Greece and Rome. It is a marriage bureau for the nubile female, an elixir of youth for the jaded and aging, an intellectual forum for people who love to exchange ideas. It offers wandering spirits an acceptable substitute for dangerous entanglements. It makes a splendid social ladder. Important business, diplomatic and political deals are often made at cocktail parties. Lifelong friends are made and so are converts. Egos are bolstered, aggressions harmlessly released. All this in the space of a few hours during which men and women are standing on their feet sipping from glasses containing various disguises and dilutions of a potent sedative.

At 5:30 in any part of the world where Americans gather you are likely to find from five to 500 of us meeting for this ritualistic act. Our skill in performing it makes the cocktail party, to my way of thinking, the most civilized and demanding of all social functions. Most participants can adroitly space their intake of this sedative called alcohol—quite capable in large quantities of causing delirium, insensibility and death—so as to become only increasingly witty, charming and kindly toward their fellow men. Excessive drinkers cannot stand cocktail parties and are not welcome, because they don't have enough discipline for the demanding ritual.

Only in church is ritual more intricate. Take the careful observance of the correct glass for each type of drink: stemmed glasses, cunningly curved for Martinis, Manhattans, daiquiris and stingers; deeper, narrower, stemmed glasses for whisky sours and bloody Marys; short, fat glasses for cocktails on the rocks; tall highball glasses for those who prefer their drug dilute. No one who knew the rules would consider drinking a Martini, say, or a whisky sour out of a highball glass.

Each drink has its special ritualistic embellishment. Take the Martini, that drink which has raised the ritual of the cocktail to its ultimate refinement and which also, paradoxically, comes closest to the undiluted drug. No one cold sober at ten in the morning could seriously try to prove that it made any great difference to the taste whether in a Martini glass one placed an olive, a twist of lemon, an onion or—the latest—a pickled mushroom. Yet those whose chosen ritual is a twist of lemon—my own sect, in fact—cannot bring themselves to taste a Martini with an olive in it, let alone an onion. Those who prefer the onion and then call their Martini a Gibson have no use for the more common olive or lemon-peel Martini.

Dilution is an important part of the ritual too. Not real dilution—this would defeat the purpose—but dilution of the gin with a slightly less alcoholic sedative called vermouth. There is ritual also to the delicate holding of the glass, the experimental first taste and the spreading expression of bliss as the ritualist contemplates his impending expansion of spirit.

Cocktail-party food involves an elaborate and precise ritual. Celery, radishes, cucumber and carrot sticks, all carefully peeled and carved, are traditional cocktail fare. So are nuts and so are whole-wheat crackers spread with minute portions of exotic cheeses. Everything is in miniature: tiny sandwiches, minuscule crab or codfish cakes, individual boiled or fried shrimp, one pickled stuffed mushroom, one olive wrapped in bacon. The goal is an elaborate gourmet meal in microcosm.

Some people, who believe that man was born to suffer, take a dim view of any attempt to ease our universal loneliness and confusion. These people can find no good in cocktail parties because they find no good in cocktails. Liquor to them is a drug, a stimulant, and should only be taken medicinally. (They might feel worse if they realized that liquor is, in medicinal fact, a sedative which masquerades as a stimulant because it numbs the higher centers of the brain and removes inhibitions.) I can only suggest that these people read up on history and anthropology. In all times, in all cultures, the human animal has gathered in groups to ingest some substance which takes him out of the daily rut of ordinary existence—beer, wine, liquor, pulque, peyotl, marijuana, hashish, opium, the sacred mushroom, to mention a few. Men who have given serious study to the question have come to the conclusion that of all historic life brighteners, alcohol is the most nearly harmless.

The qualities which make man human—his intelligence, his sensitive nervous system, his emotional response to experience—give him an almost intolerable awareness of the bitter jokes life can play on him, the thin hair by which the sword is always hanging. The longing for a quick lift when we contemplate the world we live in seems to me evidence of a healthy and honest awareness. To live bemused by alcohol is wasting life; to use it to make it easier to take the struggle calmly is accepting life.

Whatever the purpose of the cocktail, the purpose of the cocktail party is to meet people—people we know and people we don't. Most of us know too many people. We can't possibly hope to sit down to dinner with all the delightful people we really like, or wish we knew better.

That "wish we knew better" is an important phrase. Few of us are so content with our intimate circle we don't dream of meeting other, more fascinating people. Even those of us who already know too many delightful people are usually quite ready to meet more. There is in most of us—even the really gregarious and the truly happily married—a secret lonely place and a secret dream of finding someone who can walk right into it. We don't really find that at a cocktail party—not often anyway—but quite often for a brief half hour we may have the illusion of finding it. You've heard people say dreamily, "I had the most fascinating conversation with that girl in the yellow dress." All they really meant is that briefly they felt "understood."

What's more, a cocktail party can offer the opportunity for people to meet someone glamorous and important. Those who lead rather drab, conventional lives have a chance to brush shoulders and

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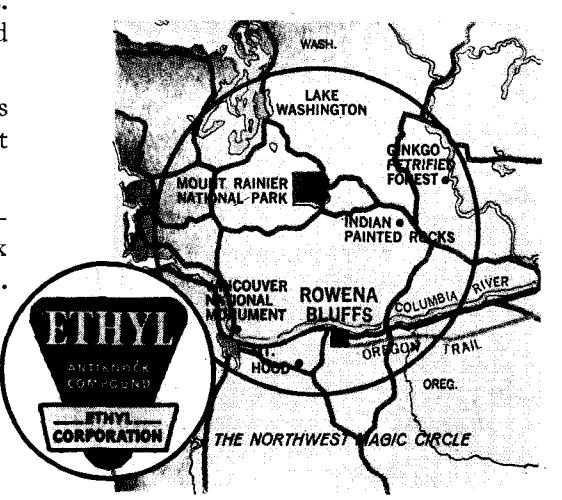

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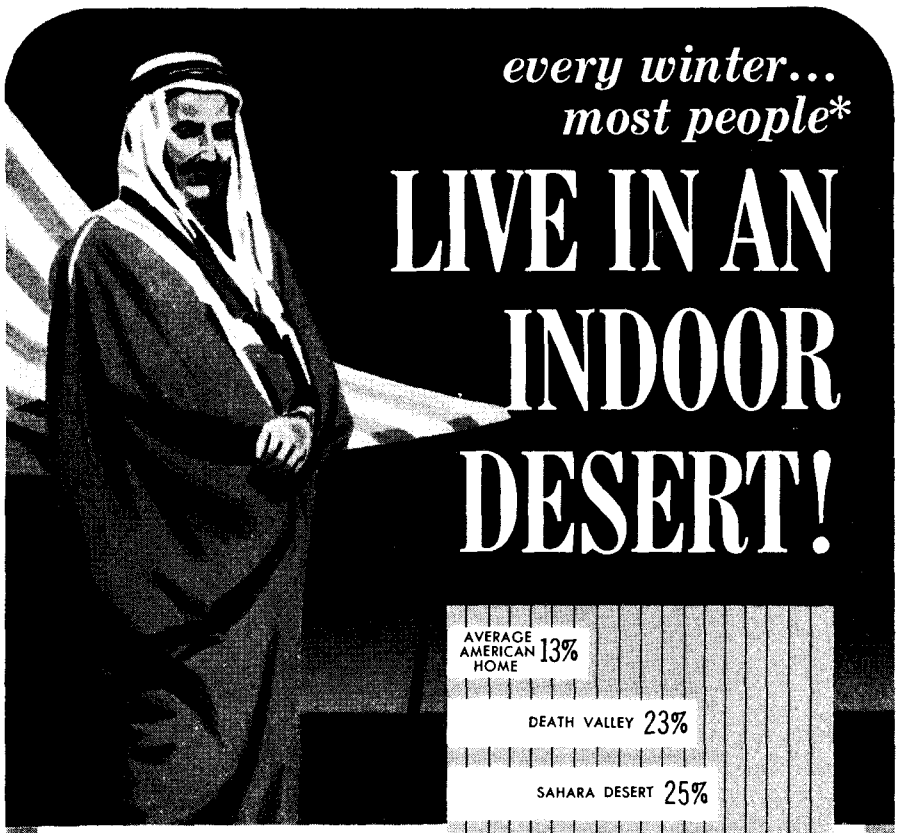

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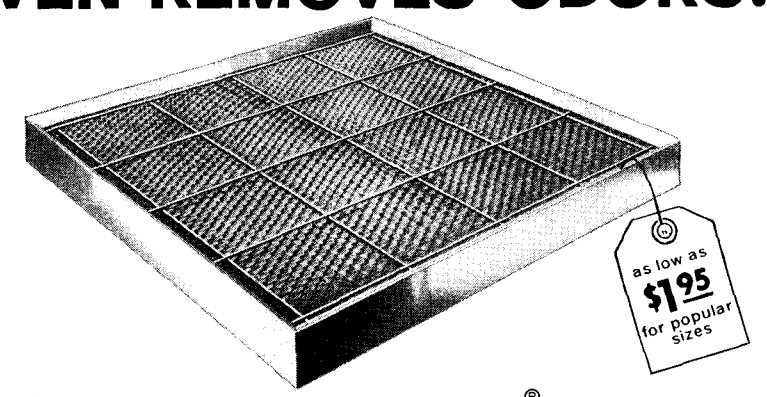

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SPEAK!NG OUT

exchange a few words with celebrities they would never in the world find themselves at dinner with. How many of us are likely to have Harry Belafonte, Barbara Bel Geddes, Danny Kaye or Governor Rockefeller, or such famous authors as C. P. Snow or Jean Kerr on their right at dinner? Yet quite ordinary citizens in my acquaintance have met them at cocktail parties.

Without cocktail parties, where would the eager young men and women who get jobs in the big cities ever meet the people they hope to marry? Where would they meet the charmers they hope to date? Many a very junior executive goes to a cocktail party with a twenty-dollar bill in his vest pocket—ten dollars used to do, but no more—earmarked for dinner with some still unknown lovely, and ends up happily spending it. As for the girls, you need only glance at what is called cocktail apparel to recognize its primary function. The bare backs and shoulders, the cunningly draped bosoms, the full, full or sleekly taut skirts, the wisps of veil. And then the elaborate hairdos, the exquisitely applied eye shadow, the innocent batting of eyes and carefree peals of laughter. All man bait? What else?

Yet their conquests are seldom made with purely physical lures. There is probably as much exchange of opinion and erudition at a good cocktail party as in many a college classroom. Here are just a few of the remarks I overheard at the last few cocktail parties I attended:

"Of course Anna (Anna Karenina) was really destroyed by her own materialistic snobbishness."

"The whole secret of Zen is absolute concentration on nothingness."

"How did Humphrey ever get into the inner club in the Senate? He's way left of center and a hayseed to boot."

"Shirer's point that the Allies could have stopped Hitler cold three or four times changed my whole . . ."

"These belt thruways are strangling the cities. In a few more years we'll be immobile. We'll just have jelled."

"Right while we're talking the galaxies are moving apart at a rate of . . ."

Without cocktail parties our entire political and diplomatic life would have to be redesigned. A good many promising candidates would never get their names on the ballot if masses of their constituents were not invited for cocktails to meet them and contribute to their war chests.

However, there is no such venal facet to diplomatic cocktail parties. The purpose there is to meet and mingle, to see and be seen and, with any luck, pick up a few scraps of useful information which may be pieced together to make a larger, more useful scrap. This is the cocktail party in its most elegant and disciplined form. People are then most charming, but they are by no means relaxed. One's job may hang on one's manner. The least relaxation, what's more, might let slip some piece of classified information. Yet budding career diplomats may find themselves in the line of duty faced with four, five or more cocktail parties in one afternoon, with no real dinner or the comfort of getting agreeably mellow.

One junior diplomatic couple finally solved the problem of the multiplicity of cocktail parties by separating for the first two or three, the husband going to and leaving cards with the Ecuadorian, Dutch and Spanish embassies, while his wife called on the Italian, Danish and Nigerian embassies. Then they would meet at the French Embassy cocktail party at 8:30, according to plan, before going home exhausted to milk and scrambled eggs.

Not every cocktail party, unhappily, is entirely stylish and elegant, nor is the gaiety always urbane. A cocktail party can, with the best intentions and plans in the world, unexpectedly deteriorate into a brawl.

I vividly remember one of those accidents it was my husband's and my misfortune to preside over back in the '30's in Paris where my husband had a job for a year. A number of elegant Parisians we had met were invited along with our expatriate friends, and we planned to serve sidecars—cointreau, brandy and lemon juice—which were the thing in Paris then. We were young, eager, ignorant and excessively hospitable. "Do let me fill your glass," we would say the minute there was any space to fill. Now sidecars, like fishhouse punch, have the dubious asset of not tasting in the least alcoholic—and it occurs to me here that perhaps the growing popularity of the Martini comes from its tasting exactly as alcoholic as it is, so that one can have some idea where one is. These Parisians were not, in any case, used to cocktails, having grown up with the more gradual effects of wine. The party became a chaos with incredible speed. The less inhibited guests by 7:30 were throwing things out of windows, spilling food and drink on the floor, embracing and screaming at each other. Bemused as I regret to say I was myself, I ached with humiliation and horror.

The next morning I only wanted to dig a hole, pull it in over me and never, never, never see those people again. But inevitably I did see them, and to my utter amazement, I found them jovially cordial. Each one was full of deliciously shocked accounts of the disgraceful way everyone else had behaved. Our brawl had been a big success. Perhaps the more civilized we are, the more we need now and then to let down our hair and our guards and cut loose. Perhaps all of us need, once in a while, to be and see others reduced *ad absurdum*.

Though it is probably a valuable experience to find out exactly how an unlimited amount of alcohol is likely to affect one, the parties in which sloppy neurotics consistently try to outdrink each other strike me quite frankly as a bore. People who go in for that sort of thing would otherwise get drunk at dinner—or alone with a bottle in a locked room. To blame drunkenness on the institution of the cocktail party is as unreasonable as to blame obesity on gourmet cooking.

The simple fact is that a good cocktail party can work miracles. It can make an old woman feel young and sometimes look it. It can make an exhausted young mother feel like Suzy Parker, and a tired businessman feel like Horst Buchholz. It can make a dull man briefly brilliant and a brilliant man unsurpassable. It can make sullen people friendly and shy people expansive.

It can also, let's face it, make possessive wives more possessive, jealous husbands more glowering, lechers more lecherous, show-offs more exhibitionistic, cats more feline and chips easier to knock off shoulders. Everything is simply likely to be more so at a cocktail party. Humans become infinitely more human. And isn't that what we're all after?

THE END

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What does it take to grow a boy?

Good nutritious food, including the proper amount of vitamins!

Good eating habits generally supply enough vitamins. But boys will be boys. So soft drinks and snacks often replace well-balanced meals and can cause a shortage of the vitamins he needs most, at the age when he needs them most!

The simple fact is that vitamin shortage can happen to anyone at any age. So be wise, guard against vitamin shortage by taking ONE-A-DAY® (brand) Multiple Vitamins! Just one tablet daily supplies all the vitamins a child or grown-up normally needs to take.

Insist on ONE-A-DAY . . . America's leading vitamins.

LOOK FOR THE LABEL WITH THE BIG RED "1"

MILES PRODUCTS — *Division of Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana*

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VALIANT for '62

STYLE LEADER OF THE COMPACTS

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featuring the exciting new Valiant Signet 200, America's lowest-priced hardtop with bucket seats.

You just can't beat Valiant for value! Look at this sports-minded Signet 200—just introduced! Inside, king-size bucket seats—to delight a queen. Custom-tailored interior trim. Deep-pile carpeting. And every rugged, rich-looking Valiant interior is color-keyed by fashion experts to go with your choice of exterior colors. The Signet 200 clearly says: now it's enjoyable to be economical!

WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

Come see! Value is a Valiant trademark for '62! Why? Valiant is the only compact at its low asking price with so many full-size car features plus the very real savings of an economy car!

Proof? Plenty! Start with styling. With its Trim-Line Design, Valiant has a pleasing new-car personality all its own. Here is a distinctively different automotive design that Valiant originated for Valiant!

HOW ABOUT PERFORMANCE?

Let's talk about it. To match Valiant's get-up-and-go, you'd have to pay extra for an optional engine in most low-price compacts. Yet, for all its zip, it's many a mile between gas pumps. A Valiant scored 26.13 mpg. in the last Mobilgas Economy Run!

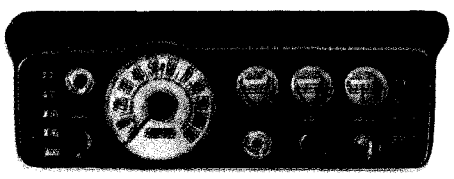
Talk about ride and handling! Let's. Valiant's every bit as easy to handle as it is eager to run. Improved torsion-bar suspension, heavy rubber engine mounts and new-design tires give Valiant limousine-like roadability—yet Valiant keeps all the cornering control and finger-tip handling ease of the carefree compact it is.

This combination of smooth ride and sure response leads many full-size car owners, who drive Valiant for the first time, to exclaim: this car's fun to drive!

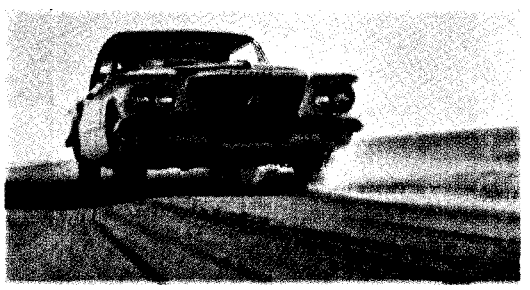
SOUND EXPENSIVE?

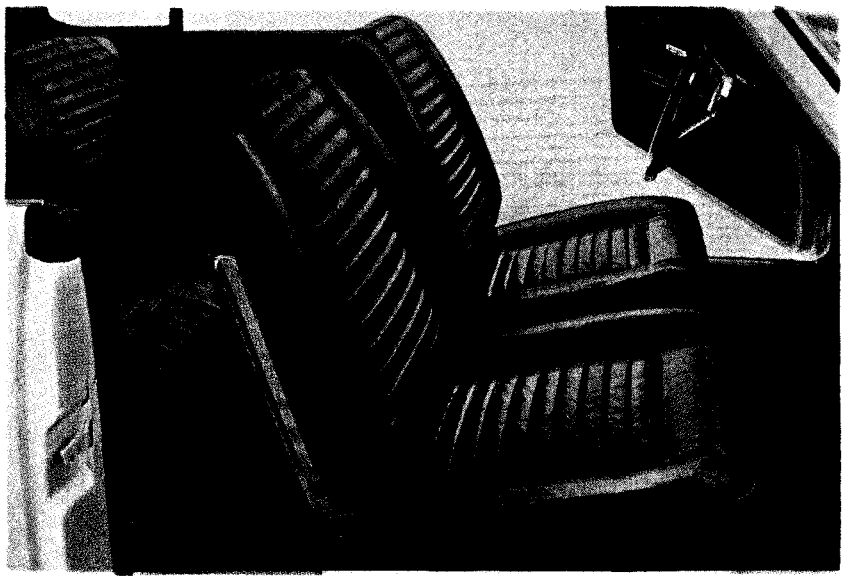
It isn't! Valiant is priced up to several hundred dollars less than many other compacts. The Signet 200, for example, is America's lowest-priced hardtop with bucket seats. Figure in addition to low price, lower insurance, 4000-mile oil changes, 32,000-mile lube cycle on major chassis points—plus Valiant's high resale value—and you see why many full-size car owners switch to Valiant.

So do yourself the favor of finding out what a great buy Valiant with Trim-Line Design is. Your Plymouth-Valiant dealer will welcome you. That's the place to see the 1962 Valiant . . . the style leader of the compacts!



This handsome cockpit-cluster instrument panel is what the owner of an exciting new '62 Valiant sees in front of him. At right: the way Valiant looks going places. That 101-HP Economy Six engine is as eager to run as it is economical.





Here, the stunning interior you get in a Valiant Signet 200—in your choice of blue, tan, green or red. Laboratory strength tests show these tough vinyl bucket seats are just as long-lasting as they are good-looking. At left: still more evidence that Valiant—with Trim-Line Design—is style leader of the compacts.

Nobody beats VALIANT for value!

Quality-engineered by Chrysler Corporation

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For boy-oh-boy 'burgers, there's nothing like the liveliest – Del Monte® Catsup

You bet! Because Del Monte Catsup is made with pineapple distilled vinegar to accent rich tomato flavor, zesty spices. If you're stocking up for a hungry horde, make sure of a hit with the livelier taste of Del Monte. Buy it today.

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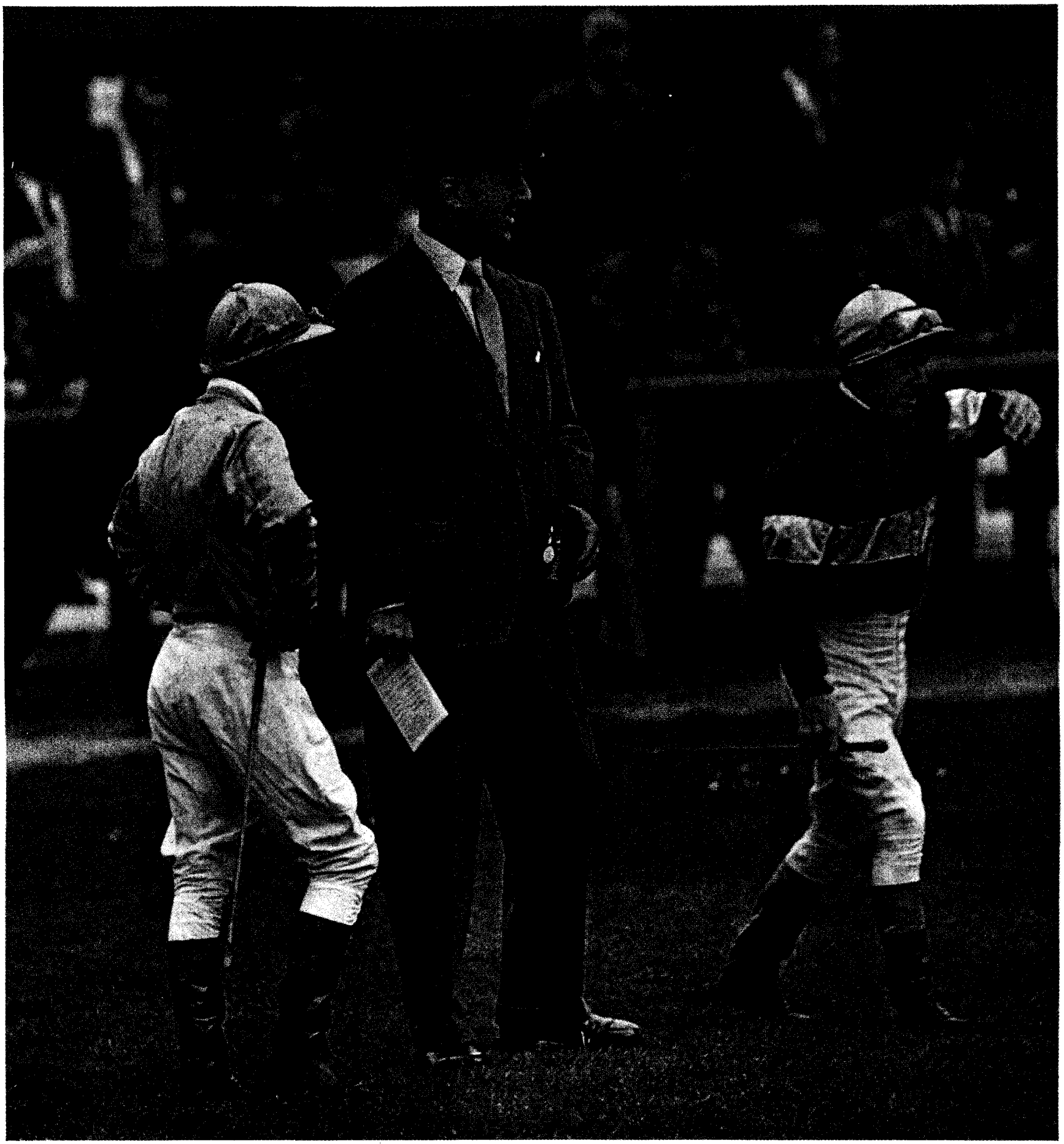
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

NEWMARKET

Horsiest Town in the World

By JOHN KOBLER with Photographs by Erick Lessing • *Text Begins on Next Page*



The very model of a Newmarket horse owner, complete with bowler and field glasses. With his jockey, who wears the owner's colors, he awaits his horse in the saddling paddock before a race.

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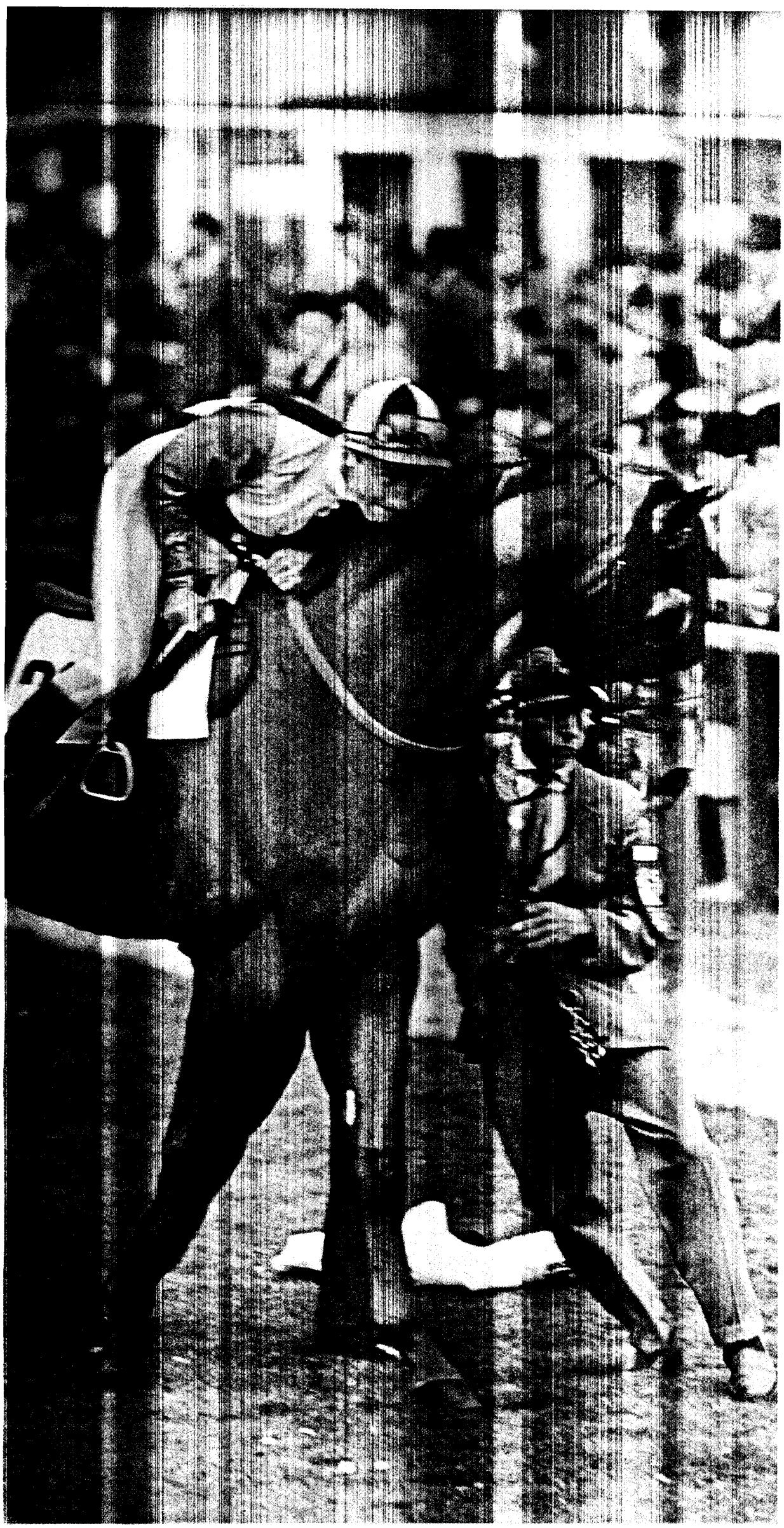
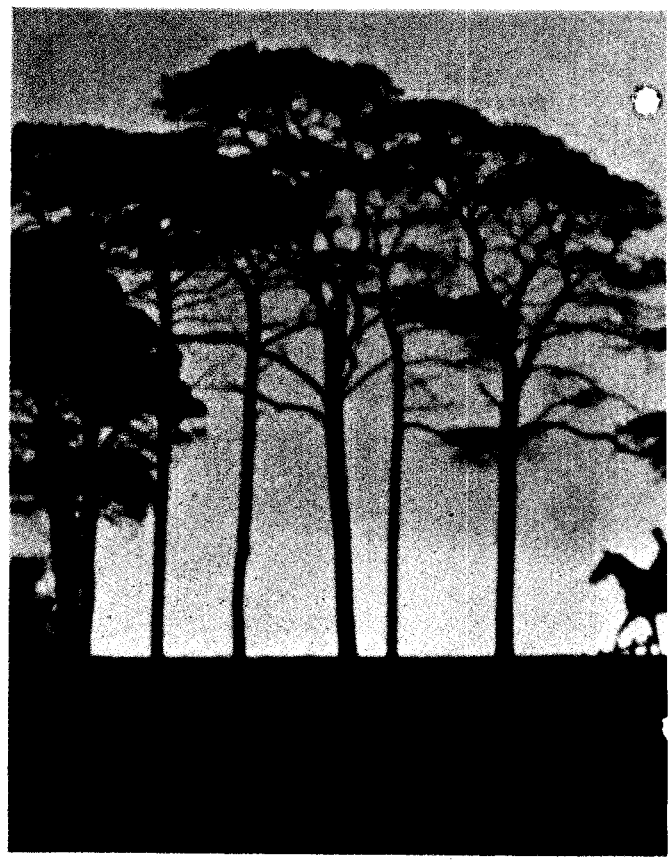


A rambunctious mount provides some prerace excitement for the spectators and a rough moment for the stable lad, who struggles to restrain the charging animal as the jockey swings himself up.



NEWMARKET

According to a proverb current among British horsemen, than whom none more ardent ever drew breath, the United Kingdom comprises not four major divisions, as the map shows, but five. "There's England," the saying goes, "Scotland, Northern Ireland, Wales—and Newmarket." A town with roots in pre-Roman history, lying some sixty miles northeast of London amid vast expanses of clipped, rolled heath, Newmarket is not only the capital of British horse racing but a universally renowned center of horse breeding, horse training and horse trading, of tack-making and the tailoring of riding clothes, of everything, in short, pertaining to the equestrian arts and skills.

In Newmarket traffic the right of way belongs to horses. When a head stable lad wants to lead a set across a street, he doesn't wait for traffic to clear, but steps out to the middle of the macadam, halting all cars. Flanking one of Newmarket's busiest thoroughfares, and separated from it by parallel strips of sod, there is a tree-shaded dirt path where horses can stroll in safety, but no protective sidewalk for pedestrians. Lest trains distract the Thoroughbreds constantly training on Newmarket Heath, the railroad tracks run under the Heath through a tunnel half a mile long. "All together," observes a veteran Newmarket breeder, "horses get more attention and consideration than people," and his tone indicates that he would not have it otherwise.

The florid tribute tacked above the bar of Newmarket's Waggon & Horses pub exemplifies the community spirit:

Where in this wide world can man find nobility without pride, friendship without envy, or beauty without vanity? Here, where grace is laced with muscle, and strength by gentleness confined.

He serves without servility, he has fought without enmity. There is nothing so powerful, nothing less violent; there is nothing so quick, nothing more patient.

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In the bleak light of dawn, trainers exercise a string of Thoroughbreds on the Newmarket Heath.

England's past has been borne upon his back. All our history is his industry. We are his heirs, he our inheritance. Ladies and Gentlemen—the Horse!

The Newmarketers' distinguishing physical characteristics run to legs bowed by years in the saddle and skin wind-burned to a toast brown; their standard attire: jodhpurs, small cap and tweed hacking jacket. The aromas of leather and hay permeate the air. In pubs and clubrooms the talk seldom strays far from such momentous questions as which stallion to breed to which mare or whether the Queen's three-year-old Optimistic (by Never Say Die out of Northern Hope) will race in the Cambridgeshire.

Newmarket has a human population of about 10,000 and an equine population of more than half that number, and by tradition, taste and economic necessity most of the people are deeply involved with the horses. Indeed, the only sizable Newmarket enterprise not related to horses is, ironically, a trailer factory. An Equine Research Station, overlooking the Heath, relentlessly wages war on horse diseases. In the auction paddocks of Tattersalls, founded in 1766 by Richard (Old Tatt) Tattersall, as much as $5,000,000 worth of horseflesh may change hands during a few sessions.

In the High Street salesroom of the 200-year-old firm of saddlers, Boyce & Rogers, stands a stuffed horse for customers to straddle while being measured. Now headed by an ex-apprentice named Edgar Cahan Whisker, the firm is saddler by appointment to the Queen, furnishes Churchill's racing colors and ships its handiwork everywhere. Its competitor across the street, Gilbert & Son, a fledgling firm as Newmarket reckons time, having opened shop a mere ninety years ago, has made racing saddles for such celebrated jockeys as the American Tod Sloan, Steve Donoghue and Sir Gordon Richards, and colors for Farouk, the Aga Khan, and the Queen Mother, who once dropped in to order personally the same colors which the original Ducker Gilbert supplied to her husbands' grandfather, Edward VII.

Newmarket is home to twenty-five horseshoers, six veterinaries and a dozen bookies, handicappers and touts, the last three groups augmented by hundreds at the approach of race meetings. The touts, or "newspaper correspondents," as they prefer to be called, begin their working day early in the morning, fortified against the damp cold by a hearty breakfast of the local specialty, Newmarket sausage, for it is between seven and eleven A.M. that the horses in training run the gallops, the turf strips the British use instead of dirt tracks as in America. Unwelcome on most of the Heath, which the Jockey Club, the absolute arbiter of the British turf, owns and from which it can therefore "warn off" anybody it deems undesirable, they watch from the roadside through binoculars, later wiring their judgments to the turf writers employing them. However gray, however dank the morning, the prospect before the watchers remains one of majestic beauty—a dark-green carpet stretching as far as the eye can see and, flashing across it, to the terror of coveys of partridge and pheasants, the steaming, sleek-flanked Thoroughbreds.

Within a radius of five miles cluster fifty-eight training stables and forty-nine stud farms. Among the latter a special glory attaches to the Earl of Derby's Woodland, for here, until his recent death, dwelt Hyperion, the greatest sire of the century. Until he grew weak in the haunches two years ago at the venerable age of twenty-nine, Hyperion serviced an average of forty mares a season, 90 per cent of whom foaled. This mighty progeny came to include Alibhai, bought by the late Hollywood mogul Louis B. Mayer, and Heliopolis, bought by an American syndicate, to name only two among scores of champions. Hyperion's last two foals also went to American owner-breeders. The dean of the Newmarket trainers is Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, a gigantic Irishman of seventy-three, from whose Freemason Lodge some 1000 winners have emerged to enrich their owners by prizes totaling close to $4,000,000.

At the foot of High Street the ancient Jockey Club rears its stately red-brick walls. Founded two centuries ago by a group of horsy, hell-raising aristocrats to promote fellowship among kindred spirits, with no thought of reforming the then corrupt and chaotic royal sport, the Jockey Club today not only rules the British turf but influences standards of horse racing almost everywhere. It is also one of the world's most exclusive, cautious and starchy institutions.

The present membership of forty-nine includes six dukes, ten earls, two marquesses, a viscount and assorted barons, baronets, and "hons." But a title, wealth, ownership of a stable, none of these by itself, nor even all three combined, constitutes qualification for membership, though they help. The essential asset is intangible, something described as being "a proper fellow," and the club may take years deciding whether a candidate is or isn't. Sir Winston Churchill was not elected until 1950. (His portrait as prime minister, however, is the only one of a living member hanging in the club.) Aly Khan never made it. His father, the Aga Khan, on the other hand, was elected an honorary member. So was John Hay Whitney, the former United States Ambassador to Great Britain and co-owner of the Greentree Stable in Lexington, Kentucky, some of whose horses train at Newmarket under Boyd-Rochfort. Whitney is among the very few Americans ever to have been admitted to the Jockey Club.

In addition to full-fledged members, there are 300 Members of the Rooms, privileged to live and dine there during race meetings, but exercising no voice in the club's affairs. When members are present, no woman may cross the threshold and no guest of either sex may penetrate beyond the

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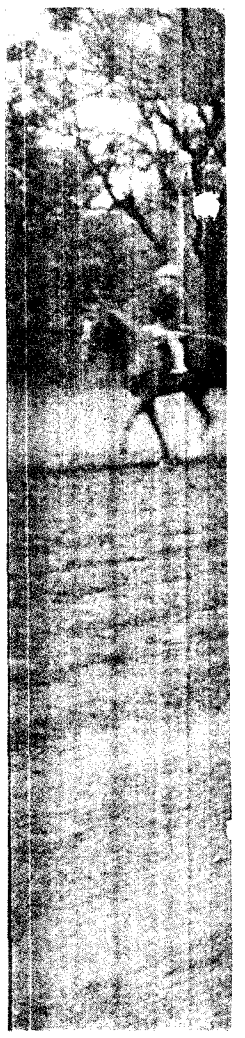
Stable girls preparing evening feed at Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort's stables. Stable boys are in short supply these days, but the girls who have taken their place are just as willing and just as good with the horses, in the captain's opinion.



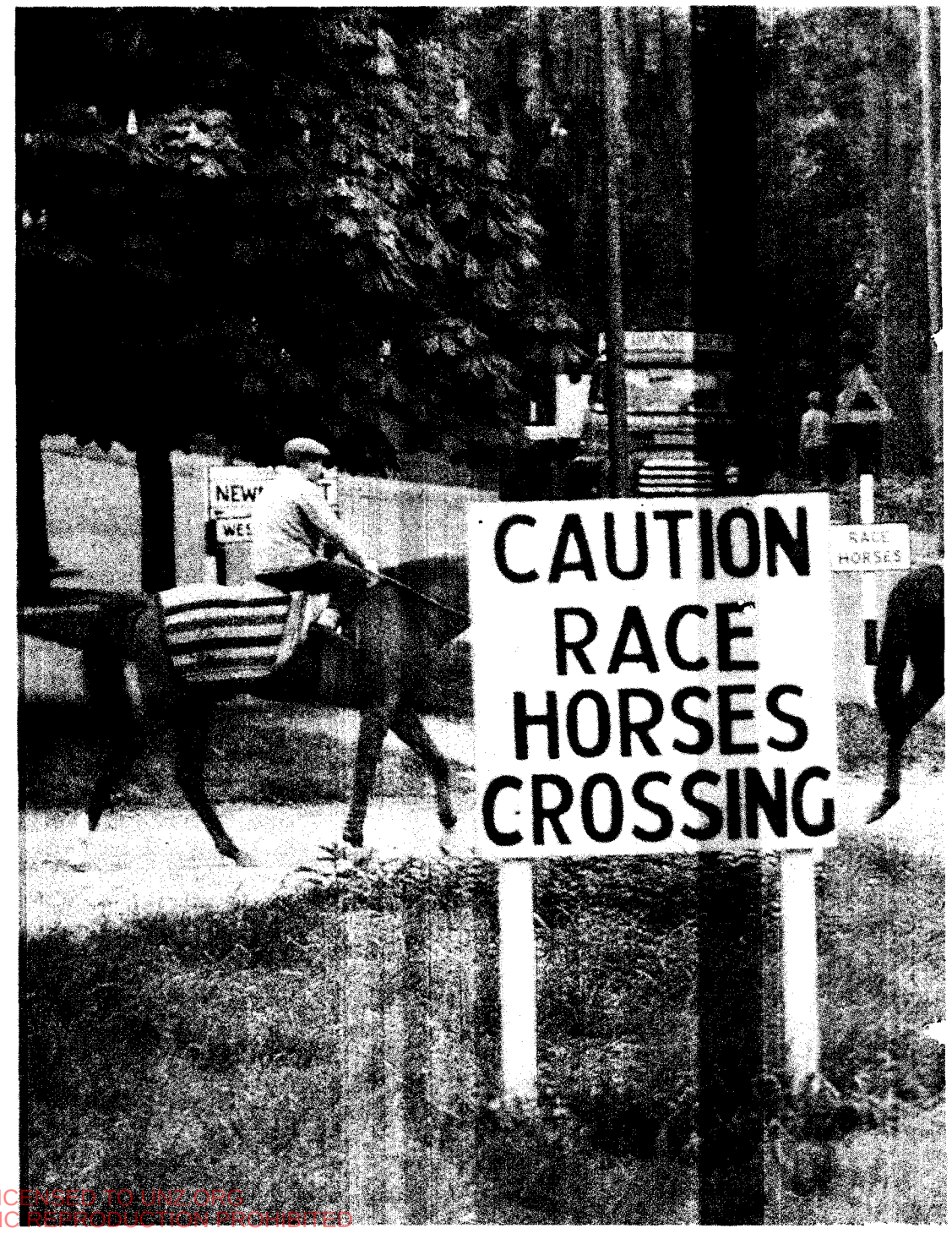
coffee and dining rooms. An exception was made for Queen Elizabeth, who toured the premises shortly before her coronation, noting with particular interest the bedroom suite once reserved for her great-grandfather, Edward VII. Although the Queen loves horse racing, owns a string of champions trained by Boyd-Rochfort and donated to the Jockey Club a hoof of King Edward's Persimmon, the 1896 Derby winner, her visit shocked the rock-ribbed traditionalists, and for days they asked what the world was coming to.

No true turf buff can wander through the clubrooms without emotion, for they abound in relics from the most stirring chapters in the annals of the sport. A painting of the Arab stallion, Eclipse, by the famed eighteenth-century equestrian artist George Stubbs adorns the Morning Room. Bred by the Duke of Cumberland, George II's second son and a charter member of the club, and so named because he was foaled in the year of an eclipse, 1764, he became the greatest race horse of all time, never seriously challenged, let alone defeated. After winning his last race at Newmarket, he went on to achieve an equally illustrious record as a sire. His descendants still number the largest aggregate of winners ever traced to a single line. His colt, Diomed, who won the first Derby in 1780, was later shipped across the Atlantic and founded the entire line of American Thoroughbreds. Though the Duke of Cumberland was a sorry specimen, obese and vice-ridden, he occupies a lofty niche in racing's Hall of Fame, for in addition to Eclipse, he bred Herod, and from Eclipse, Herod and Matchem descend every Thoroughbred now racing.

The Jockey Club also rejoices in the possession of one of Eclipse's hoofs, plated with gold, as well as one of St. Simon's fashioned into an inkwell, the latter horse, foaled in 1881, having won the Derby and nine other classics, and sired nine champions. Beside the Coffee Room fireplace hangs the whip carried by the great Victorian jockey, Fred Archer, the wristband woven from Eclipse's mane and the lash from his tail. The whip is a challenge trophy occasionally run for between club members. It never leaves the premises, but is held in the winner's name until the next successful challenge. The club's art gallery includes a painting of almost every Derby winner, donated by the owner. In 1836 Lord George Bentinck devised the first horse van in order to spare his mare, Miss Elis, the 108-mile walk from his Newmarket stables to the St. Leger race, which took fifteen days. Drawn by six horses, the van covered the distance in less than two days, and Miss Elis romped to victory. Under her portrait stands a wheel from the historic vehicle.

The Jockey Club oligarchy transact their serious business at an immense, horseshoe-shaped table, and they do not reach decisions lightly. The first photo-finish camera, for example, was introduced at Tijuana in 1934 by the American racing official, Marshall Cassidy, and perfected

Below: In horse-mad Newmarket, horses have the right of way, and



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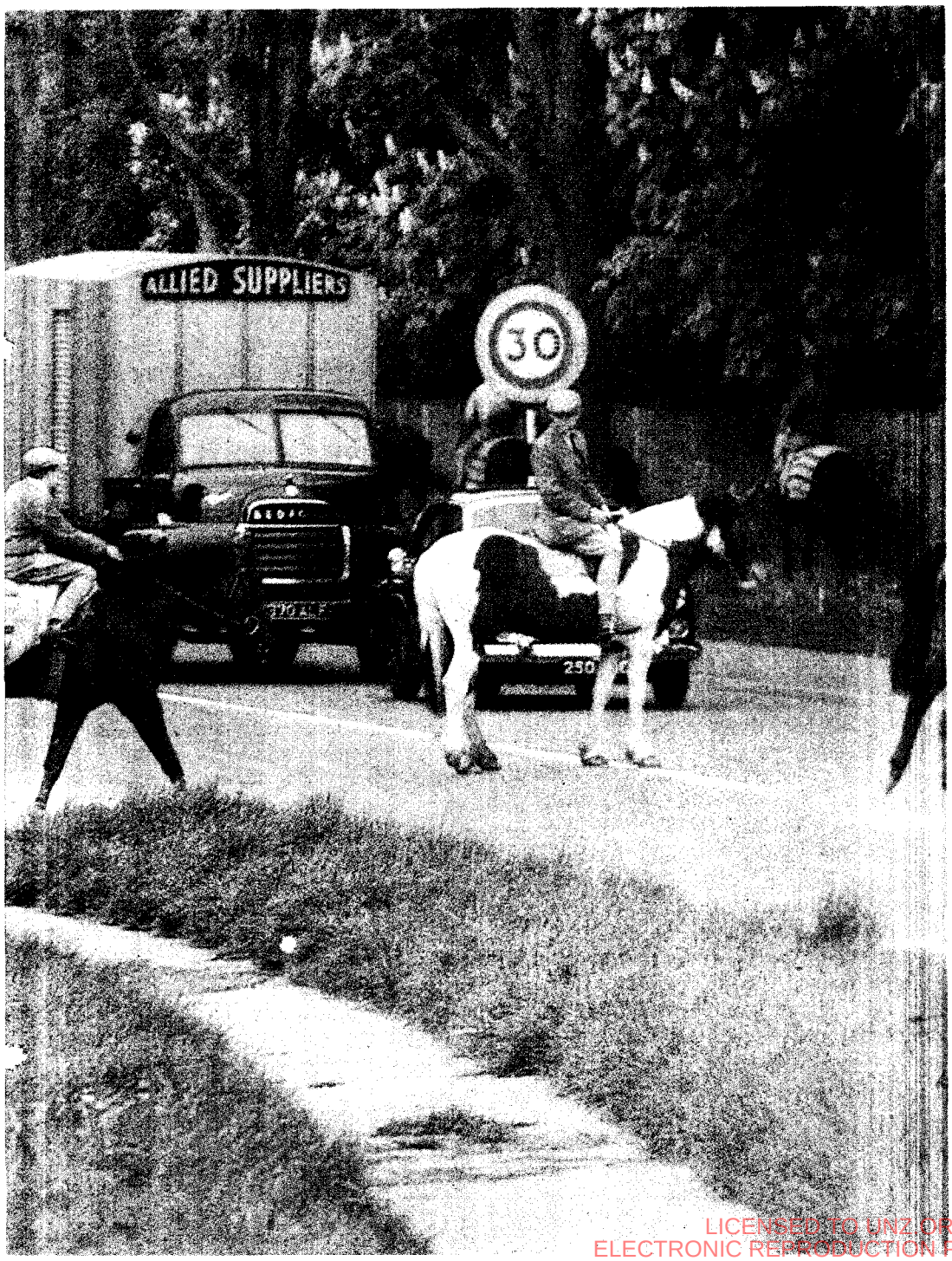
Standing head and shoulders above his jockeys, Captain Boyd-Rochfort watches the horses work out. Over the years his stables have produced 1000 winners, which have brought home nearly $4,000,000 in prize money for their owners.

treets are edged with dirt riding paths instead of sidewalks.



four years later. But not until 1944 did the Jockey Club appoint a committee to study it, and not until 1947 did they finally authorize its use. Ever chary of the press, they took what was for them a revolutionary step after World War II when they appointed a public-relations officer. They could not bring themselves, however, to grant an interview until last spring.

The occasion was a proposal by a Home Secretary committee to levy a million pounds a year on bookmakers' profits, which the club members approved in principle, though they considered the figure too low. They still frown upon band music at race tracks and permit no tipsters inside the gates.

Since 1773, when James Weatherby published the first *Racing Calendar*, the almanac of the sport, a Weatherby has held the office of club secretary. Technically speaking, most members of the family have been outsiders. E. W. Weatherby, the present secretary, is not even a Member of the Rooms, while his uncle, Sir Francis, whom he succeeded, is only an honorary member. The Weatherbys nevertheless exert enormous power, serving the club in capacities comparable to those of civil servants vis-à-vis the British Government. They advise and administer, keep the Match Book, hold the stakes and pay the jockeys. They still publish the *Racing Calendar*, and they own and compile the *General Stud Book*, the registry of every British Thoroughbred, a valuable asset since it sells at eight guineas ($23.53) a copy.

Prodigious horsemanship has distinguished Newmarket ever since the fierce Iceni tribe settled it more than 2000 years ago. The Iceni's main camp and market had been Ixning, half a mile to the north, until a plague decimated them, and the survivors established a "new market" at the opposite side of the heath. Almost all the gold or silver Icenic coins archaeologists have unearthed bear equine figures. To the Iceni warriors, who later slaughtered 70,000 occupying Roman troops before they were themselves exterminated, Julius Caesar paid this tribute in his *Gallic War:*

When they have forced their way into the thick of the cavalry, they quit their chariots and fight on foot; meanwhile, the drivers retire a little way from the combat and so place themselves as to cover the retreat of their countrymen, should they be overpowered by the enemy. Thus in action they perform the part of both nimble horsemen and stable infantry; and by continual exercise and use have achieved such proficiency that in the steepest and most difficult places they can stop their horses upon a full stretch, turn them as they please, run along the shafts, rest on the harness and fling themselves back into the chariot with incredible dexterity.

Either the Iceni or the Romans—authorities differ—constructed, probably as a fortification, Newmarket's most spectacular landmark, an immense earthwork called the Devil's Dyke, sixty-two feet high, eighteen feet wide and stretching

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straight across the Heath for eight miles. Now breached at intervals to accommodate the gallops, roads and railways, it is considered the abode of the Goddess of Chance, and to propitiate her, gamblers approaching en route to the race track stand and doff their hats.

The first recorded British horse race was run, not in Newmarket, but in the Cumberland village of Netherby in A.D. 210 between Arabian stallions. By then, however, the Newmarketers were already past masters of horse breeding and training, hunting and chariot racing. Richard II, who "loved well a horse of pryse" and did not hesitate to raid monasteries to enrich his stables, was the first of many British rulers through whose patronage Newmarket gradually developed into the mecca of the turf. In 1377, when Prince of Wales, Richard raced on Newmarket Heath against the Earl of Arundel; he lost and later bought the victor's horse for £4000.

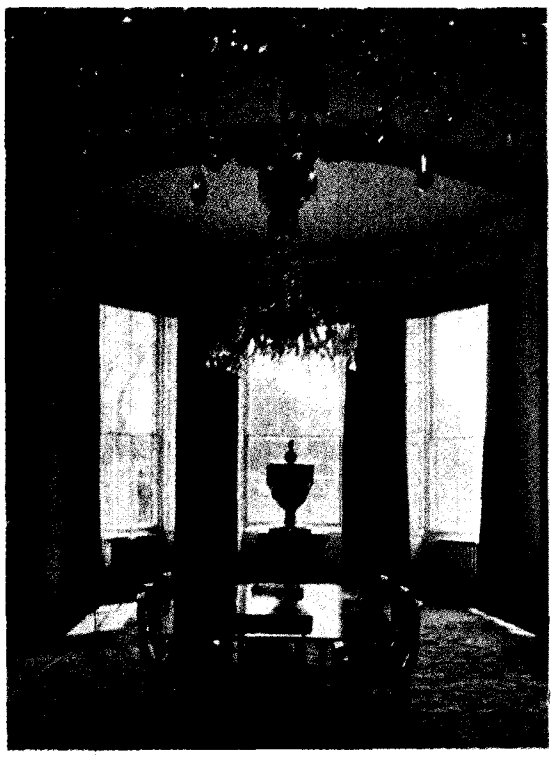
During the reign of James I, King of Scotland and England, the Scots came to surpass the English both in enthusiasm for horse racing and in performance. According to a legendary explanation, when the Spanish Armada ran aground off the Scottish coast, Spanish and Barbary horses swam ashore and, bred to native stock, sired a superior line which won many a Scot a fortune on the track. Though James's seat was "indifferent good" and he was continually being thrown, he shared his fellow Scots' devotion to racing. He visited Newmarket for the first time in 1605 and spent so much time there afterward that he stirred up a public clamor against "too much sport and too little business of state."

With the support of his equally race-addicted heir, Charles I, the Newmarketers erected their first stand at a cost of £28,000, and instituted the first regular autumn and spring races, among them the Golden Cup. Matches were then limited to two horses racing in heats. There were no professional, only gentleman, jockeys. As a prisoner of Parliament, in the last days of his life, Charles entreated his captors to let him ride Newmarket Heath once more and, moved to the verge of tears, they did—shortly before they handed him over to the headsman.

Newmarket embarked upon its gaudiest era under the aegis of that rakehell monarch, Charles II, "the known enemy," as a courtier described him, "of Virginity and Chastity." The mansion he inhabited when sojourning in Newmarket—or at least the building occupying the site, depending on which local historian you talk to—is now the town's leading hotel, the Rutland Arms, its best rooms booked as far as a year in advance of such classics as the Cesarewitch Handicap Stakes, the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes and the Jockey Club Stakes. The first question most tourists staying at the Rutland Arms ask is, "Where's King Charles's secret passage?" By this they mean an underground corridor which supposedly connected his bedroom with that of his favorite mistress, Nell Gwynn, whom he installed in a cottage nearby. The hotel manager, Gordon Maxwell Lancaster, no man to debunk so alluring a tale, swears the passage exists, but was long ago blocked up and the location of the entrance lost to posterity. Nell's cottage still stands, but can be viewed only from the outside, its present occupant being an elderly widow who values her privacy. The Rutland Arms also possesses, as such a venerable British edifice should, a ghost: an unidentified woman wearing long black gloves and a black gown that rustles when she wanders up and down stairs at night. The night porter, Tom Cootes, claims to have seen her several times.

Merry King Charles was often accompanied to Newmarket by another mistress, the French beauty, Louise de Kéroualle, whom he created Duchess of Portsmouth. The common folk loved saucy Cockney Nell as much as they detested her foreign rival, and once a mob, mistaking her carriage for the duchess's, began hurling insults. "Be still, good people," cried Nell, leaning out the window, "I am the *Protestant* whore."

Newmarket's redoubtable Rowley Mile course derives its name from Charles II's favorite hack, Old Rowley. "There's no tougher test for a race horse anywhere," says the present Clerk of the Course, Col. W. Nicol Gray. "When they face



The dining room at Newmarket's Jockey Club. In window bay at rear stands a forty-magnum wine cooler.

that awful, staring, straight stretch, they think, 'Blimey, do I have to run all the way up that!' It daunts them, I can tell you." Charles II also instituted the four-mile Town Plate for mares, geldings and stallions, decreeing that it should be run "on the second Thursday in October forever." Appropriately, it is the only Newmarket race open to women riders.

The rise of the Jockey Club during the eighteenth century coincided with an epidemic of gambling fever that raged throughout England, nowhere more virulently than in Newmarket. While the biggest sums changed hands either at the race track (the Earl of Grosvenor dropped £300,000 backing his own horses) or the gaming tables (on a single throw of the dice one Colonel Mellish lost £40,000, his entire capital), betting was not confined to those two hazards. The Regency rakes would stake a fortune on any kind of contest: whose lump of sugar, for example, would attract the first fly, or whether geese could outwalk turkeys. Wicked "Old Q"—the Duke of Queensberry—offered long odds that he could have a letter conveyed fifty miles within an hour. He collected a packet by stuffing the letter inside a cricket ball, then had twenty-four cricketers stand in a wide circle and toss the ball around until it had completed enough circuits to cover the required mileage.

Tempora mutantur. Were "Old Q" and his raffish cronies to revisit the Jockey Club today they would be bored stiff. No clatter of dice, no hum of roulette wheels defile the dignified quiet of the Card Room. They could probably find a bridge or poker game, but their losses or winnings would not be likely to exceed 100 pounds. A lovingly tended croquet court lies outside the Morning Room, and occasionally contestants will risk as much as two pounds.

As for playing the horses, a prominent bookie attests, "There ain't five blokes in the whole bleedin' country wot regurerly bets a thou', an' none of 'em belongs to the Jockey Club. Death dooties and taxes, don'tcha know, they don't leave a chap much to muck abaht with."

Most of the year Newmarket lacks both social glitter and the cozy charm that attracts the average tourist. The climate varies from bleak to foul. "Lazy" is how the natives describe the wind that continually sweeps the Heath. "Instead of blowing around, it blows straight through you." Train connections from the big cities are infrequent and the journey tedious. Hotel accommodations are scarce, the rooms at the Rutland Arms heated by coin gas heaters at a shilling an hour, and a private bath is a luxury. But during the ten race meetings of two to four days each between spring and fall, the town awakens to a blaze of pomp and pageantry.

Rolls-Royces and Bentleys throng High Street with symbolic radiator caps identifying the more distinguished personalities. The Duke of Norfolk's Rolls bears a lion rampant; Lord Roseberry's, a lion holding a rose between its paws; other Jockey Club members', a horse and jockey. To entertain friends from London during the festivities, Lord Derby opens his house at Woodland. He is one of the few racing enthusiasts who still maintain homes in Newmarket. Another is Lord Roseberry, whose bedroom window commands a sweeping view of the Heath. The impeccable Jockey Club servitors break out and polish masses of gold and silver plate, with special attention to Eclipse's hoof and to a Georgian champagne cooler that can hold forty magnums.

The racecourse itself presents a panorama of England's social structure at its most stratified. In contrast to American and many Continental courses, where anybody with the price can buy admission to any section, uncrossable lines of demarcation segregate the English spectators into four classes. Royalty occupies a glass-enclosed loge. To the left of that rise the Jockey Club stands, the members sitting stiff-spined and expressionless in wicker armchairs, looking, with their black bowlers and suits of somber hue, like jaded crows. Next, the stands reserved for Members of the Rooms, guests and accredited reporters. Finally, on the other side of a fence, patrolled by lynx-eyed guards, *hoi polloi* mill around the betting posts. The starting flag drops. Their Majesties lean imperceptibly forward, binoculars raised. Their lordships nod knowingly. The Members of the Rooms press politely closer to the rail. *Hoi polloi* surge forward, shouting, cheering, cursing. They seem to be the only ones having real fun. THE END

Right: A field of Thoroughbreds drums down the endless green of the homestretch. Jockey Club members and guests watch from a reserved area; lesser bettors are jammed behind a barrier.

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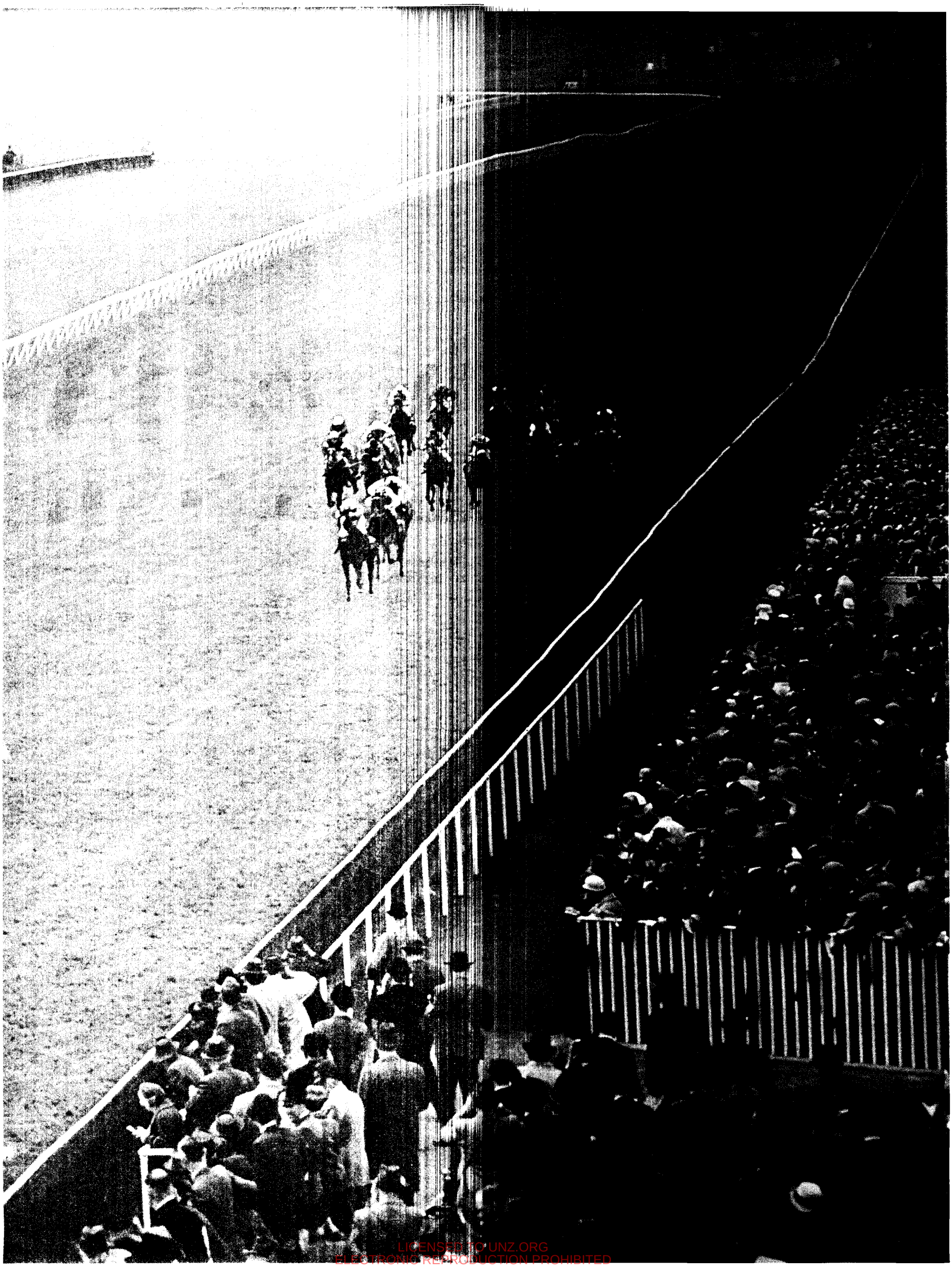

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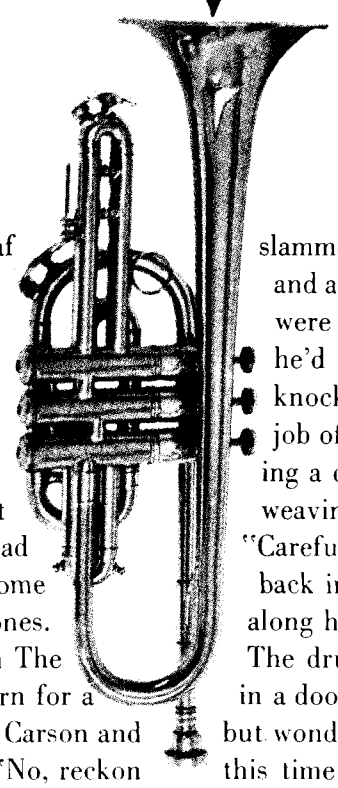
THE SWEETEST TUNE HE EVER PLAYED WAS HIS OWN

UNWRITTEN LOVE SONG



PAUL DARCY BOLES

Down the street in this edge of spring every leaf seemed its greenest, and the sky held a moon like a white dime on fire, looking through the sharp edges of the poplar boughs. It was the time before dawn, milky and serene, and a little used up as though all the music that had been played along the street—Rush Street, Chicago—still echoed far back in the inner ear, making an undertone for the thought and the spirit. The loud music and the soft, the bad music and the good—all of it pulsed softly now in some dim background, worked its way between the weary bones.

At the corner, a couple of buildings down from The Little Door—the place where he'd been playing horn for a week—Rennie spoke an easy and shy good night to Carson and Phillips, who'd walked that far with him; he said, "No, reckon I don't want to go get some coffee right now."

Carson, who was pudgy and knowledgeable, and who played a very nice piano, said, "Move along for the ride, son. We'll take a cab; won't cost you."

Rennie scrubbed a thoughtful hand over his unruly straight black hair and hesitated. "Well, I rode in a cab one time," he said. "I think I'll skip this."

Carson and Phillips laughed, and Carson wheeled around and whistled for a night-owl cab, and Rennie walked off across the street. He could hear Carson and Phillips laughing in an easy-going way about him as they got into the cab and as the cab slammed off along the street—they thought he was a case and a character, and they treated him a little as though they were his grandmothers. He didn't mind. He didn't think he'd ever get the edges of his mountain-born roughness knocked off; but it didn't matter so long as he did a decent job of playing horn with the combo. He walked along, skirting a drunk who stood in the exact center of the sidewalk, weaving slightly and muttering indistinctly to the world. "Careful, now," Rennie told the drunk. "Best you get back in that doorway and sit down a spell. The police'll be along here gathering up folks like you any minute."

The drunk nodded and backed a little way, then crouched in a door's shadow. Rennie walked on, listening to the hollow but wonderfully alive sounds of his own heels on the paving—this time of morning that sound was like it was at no other time; it seemed to hold the feeling of the city in its beat. There was an afterbeat to each step, too, echoing down the surfaces of the buildings, charming the ear with its lost, dark and rhythmic bounce. Yet after a minute or so of walking the sound troubled him, and he felt for a flash the wish he'd joined the others, gone along with them out to the place on North Avenue where they said the coffee was better than any place else in town.

Rennie nodded to himself. Muscles worked a little in the corners of his lean jaws. "Here it is," he told himself seriously in an undertone. The words could scarcely be heard on the air. "Old man lonesomeness. Here he comes again."

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The thing was, there was so little you could do against old man lonesomeness. He came and walked alongside you like a tall and powerful ghost, and all you could do was grit your teeth and bear his being there. If you let him get to you—if you listened to his voice—you couldn't stand it for long; it was too old, too powerful. So you thought your own thoughts and tried to beat back the tide of his whispering. Sometimes—this hour of the morning and even, for that matter, at noonday—it seemed that the city was the lonesomest place in all creation; the place where old man lonesomeness had the most victims. Like that drunk back there, Rennie told himself; and like the people who came to The Little Door, not so much to hear the music—though it was good music; not great, of course, but listenable music—as to get away from themselves, drown their inmost thoughts in the buzz and clatter and sweat and smoke of being together.

Oh, yes; a body could understand that. When you'd been in the city as much as a month you could begin understanding a lot you'd never known before. You could even understand how a man could get to love the shapes of the buildings and the breath of the wind sifting among them from the lake. Rennie had turned another corner; he took a heartier grip on his trumpet in its case under his arm, and stood still and breathed deep. The lake smell, the lake wind, was stronger here. It wasn't a bit like the wind coming down over the Knob through the Pass, back home. It smelled only of water and freshness—fascinating, brilliant. His nostrils expanded; he sighed.

Along the block a milk truck swerved in to the curb; the man got out, jangling a metal basket of bottles, and there were lights springing on, here and there, in the apartment buildings farther down near the curve of the lake. There was a dusty smell mingled with the freshness of the lake wind. For one lightning instant Rennie, off guard, caught the hard, full impact of old man lonesomeness—it was as though he'd been struck in the belly. *Why, right now, the sun would be curving over the Knob—there wouldn't be a sound from any place in the world till the birds started to sing in the laurel.* The feeling was acute, terrible, inescapable; in the same second Rennie shut his eyes.

I'll cut out and go on back home, he thought. *I'll sell this horn and never touch it to my lips again. I'm no Bix and no Louie and no Billy Butterfield anyhow—just a good horn man and that's all. Nobody—nobody here'll miss me.*

That was the worst thought of all. It was old man lonesomeness with his biggest artillery weapon. Rennie opened his eyes wide. At the same second, across the boulevard on his right, he saw the small park and saw the girl sitting on the bench with the street light luminous on her dark gold hair. He stood still for another breath. Then he walked across the street, slowly as if—he thought later when he pieced it all together—he'd been afraid of waking her up. Though she wasn't asleep at all.

She was just sitting there, in a dark little dress that became her well, a dress of dark blue that looked as though it belonged in an office some place, and a white collar that looked even more office-like. Her hair was long, brushing her shoulders. Her face wasn't exactly beautiful; the nose was a little too long, too humorous for that; the eyes were wide and blue and they were fixed in a direction toward the lake, where in a matter of minutes the sun would shine between the buildings and show a glint of bright water.

Rennie knew about that view—knew it very well—for he'd come here himself a dozen times to watch the morning rise. You could even say it was his secret place—and he didn't think a man got many secret places in a city.

It was, he told himself as he sat down carefully on the end of the bench, a lot like the place he'd known back home since he was seven—the cave under the Knob, where you could look out between the ferns and see the whole valley stretching under you, leaping in sunlight. You had to wait, though. You had to give the sun time to come up, and not be impatient.

He put the trumpet case on his lap, his hands stretching over it. After a while it felt necessary to clear his throat. Then, when he'd cleared it, it felt important to say, "I hope I'm not bothering you. It's just—I come here sometimes in the morning."

The girl nodded. She'd turned and was looking at him straight on. "It's all right," she pointed out in a soft, easy-pleasant voice. "It's a free park. I don't mind anybody around." Her eyes fell to the trumpet case. She studied it a second, then lifted her gaze to his face again; the street light would be turned off before long now. Not far away a bus rumbled, and there was the buzz and murmur of traffic out on the lakefront, like a giant gathering his forces for the day. "Through playing for the night?" she asked.

Rennie said, "Yes, ma'am. I'm Rennie Talbert. I play down the line there, at The Little Door."

Something more ought to be added. He narrowed his eyes a little. "This time of morning," he said, very quiet now, "I don't know how it is—why it is. You expect something good to happen."

The girl nodded. She wasn't a very tall girl, he could see now. She wouldn't come up much past his shoulder when she stood up. The hair was neatly parted in the center and fell on either side of the face in quiet wings.

"Oh, yes," she said. "I don't know why, either. I've been here, in Chicago, for two years. I'm

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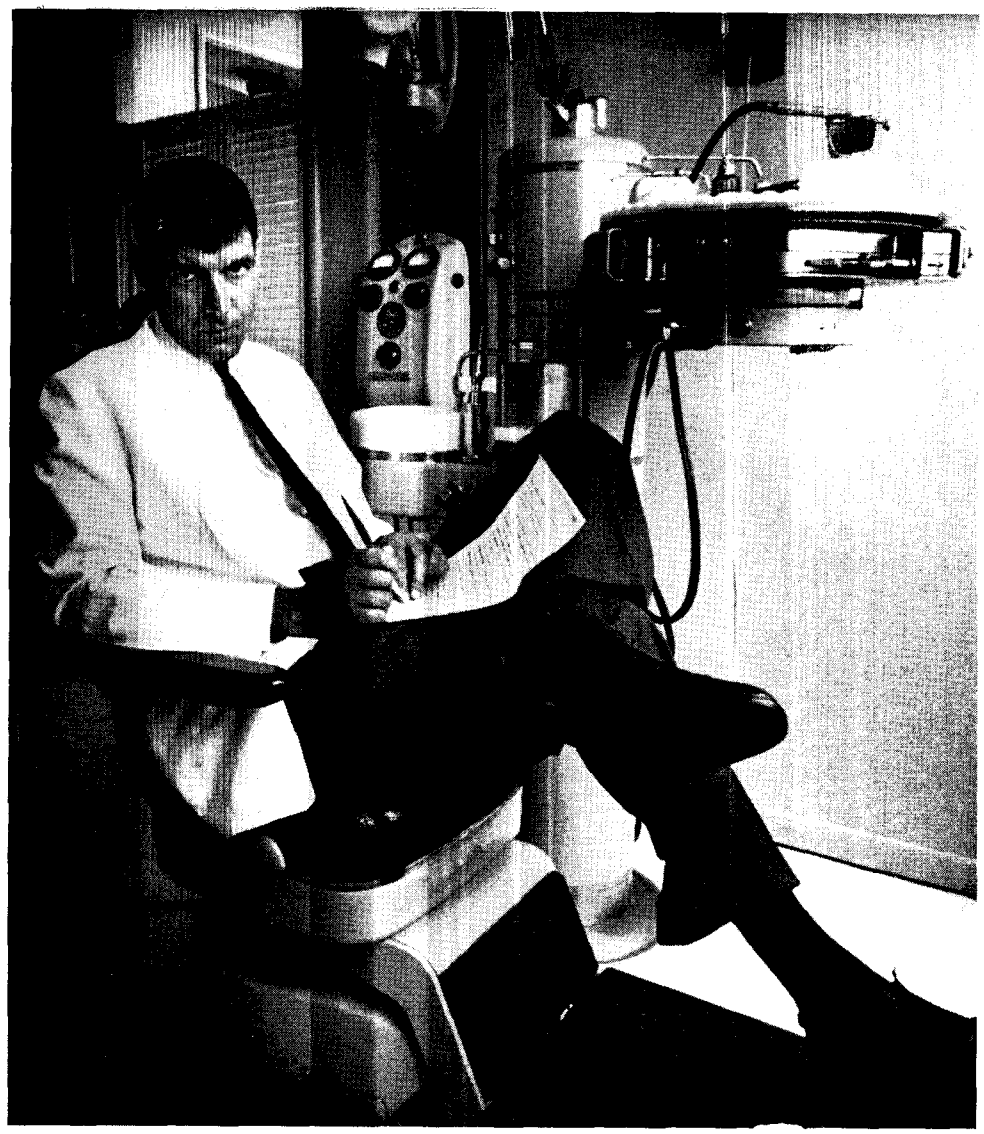

People on the way Up

John Haase,
Moonlight Author

After a day of drilling and filling teeth, tireless dentist John Haase, 38, fills manuscript pages with creative writing. Author of three published novels, he helped write the stage version of his latest book, *The Fun Couple*, opening on Broadway this fall. Sales of his earlier novels—*The Young Who Sin* and *Road Show*—have topped a half million in hardcover and paperback. Haase, who lives with his wife, four children and three cars in suburban Los Angeles, turned to writing four years ago. Fast and prolific, he writes sixty pages in a weekend, in longhand, keeps several stories going at once (he recently completed his fourth novel, has two others cooking). Haase would like to devote full time to fiction, but sees no conflict in his two careers. "After all," he says, "A. J. Cronin practiced medicine and wrote, and he's done pretty well." **Photo by Bill Bridges**

Pat Hutar,
GOP's Go Girl

Under the benevolent eye of her party's massive mascot, a dark-haired Chicago beauty weighs the chances of Republican victory in 1962. Pat Hutar, 31, stands in the forefront of GOP politics, leading 600,000 eager partisans as cochairman of the vigorous Young Republican National Federation. In her rise to power, Pat invested seven energetic years in party chores. Her first venture into politics—at the lowly precinct level—came in 1954, the year after she married hardware nabob Laddie Hutar. Settled on Chicago's plushy Lake Shore Drive, Pat, within two years, captured a Young Republican ward presidency, a year later won the Cook County Y.R. cochairmanship. In 1960 GOP bigwigs chose her as co-chief of Y.R. publicity at the national convention in Chicago. A self-starter all her life, Pat has modeled chi-chi fashions, acted in TV commercials, now heads a profitable and expanding investment club. Somehow she finds time to swim and ski, relaxes to classical music. Her admiring husband Laddie winces at any thought of sharing his wife's politicking. "One campaigner in the family is enough," he says, smiling **Photo by Art Shay**

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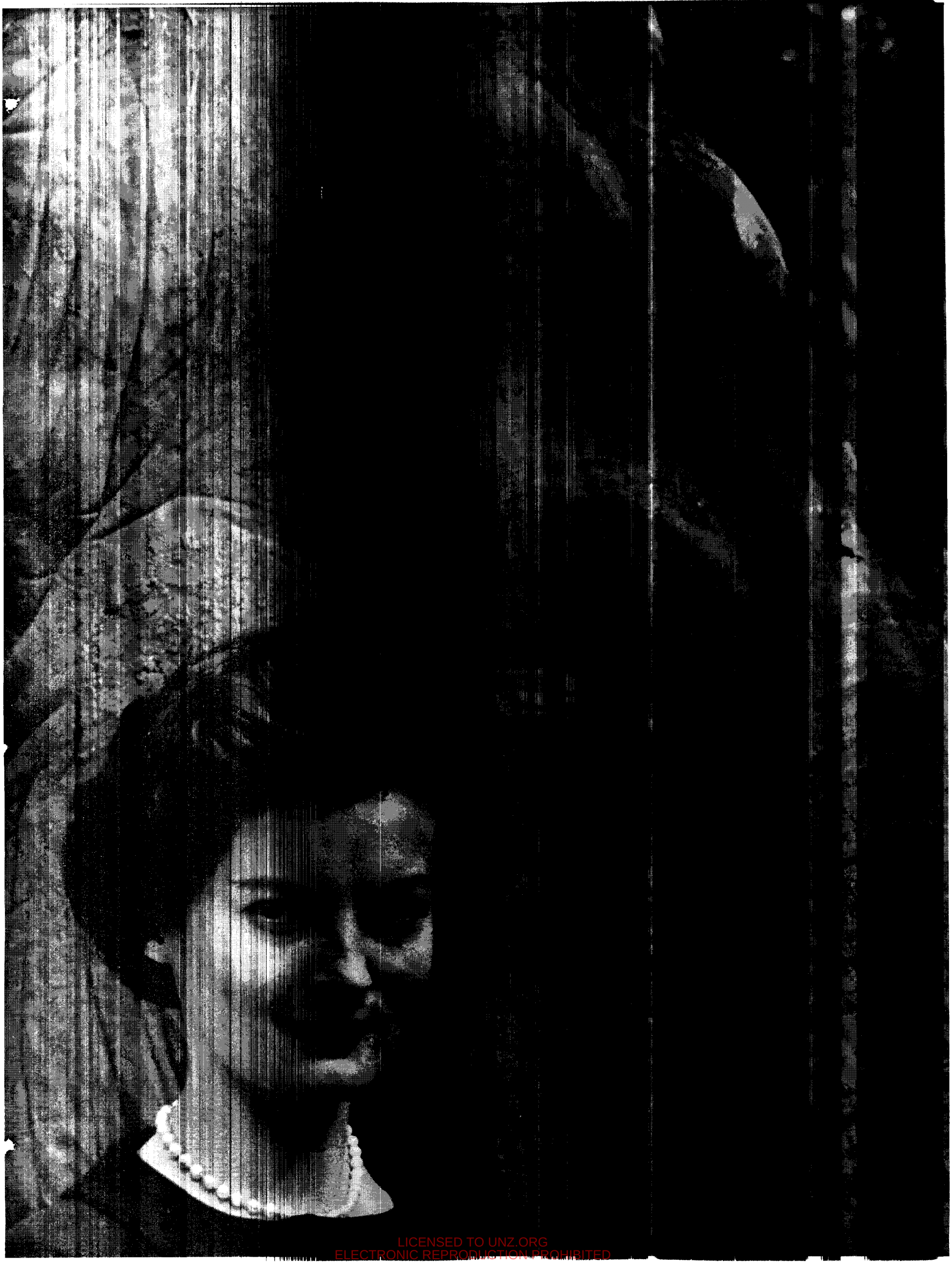

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People on the way Up

Colonel Wesley Posvar, High-Minded Airman

Mirrored above his wife in a rare moment of ease-taking is the U.S. Air Force Academy's leading expert on war strategy, Colonel Wesley W. Posvar, 36. His job: to unravel the world's conflicts and show the cadets how to cope with them. To Posvar, bossing the academy's 24-man political-science department comes naturally. In 1946 the Kansas-born egghead graduated first in West Point's largest class (874 men stood below him), afterward bagged a degree at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar. His West Point roommate says, "It was like living with an I.B.M. machine." Mrs. Posvar, who as Mildred Miller sings leading roles for the Metropolitan Opera, reports that her gregarious husband enjoys parties, movies—good or bad—and science fiction. But not often; eying Communist inroads, Posvar attacks his job with an intensity that awes faculty and students alike. Says one cadet: "He makes us realize that at least we can aim for the impossible." **Photo by Bill Bridges**

Patty Duke, Youthful Pro

Beneath a glaring spotlight Patty Duke, who has trodden the boards for eight of her fourteen years, relaxes between takes. After some forty television parts—most of them minor—she shot to Broadway stardom portraying the turbulent childhood of Helen Keller in *The Miracle Worker*, a role she's just done again in the film version, to be released next spring. Daughter of a Manhattan cab driver, Patty lives in Queens with a sister and brother and her mother—her parents are separated. When she began acting, at six, her East Side accent threatened disaster. She got rid of "dese," "dem" and "dose" with heavy coaching, yet it was the mute's role that put her before the cameras. In movie acting, says Patty, "you have to slow everything down. A nod or a wink you couldn't see on the stage comes up terrific on film." Gazing from blue-gray-greenish eyes ("They change with the light.") Patty speaks with poise. She "loves" hot dogs, frozen custard and charm bracelets—but brings to her work a discipline beyond her not-quite-fifteen years. Adults, she says firmly, "underestimate children tremendously." But no one underestimates professional performer Patty Duke. **Photo by Eugene Cook**

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DESIGN BY S. NEIL FUJITA

The st er...

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the demon of karimpala

By David Walker

My name is Peter Hill. I am a tea planter in the Darjeeling hills, but that March afternoon I was down in the jungles of West Bengal. I came out of the forest, went through a high gate and unloaded my rifle. It was dusty and hot, and I was thinking of the swim that I would have. The swim would be fun—or a coolness and relief. But I was not here for fun. I was here to shoot a man-eating tiger. I walked up the drive to the whitewashed bungalow. It is a lovely place, that Karimpala. Even then, in the dryness of the year, the lawns were green and spring water abundant. In princely days Karimpala had been the country retreat of a maharaja who liked to fence his companions in, or to fence his wildlife out, whichever it had been, or both. At any rate, a spiked, twenty-foot railing had served some purpose and still was tiger-proof, which made for peaceful sleep at present. Not that my sleep was peaceful in those days. "Oh, damnation!" I said, seeing a Landrover beside my jeep. They had asked me to come to deal with this animal, but they did not tell me that company would thrust itself on me at Karimpala. I did not want company, except the trusty, annoying company of old Fazl Haq, my bearer. This would be a planter, a forestry officer, a someone or other to have to talk to, drink with and be bored by. Whoever it was did not appear, and I went into my room at one end of the bungalow. "Who is it?" I asked Fazl Haq, putting my rifle in the rack. "It is Kittery Sahib," he said. "And the Sahib is sick." "Oh," I said. That would be Martin Kittery, who managed a garden along the Dooars. I knew him slightly, and I knew that he had lost his wife a year ago abroad—in Canada, perhaps—and that he had been flown to Calcutta for an operation this past Christmas. We planters are a small league,

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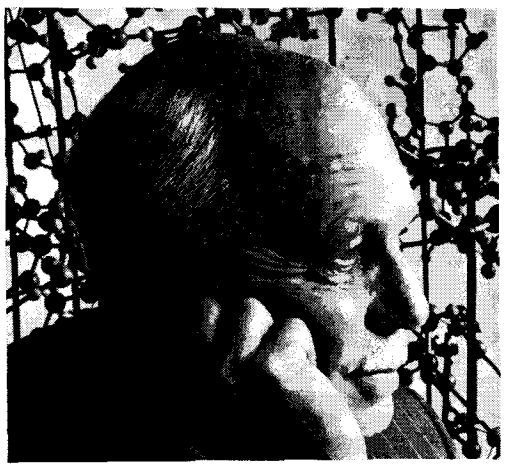
ADVENTURES OF THE MIND

By SIR LAWRENCE BRAGG:

WHAT IS LIFE MADE OF?



Sir Lawrence Bragg, with his father Sir William Henry, was awarded the 1915 Nobel Prize in Physics for work in X Rays and Crystal Structure. He is now resident professor and director of the Davy Faraday Research Laboratory of England's Royal Institution.

ACCORDING TO SIR LAWRENCE BRAGG:

"It is probable that a high proportion of the stars possess planetary systems, and there is a good chance that one planet at least in each system may have the right temperature range for life."

"We are built of right-handed corkscrews."

"It is no matter of chance that Nature uses atoms of carbon, nitrogen, and oxygen to build her living structures."

What is the essential difference between living and nonliving matter, or, to put it in the terms of the familiar parlor guessing game, between animal and vegetable on the one hand and mineral on the other? There are, of course, many facets to this fascinating problem of the nature of life. In this article I will deal with one facet, the difference between the kind of atomic pattern we find in living bodies and that in such completely "dead" structures as minerals.

Nature has a way of making vastly complicated molecules and patterns of atoms which not only perform their special functions in the living body, but also hand on from one generation to the next the recipe for their own replication. When one looks at the recently discovered atomic plans of these living structures, however, it is not their complexity alone which creates the deepest impression. Many mineral structures have complex atomic patterns. It is rather the living cells' strange and almost astronomically improbable nature, as compared with the "obviousness" of the mineral structures. Life is seen as the handing on of the extremely improbable; "dead" matter such as minerals as the Utopia of the perfect and absolutely inevitable.

John Ruskin, in his nineteenth-century book *The Ethics of the Dust*, which is cast in the form of a series of lectures to a very idealized and unnaturally attentive audience of young ladies, pictured what they would see if they were gifted with a vision which revealed how the atoms are arranged in bodies. He told them that particles of dust, if magnified sufficiently, would be seen to be beautiful and intricate patterns of atoms in regular array, and he compared the crystals of minerals with structures like the pyramids, built of regular blocks of stone. Being Ruskin, he drew deep moral lessons from the contrast between a perfect crystal and one distorted and warped by the inclusion of foreign matter.

This power to resolve the atomic arrangement of matter, which then existed only in Ruskin's poetic imagination, has now become a scientific reality. During the last fifty years the science of X-ray analysis has enabled us to get a map of the precise positions of the atoms in bodies of all kinds, rather like an engineer's blueprint or working drawing. At the same time atomic physicists have developed theories of the structure of the atom which go far to explain the nature of the forces which bind the atoms together. The two lines of advance have helped each other; the understanding of the forces explains the structures found by X-ray analysis, and exploring these structures has in turn helped to bring about a deeper understanding of the forces involved.

Initially, X-ray analysis was successful only in the case of very simple structures, but experience has enabled us to deduce more and more complex patterns. In recent years we have discovered the way in which atoms are arranged in the molecular units of living matter, and during the last twelve months the almost complete structure of a protein molecule has been established for the first time. To the scientist this is a fascinating break into new ground because it holds out hope of a much better understanding of the way living

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matter works. Only a few of the molecular structures have as yet revealed their secrets, but they are important and typical ones, and are already beginning to suggest how Nature builds living bodies and hands on life from one generation to the next.

The atomic arrangements within molecules are on too fine a scale to be "seen" in the ordinary sense of seeing. We can see certain orders of fine detail by using a lens or microscope, but in such cases the image of the object is conveyed to the eye by waves of light. These waves cannot tell us about details which are finer than wave lengths of visible light, which are about one thousand times as great as the distance between atoms. Attempting to resolve an atomic arrangement with light waves is as futile as trying to sign your name with a whitewash brush.

A new world of the very small was opened up by X-ray analysis. X rays are electromagnetic waves, like light, but they are less than one thousandth the length of light waves. If only we could use X rays instead of light in a microscope, we should be able to see the arrangement of the atoms directly. Unfortunately this is not possible, but it remains true that the way the waves are scattered by the atoms is carrying information about the atomic arrangement. It is, as it were, in a code form which has to be deciphered, but the message is there. The effects due to the combining of the scattered wavelets are called "diffraction effects."

A simple experiment illustrates the nature of X-ray diffraction. If a bright point of light, such as a distant street lamp, is viewed through a tightly stretched handkerchief, it will be surrounded by a regular pattern of bright spots due to the reinforcement in certain directions of the wavelets which come through the holes between the threads of the handkerchief. In just the same way, when X rays fall on molecules arranged regularly in the lattice of a crystal, diffracted rays are formed and, by measuring their positions and intensities with an X-ray camera or some other form of recording apparatus, conclusions can be reached about the positions of the atoms in the molecules. This is so because the directions of the diffracted beams are fixed by the spacing of the molecules, and their intensities depend on the way in which the wavelets scattered by the atoms in each molecule combine with each other.

X rays have thus provided us with a new kind of vision for looking at atomic arrangements. This new way of "seeing" works best when the molecules are in regular array, as they are in a crystal, because the molecules then all act on the X rays in the same way. The method is therefore often called X-ray analysis of crystals, though the crystal is used only because it makes the analysis much easier—it is the arrangement of atoms within the molecules forming the crystal that one wishes to determine.

The forces which bind atoms together arise from the nature of the atomic structure; they are hard to describe in ordinary language because they are not comparable with the mechanical forces we experience in everyday life. On a large scale, bodies obey the familiar mechanical laws, Newton's laws of dynamics. This does not, however, justify the supposition that the individual atoms of which these large bodies are built obey the same laws, though many scientists in the past have tried to make mechanical models of atoms. It was the great Danish scientist Niels Bohr who saw that this was a fallacious line of reasoning and outlined new forms for the mechanical laws which applied to atoms. This is no place to deal with the laws of the new mechanics, but although these laws are so different from Newton's laws, two fundamental principles hold good whatever the scale. These are the principles of number and symmetry.

An atom may be likened to a dance of negative electrons, governed by the quantum laws, around the central positive nucleus. The number of electrons is determined by the characteristic positive electrical charge on the nucleus. Think now of a dance like a Scottish eightsome reel; if it is to be elegant and perfect, there must be exactly four pairs of partners, performing intricate movements governed by the laws of the dance. If there are nine people there will be an odd man out; if there are seven, it will be an untidy affair.

In the same way certain numbers of electrons are just right for a symmetrical atomic structure. Eight is one of these magic numbers. The atom of sodium, for instance, has nine outer electrons, and the atom of chlorine has seven outer electrons. When these atoms approach each other, a higher symmetry (and, therefore, a tidier structure of lower energy and greater stability) is reached if the chlorine borrows an electron from the sodium so that each atom has a party of eight. Since a negative electron has passed from sodium to chlorine, while the positive charges on their respective nuclei remained unchanged, the sodium atom is left positively charged and the chlorine atom negatively charged and they stick together by electrical attraction. In the chemist's language, sodium and chlorine "combine" to form common salt.

Minerals are typically bodies in which the charged atoms, or "ions," are held together by their electrical attractions. They are packed clusters of these ions, in which the positive ions are surrounded by negative ions and the negative ions by positive ions in the most perfect possible way to balance their charges. As an example, beryllium, aluminum, silicon and oxygen atoms combine to form the mineral beryl, or emerald. If we look at the regular atomic arrangement, we see it is just the one and only way in which these particular atoms can be arranged to satisfy the electrical attractions involved. They were shuffled into these places when the mineral was originally formed.

A typical mineral, then, is a Utopia of matter—so perfect in its atomic arrangement that any change would be for the worse, because rearrangement would produce a higher level of energy and a less stable organization. And, like all Utopias, such an organization is as dead as anything can be. It is because minerals are in this lowest level of energy that they have lasted so long unchanged—that they are minerals, in fact. Their structure is the inevitable one for the collection of atoms of which they are built.

Let us go back to our dance analogy and imagine the hostess confronted with another kind of problem. She wishes to make up two eightsome reels and has only seven dancers for each of them. A possible symmetrical solution would be to combine the two parties and make one energetic couple perform its part in each of the reels as they proceed simultaneously. This is a combination of a different type; the two square dances are bolted together at a certain point, as it were, by the couple which they hold in common. In the former case, when a single dancer passes from one set to the other, the two reels need not be in any special relative position as long as they remain near to each other. Where partners are in even shorter supply, one can imagine more than one couple shared with neighboring sets.

This sharing is a fundamental requirement of number and symmetry; it applies to atoms as it does to our Scottish reel. Atoms short of electrons for perfect structures join at specific points, as if they were bolted together, in order to realize a more

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CARD SHARPS

THE Face OF AMERICA

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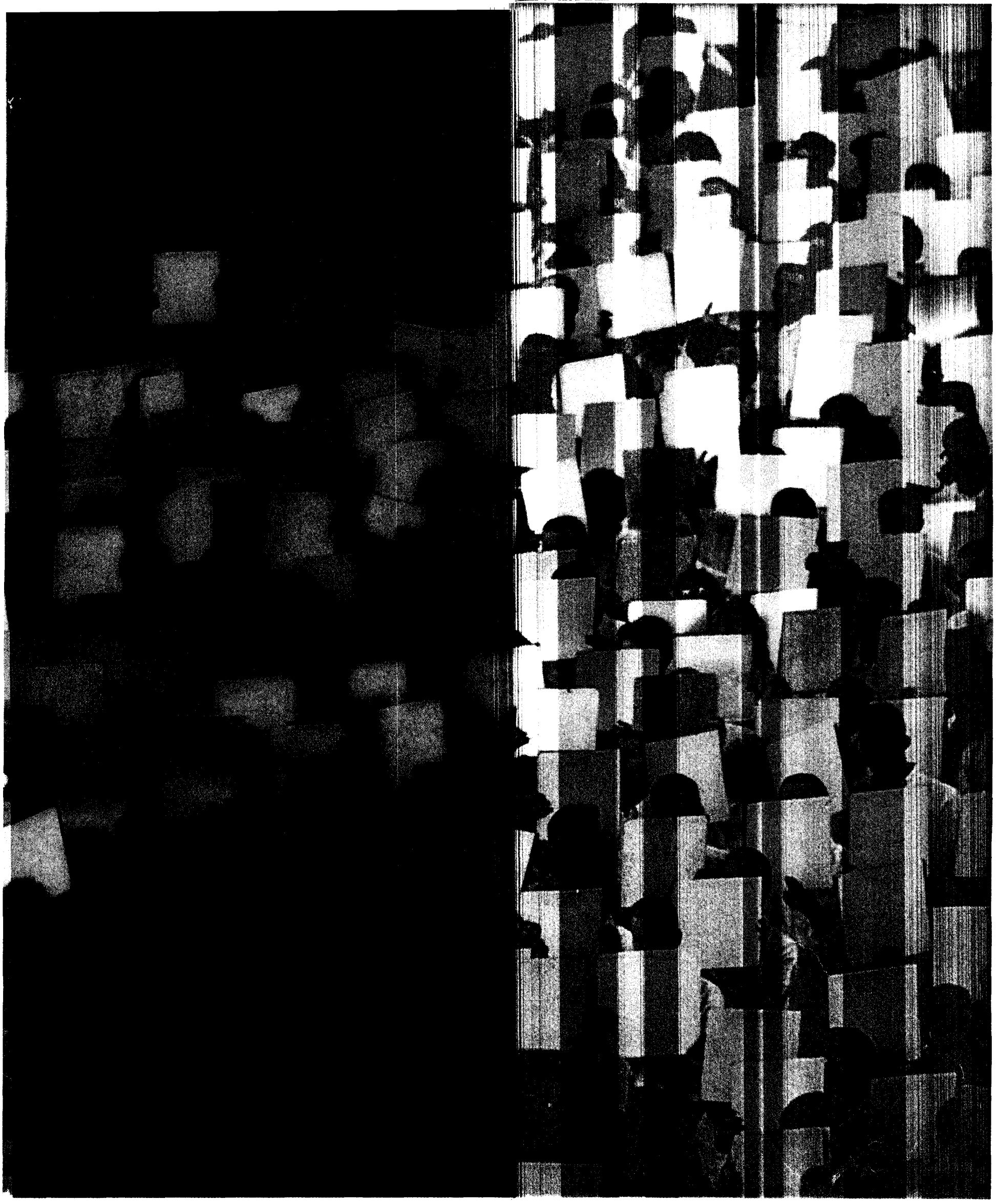

Halftime: In lengthening shadows of a California sun, reds and yellows flash across a football rooting section. Four thousand students flip cards of different colors in swift succession, spelling out a word or forming an animated picture—a ship going down, a marching Trojan horse. The danger is sabotage. By infiltration a crafty Southern California student once subverted U.C.L.A.'s patterns—a Southern Cal emblem turned up in every stunt. But all was not lost for the Bruins. They won the game. Photograph by Ernst Haas

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Ex-atheist James A. Pike has become one of the most controversial clergymen of our time. His life reflects religious conflicts affecting many Americans.

Battling Bishop

By JEROME ELLISON

Bishop Pike vesting before Holy Communion. His critics call him publicity-hungry; his supporters regard him as a clear-thinking advocate of "liberal" Christianity.

James Albert Pike, the stocky, forty-eight-year-old Protestant Episcopal bishop of the Diocese of California, likes religious symbolism. He also likes a quip. When explaining the accouterments of his office, one of which is a hooked staff held in the right hand and called a crook, he indulges himself. "The crook," Pike says, deadpan, "is the one on the right."

The bishop's critics are not amused. Because his name has been in the headlines almost continuously since 1952, when he became dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City, conservative colleagues have called him publicity mad. His book *Roman Catholic in the White House* placed him in the storm center of religious debates prompted by the last presidential campaign. In 1958, soon after he became bishop of the Diocese of California, one of the state's four Episcopal dioceses, he vexed the House Un-American Activities Committee by demanding its abolition. Racists don't like him because he attacks segregation, inside and outside his church. Stand-pat Episcopalians regard him with suspicion because he is a leader in the movement to unite the Protestant Episcopal, Methodist, United Presbyterian and United Church of Christ denominations. Conservative churchmen and Biblical fundamentalists resent his reference to the virgin birth as a "myth."

This brought forth a movement to throw him out of the church on charges of heresy, a rare action in the Episcopal Church. The last such trial occurred in 1925, when a retired bishop of Arkansas, William Montgomery Brown, turned Communist at the age of seventy, and wrote a book denouncing Christianity. He was unseated by the House of Bishops.

Obviously Pike was not made bishop, a coveted elective office, just because he has vexed a lot of people. His friends are as zealous as his enemies—and more numerous. Pike supporters regard him as one of the most gifted exponents of "liberal" Christianity, which seeks a more effective relation between modern thought and the traditional doctrines of the churches. "When a person enters a church," Pike says, "he shouldn't be asked to park his education outside."

Pike brings an unconventional background to the highest order the Episcopal Church can bestow. He was a zealous Roman Catholic until he was twenty. By his twenty-ninth birthday he had been through marriage, divorce and remarriage; at thirty he was an atheistic Government attorney, and since then he has sounded off on the hottest political issues of the day.

Pike's progress from seminarian to bishop in fourteen years is without modern precedent. By writing six popular religious books, collaborating on four others, writing abundantly for periodicals and appearing frequently on radio and TV, he has become the Episcopal clergyman best known to the public. With dry humor he explains to members of his diocese that the straight end of the bishop's crook is symbolically sharpened for use as a prod. In his first two years in San Francisco he raised $2,200,000 toward the completion of handsome Grace Cathedral on Nob Hill—lately nicknamed "Pike's Peak"—and, by shifting emphasis from "we need it" to "you need it," stimulated a substantial diocese-wide increase in contributions to the Church.

As bishop he has held up his end of arguments already in progress—never missing a chance to attack the Roman Catholic position on birth control and what he calls "Vatican roulette" (the rhythm method). He joined his young assistant, Canon Richard Byfield, in the fight to abolish capital punishment. He makes his opposition to

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BISHOP racial discrimination effective by serving as co-chairman of the Federal Civil Rights Commission's California Advisory Committee on Housing. When the California legislature was considering a bill that would result in tax discrimination against parochial schools, he sided with Roman Catholics in a public stand against it. His book *Roman Catholic in the White House*, written in collaboration with Byfield, took broad swipes both at Protestant "psychoceramics"—meaning crackpots—and at extremist Roman Catholics. The book expounded essentially the same views on separation of church and state later taken by President Kennedy.

The most widely argued of Pike's current controversies is the virgin-birth issue. Pike was invited to contribute to a series of articles on "How My Mind Has Changed" in *The Christian Century*. His contribution appeared in the issue of December 21, 1960. The passage that struck tinder was this: "When Norman Pittenger and I were writing . . . a semi-official Episcopal book on doctrine . . . he did not find reason to accept the historical virgin birth; I thought I did. . . . Now, I am with him. While neither he nor I would deny the possibility of the miracle, the Biblical evidence and the theological implications seem to be in favor of assuming that Joseph was the human father of Jesus. We certainly do not deny . . . the *doctrine* of the virgin birth—namely, the paradox which the myth presents so well."

Traditionalists pounced on the word "myth." A group of clergymen in the South asked Georgia's Bishop A. R. Stuart to bring heresy charges. A statement by Colorado's Bishop Joseph S. Minnis assailed "men who are theologically unsound and very close to heresy." Bishop James De Wolfe of Long Island, in a pastoral letter to churches of his diocese, warned against such attempts to "revise the faith of this church."

Influential Episcopalians see little point in trying Pike for heresy. His viewpoint on Biblical meanings is one that has for decades been routinely taught in leading Episcopal seminaries. By "myth," Pike says, he does not mean "falsehood," but its opposite—a device for conveying a profound truth. He explains, "The compilers of the Gospels, concerned to quash a popular notion that Jesus was some kind of angel and not really a man, emphasized that he was true man in every respect, as well as affirming his deity." The school of theological thought for which Pike speaks teaches that the important point is the underlying idea. The Gospel passages used to convey the idea are regarded as allegories which may or may not be literally true.

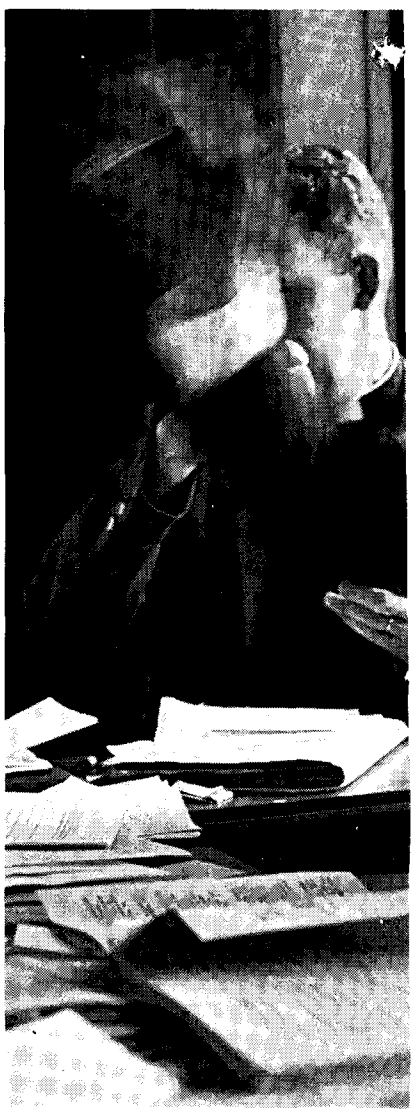
The project closest to Bishop Pike's heart is the new plan for a union of the Methodist, United Presbyterian, United Church of Christ and Episcopal denominations. This proposal was made in its most recent form by the Rev. Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, stated clerk of the United Presbyterian Church. The sermon was delivered in Grace Cathedral, San Francisco, at a time when delegates of the National Council of Churches were in the city for that body's General Assembly last December. Pike, by prearrangement, spoke up in support of the Blake suggestions. The plan is modeled on the 1947 merger of Anglican, Methodist and United churches in southern India to become a single Church of South India, and on the plans for church unity in North India, Pakistan and Ceylon.

The new church, according to Blake, would combine historic continuity—the Anglican-Episcopal tradition claims an unbroken chain of relationships, through bishops, to apostolic times—with the principles of self-government found in the churches of the Reformation. A stumbling block will be the insistence of many Episcopalians on the primacy of "apostolic succession."

The Anglican dioceses of India attempted to solve this problem by asking other churches merely "to accept the fact of historic continuity without being bound by any particular theory concerning it." This formula, the Indian dioceses felt, resolved the conflict with Protestant principles of self-government. A church merger held to be flexible enough to allow the retention of cherished local traditions became a reality not long after the offer was made.

Pike is one of the American Episcopal bishops ready to make similar concessions. He has anticipated union in his diocese by instituting presbyteries—partially self-governing groups of churches—and by extending Episcopal orders to a clergyman of another denomination.

Pike's dreams of union go even further than the Blake plan. He envisages an eventual merging of all Christian churches, including the Roman Catholic. Such an eventuality, he grants, is still far off.



From his desk Bishop Pike runs his

Special Announcement for 1962... No words, no pictures, no cute little tune can give you the whole great story of the 1962 Buick Special. You must get behind the wheel, drive the car, then listen to your head and your heart —that's the story. Meanwhile, here are some facts: 1. There's a new Buick Special Convertible for 1962, as dashing and sprightly a car as you ever saw. 2. For '62 the Buick Special brings you a great new exclusive—the new V-6 engine. Perfect mating of the

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diocese with dazzle and dispatch.

The offices of the bishop and his staff are in the same square block on Nob Hill that contains the half-completed Gothic majesty of Grace Cathedral. Starting here, Pike ranges the country. During the last Lenten season he spent one week in New York, one in Texas and one in British Columbia, preaching. Each June there's a round of commencement and baccalaureate addresses, East and West. His chairmanship of the California Advisory Committee on Housing requires him to conduct regular hearings in the state's principal cities. He pays periodic visits to the 120 churches and missions in the ten Northern California counties which comprise his diocese.

A typical day in Pike's office begins at nine A.M. with a conference with his suffragan bishop, Rt. Rev. Richard Millard, and one or more of his four executive assistants to plan the day's activities. An hour's dictation begins at ten; appointments—personal counseling and miscellaneous visitors—begin at eleven. Lunch hour is often given over to a speaking date with a service club, bar association or law school. Afternoons, when not filled with meetings, are devoted to more appointments or catching up on correspondence.

Pike's numerous disputations are not random but arise from a set of well-defined beliefs. The first of these is the tenet of Paul Tillich, the distinguished German theologian now teaching at Harvard, that preaching should spring from direct contact with real people and real problems. Pike believes, further, that no religious body has a monopoly of truth. On the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Sigmund Freud he conducted a service giving thanks for the life and work of the atheistic psychoanalyst, who was used by God, Pike thinks, to reveal vital new information about the human personality.

A third Pike precept is: One can be a Christian in good standing and still have uncertainties about many religious questions without departing from essential doctrine. He says, "There is room for difference of opinion among people of the same church. Our loyalty should not be to particular formulations of past centuries but rather to the truth they are seeking to express." Finally the bishop believes that all baptized Christians belong to one church; therefore barriers between them are artificial and should be removed.

If life experience counts, James Albert Pike is well qualified to take part in a movement to unify the Christian churches. He had a Roman Catholic mother and a Presbyterian stepfather, and he now has an Episcopal career. One of his most influential teachers, Paul Tillich, was a Lutheran who became a United Church of Christ member. Pike's life reflects religious conflicts known to many Americans—childhood confidence in the family religion, adolescent rebellion, young adult indifference and final achievement of a rewarding faith.

Young Pike's family was religiously divided but amiable. Shortly after their marriage his father and mother, Kentuckians, took up a homestead and moved to Oklahoma, where James was born. His father died when the boy was two. His mother taught in various high schools—first in Oklahoma and later in California—while James attended parochial elementary schools, then Hollywood High School. When James was fourteen his mother married Claude McFadden, a Los Angeles attorney and a Presbyterian. Devotion to his stepfather was a factor in Pike's eventual decision to become a lawyer.

During the Al Smith campaign—Pike was then fifteen—he believed passionately that the Roman Catholic Church was the only real church. He was still preoccupied with problems of religious allegiance when he was graduated with first honors in Hollywood High School's Class of 1930. His splendid high-school record might have gained him a scholarship at Harvard. Instead, he chose a small California Roman Catholic liberal-arts college for men, the University of Santa Clara. There he won an oratorical contest, and, as a member of the debating team, argued the standard topics of the time: private vs. public power, the League of Nations, capital punishment.

Pike crammed tirelessly on courses in philosophy and theology and pestered his Jesuit instructors with questions about the two points that bothered him most, birth control and papal infallibility. After two years he concluded that the Pope was not infallible and that birth control was both good and necessary. With these points settled, his interest in religion abruptly ended. He left Santa Clara and matriculated first at the University of California at Los Angeles, then at the University of Southern California.

The breezy atmosphere of big coeducational universities was a decided change from Santa Clara, where, Pike says, "if you were out after ten o'clock one of the

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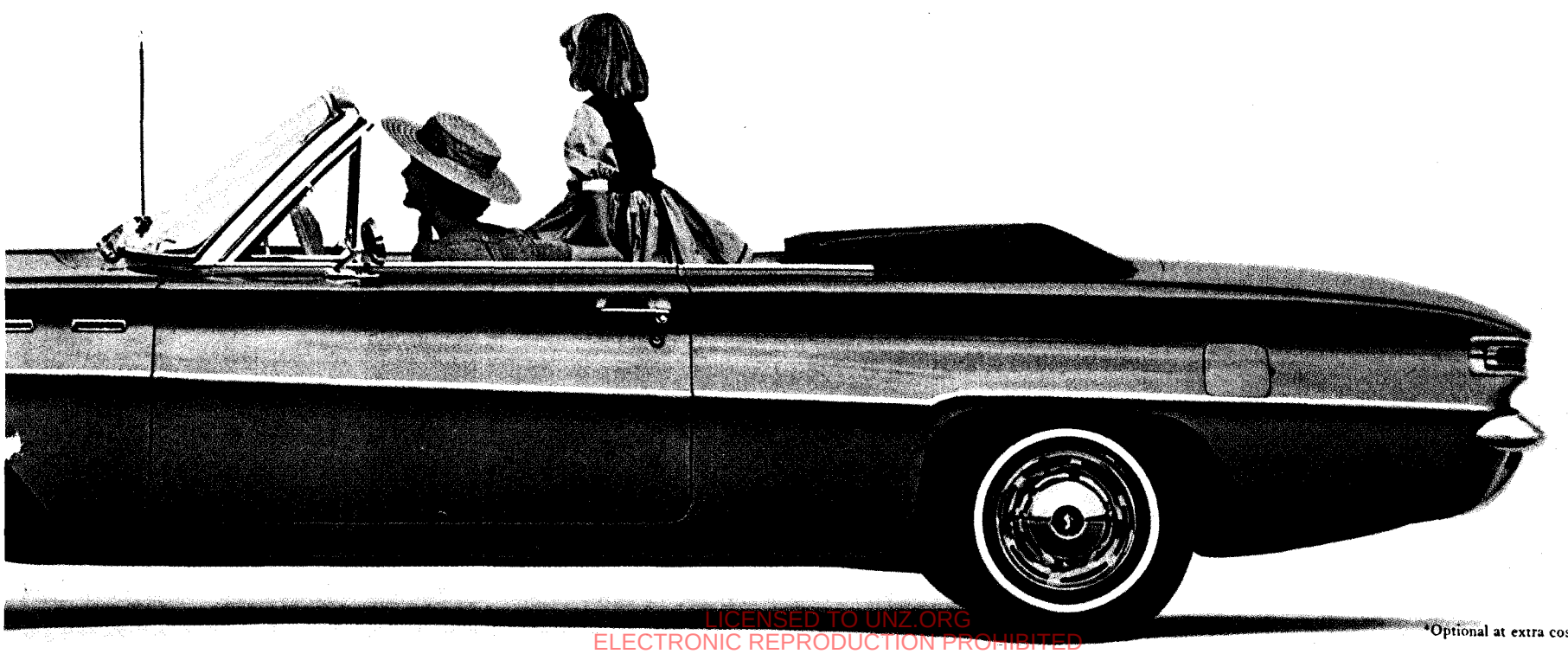

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BISHOP good brothers had to climb into his robe, pad downstairs and let you in." Southern Cal was a party-loving campus, and Pike has always enjoyed parties. He did not, however, neglect intellectual pursuits. As an undergraduate he worked on the staff of the student daily. He won a scholarship in criminal law. He became assistant editor of the law review and wrote an article for it, "What is Second Degree Murder in California?" which, by clarifying distinctions previously fuzzy, reduced a prisoner's charge from first- to second-degree murder and saved him from the death sentence. In scholarship he ranked second in his law class. This status brought him a fellowship providing further legal studies at Yale, where he became a doctor of science of law in 1937.

While at Yale Pike engaged in some outside work which was to carry him a great distance in the legal profession in a short time. To accommodate the new legal device of pretrial hearings, important changes in Federal court procedures were being made. Pike became one of the group devising the new routines, and he suddenly possessed know-how every lawyer appearing in Federal courts had to have to be up-to-date. He was in demand as an author, attorney and lecturer.

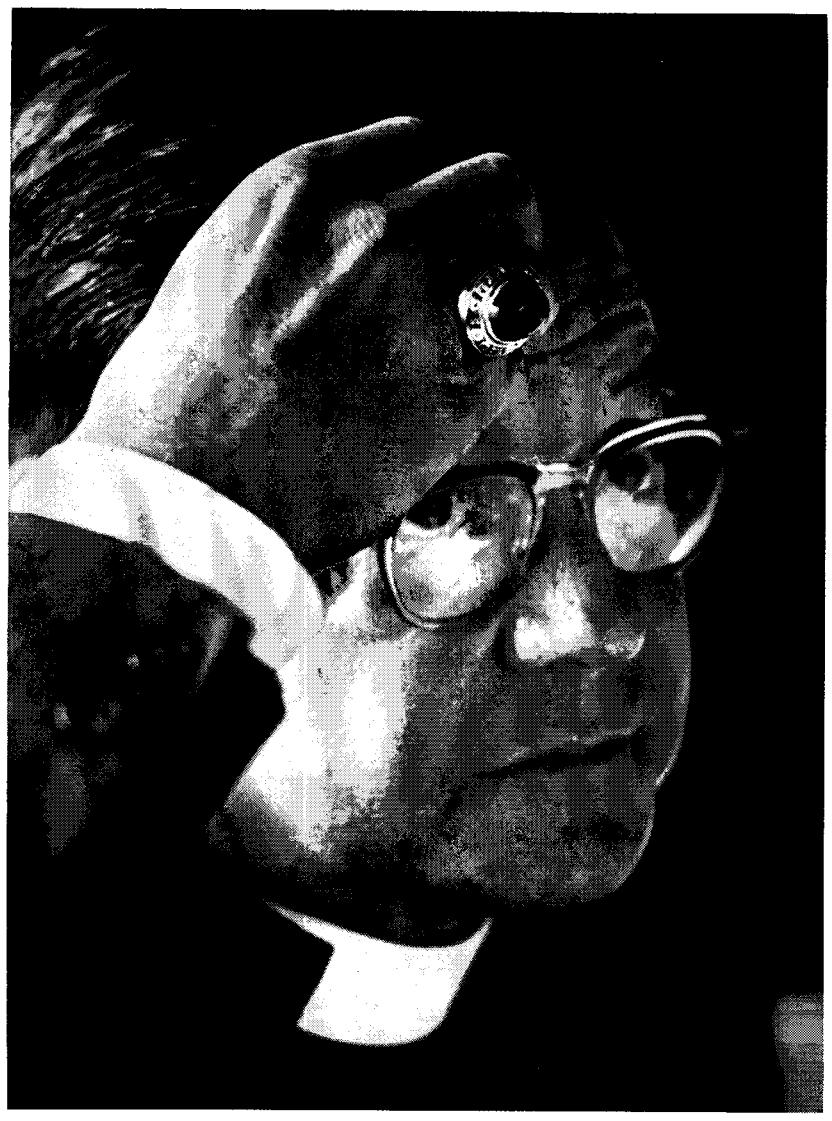
With another lawyer Pike founded a loose-leaf legal publishing firm which still does business under the name Pike & Fischer. Keeping this as a side line, he went to Washington as a member of the Securities and Exchange Commission's legal staff. On one of his frequent visits to California, Pike entered into a marriage which, in less than two years, ended in civil divorce and was subsequently annulled by the Episcopal bishop of Los Angeles, at Pike's request. (Opponents later brought up the episode in an effort to block Pike's election as bishop.)

As a lawyer for the SEC he ripped into stockbrokers on behalf of the New Deal with a crusading zest. "Pike was a demon," one who endured his attack recalls. He worked briefly on the legal staff of the Office of Price Administration with two other young lawyers, Richard M. Nixon and G. Mennen Williams, and taught evening courses in legal procedure at George Washington University. One of his students, a bright and pleasant-mannered brunette named Esther Yanovsky, found him attractive. Professor and student were married in 1942 in what was to have been a severely atheistic ceremony written for the occasion by Pike. His friend, Judge Bolitha Lawes, who married them, threw Pike's document aside and used a ceremony of his own choosing from *The Book of Common Prayer*.

During World War II Pike joined the Navy. His nearsightedness consigned him to a shore job—night shift at the Naval Intelligence office in Frederick, Maryland, receiving and decoding secret messages. With the help of the competent attorney who was his wife, he handled his share of the Pike & Fischer venture in off hours.

Pike's return to religion was quiet and without theatrics. At twenty-five he had been one of the youngest men ever admitted to the bar of the United States Supreme Court. At thirty he had already tasted enough success as a lawyer to guess what a lifetime of it might be like. It did not excite him. World War II led the thoughtful lawyer to reflect on the beliefs by which mankind lived. The town of Frederick provided a quiet place to think things through. There was a new baby and there were decisions to be made about how he was to be reared. The local Episcopal church offered a series of lectures during Lent, and the Pikes attended.

Being in church again revived Pike's interest in religion. This time there were no conflicts of views on infallibility or birth control, hence no difficulties over doctrine. In 1944 he concluded that the need for clergymen was greater than the need for lawyers. Esther Pike, who had been reared with no religious affiliation, agreed. Esther was baptized, and immediately thereafter the Pikes were remarried in a church ceremony while their first child, three weeks old, waited it out in a baby carriage parked in the aisle. Under the supervision of the Virginia Theological Seminary, Pike began reading for orders during the slow early-morning hours of the Naval Intelligence swing shift.



Once a Roman Catholic, Pike turned strongly anti-ritualistic before becoming a clergyman. He still dislikes to have people kiss his bishop's ring.

During the next three years Pike set a new record for the academic high hurdles. By the time the Navy released him in 1945 he had become an Episcopal deacon. The next year he sold his interest in Pike & Fischer and abandoned its $25,000-a-year income, was ordained a priest and appointed curate at St. John's Church, Washington, D.C., at $1800 a year. In 1947 he became a tutor at General Theological Seminary, New York, and a bachelor of divinity, *magna cum laude*. Then he took his only parish post, as rector at Christ Church, Poughkeepsie, New York.

On his first Sunday at Christ Church he found only two persons at early Communion service, seventy-five at eleven-o'clock morning prayer. When he left two years later there were 400 people in church every Sunday. Pike had started with a vigorous doorbell-ringing campaign, in which his wife joined. Groups were organized for everybody—teenagers, twenties, young adults and parents with children in Sunday school. The Pikes loved parish life, and he had to be called three times to be induced to leave for his next job—chairman of the Department of Religion at Columbia University.

At Columbia, Pike instituted thirty-six courses in religion, bringing in as adjunct professors such distinguished theologians as Georges Florovsky, Rabbi Robert Gordis and Paul Tillich. Pike co-ordinated the work of chaplains of all faiths assigned to the university. He presided over the unique worship program in Columbia's chapel, where a great choir sang daily. There were Lutheran, Episcopal, Eastern Orthodox, general Protestant and Jewish services during the week. The work at Columbia attracted the favorable attention of New York Episcopal Bishop Horace W. Donegan, who in 1952 appointed Pike dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The dean of an Episcopal cathedral is the head of the clergy in that church.

As dean, Pike was soon making national headlines from a post that had never before attracted much attention. He did it with pithy statements relating topical events to religious principles. When Roman Catholic Cardinal Spellman decreed that the movie *Baby Doll* was no fit picture for his flock to see, Pike told the newspapers that the church's task was not to prevent the portrayal of reality but to find answers to questions such portrayals raised. When the segregated Episcopal University of the South at Sewanee, Tennessee, offered him an honorary degree, he declined with the tart statement that he could not accept a degree in white theology. The institution soon admitted its first Negro student.

When the Eisenhower Administration was debating whether birth-control information and supplies could properly be included—when requested by other countries—as part of the United States program of foreign aid, Pike took to public print on the pro side. His informality and handy wit put him in demand as a speaker. In easy discourse Pike has kept audiences alternately on tenterhooks and howling with laughter. He had his own television show, reaching sixty ABC network stations, for five years. *Dean Pike* was first seen live from New York for three years, then on film as *Bishop Pike*, from California.

The once somnolent vastness of the cathedral was bustling, meanwhile, with conferences, workshops, forums and lectures. Dean and Mrs. Pike, who by this time had four children, visited the Middle East in 1956, and returned full of ideas on international affairs, soon made widely known through his popular magazine articles and television chats. A book a year emerged from the dean's office: *Beyond Anxiety*, *If You Marry Outside Your Faith*, and *Doing the Truth*. Even on vacation Pike worked—founding his famous "church in the round," embodying his pet architectural notion of placing the altar in the middle of the congregation, during a summer at Wellfleet on Cape Cod. Pike found hours each day for his favorite work, personal counseling. In 1958, when laymen and clergy of the Diocese of California began looking for someone to replace retiring Bishop Karl Block it was inevitable that James Albert Pike should be mentioned.

Pike's election was not a landslide. Even on the final ballot more than forty of the 105 voting clergy of the diocese opposed him. The new bishop's combination of briskness, tact and good humor soon erased memories of a close call.

Much of the opposition has since been won over. A conservative churchman, after describing Pike as "one of the ablest and most winsome people" he had ever known, added, "We only hope his love of being up front and playing an audience for laughs never really gets in the way of his deeper convictions." Mrs. Pike is regarded by San Francisco Episcopalians as a charming extra dividend. The consensus is that the family is settled on "Pike's Peak" for a long stay.

Pike, contrary to the testimony of the large staff he keeps hustling with new ideas, disclaims credit as an innovator. "My notions are all derived from other people," he says. "I just get behind the ones I like." He has not set a rigid timetable for completion of the project he now regards as his major adopted cause, the union of four churches. "Even if everybody involved were in favor of the idea today," he says, "working out the details would take ten years." In South India, Pike points out, the work toward union was begun in 1919 and completed in 1947—elapsed time, twenty-eight years.

THE END

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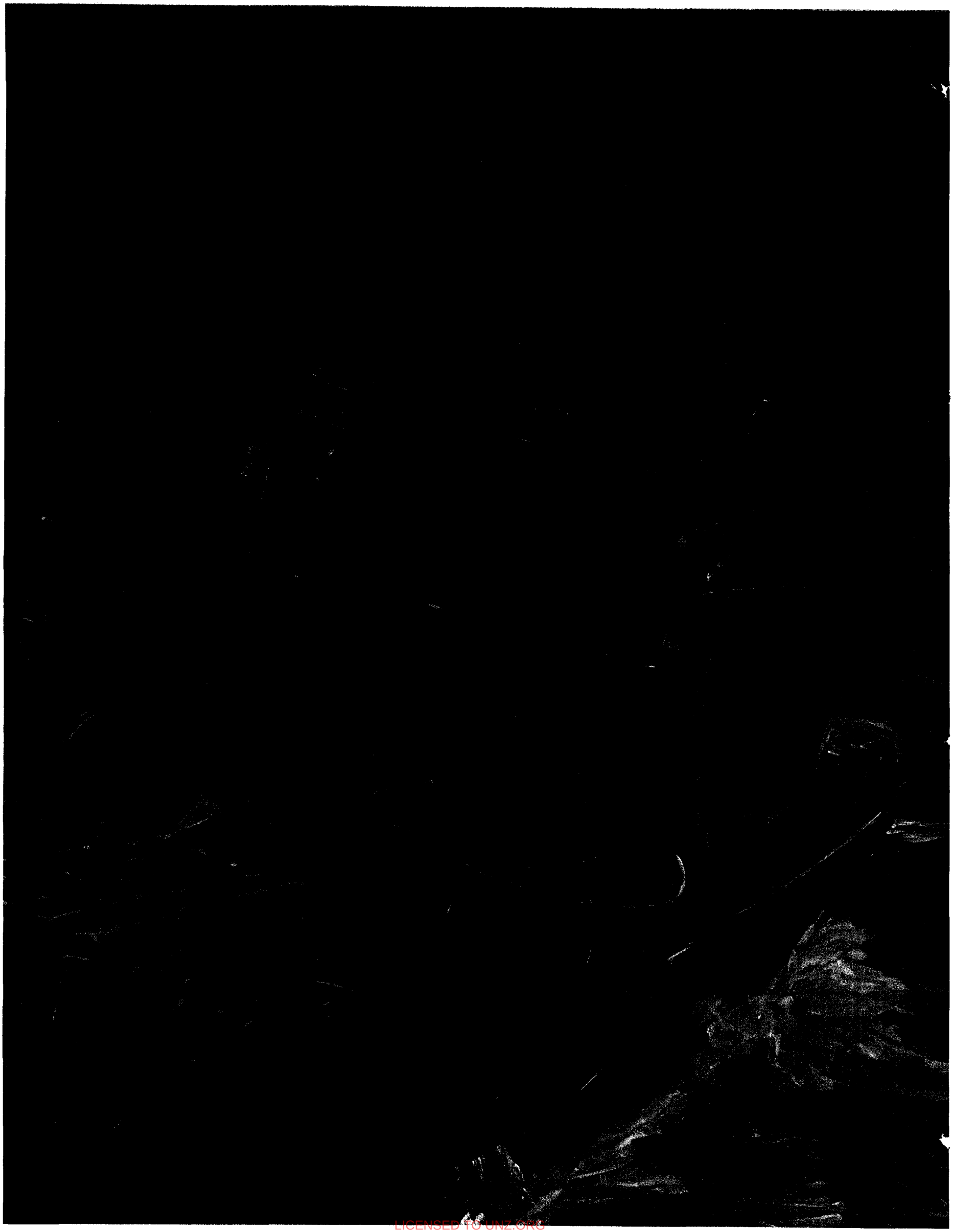

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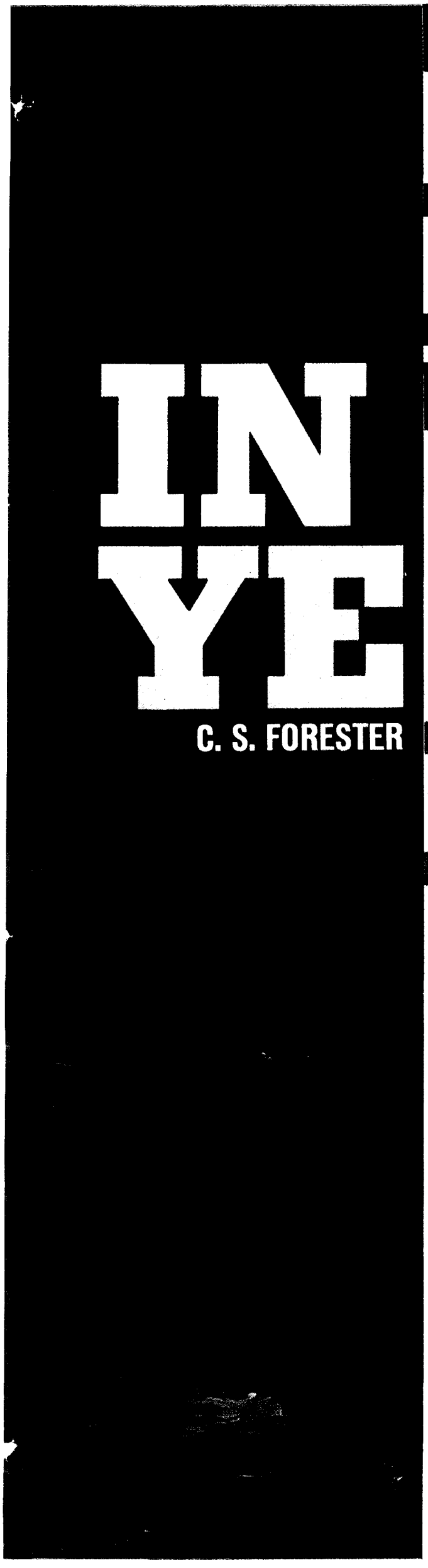
THE MAN IN THE RAFT



PAINTING BY BOB LAVIN

In United States destroyer *Boon* the babies had grown into adolescents overnight apparently, and all the troubles associated with adolescence were making their appearance. Until now the troubles had been those of infancy, arising mostly out of simple ignorance or innocence; but after the victory that *Boon* had gained there was a very noticeable change. *Boon* had sailed from Mare Island with a ship's company of whom more than one third had been recruits, men of the best quality, all volunteers who had joined the Navy before Pearl Harbor. Boot camp had changed them very little; they had been law-abiding in intention, at least, and so interested in their new life that initiating them in their duties had been like playing nursery games with toddlers—toddlers armed with weapons their grandfathers had never dreamed of. Thanks to those weapons, they had ambushed and destroyed a Japanese cruiser, gaining a victory that had echoed round the world, and with that victory, and after three months at sea, the toddlers had grown up into teen-agers.

Now they knew everything that was worth knowing; and no one could show them anything. The attention paid to rules and conventions by their seniors was tiresome; it also marked those seniors down as conservative old men sinking into decrepitude. The community in which the recruits found themselves appeared to them to be both inelastic and old-fashioned; they were sure that from their fresh point of view they could visualize a better system. Moreover, they knew so much more about the rules and conventions now, that those among them who were merely irked in their way of life by the restrictions could think of ways of circumventing them. The infants had been pleased and proud to be playing in a group game; the teen-agers resented, consciously or unconsciously, the merging of their precious individualities into a single entity.

The consequence was—as other communities have found—the development of a wave of crime. The *Boon*, when she resumed her course and headed southwestward again across the Pacific, was engulfed in crime. The Japanese cruiser lay a thousand fathoms deep behind her, a rived wreck on the dark floor of the ocean, while the men who had destroyed her celebrated their victory by perfectly shocking behavior. One heavenly still night, as the *Boon* coursed onward over the dark swell, George Brown, the executive officer, awoke in his cabin to hear a noise that should never be heard in a ship of war; an instantly recognizable noise like no other. He left his bunk and went below; his microscopic familiarity with every corner

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RAFT

of the ship directed his steps straight to the source of the noise. As he stepped across a high coaming he heard it once more; the unmistakable sound of a pair of dice rattling over a steel deck and bouncing back from a steel bulkhead.

"Snake eyes!" said one of the squatting group, and it was certainly the most unlucky throw of the evening, for that was when they looked up to find the executive officer standing over them.

"Whose money is this?" asked that officer, but no one would admit ownership, not even when he went on: "Nobody's? If it's unclaimed I shall have to take charge of it for the Ship's Welfare Fund."

They eyed him silently as he picked it up; there was a five-dollar bill, as well as several ones and some quarters and dimes. "Thirteen dollars and twenty cents," said the executive officer. "You men can turn in now."

The United States Navy was not concerned with morals, viewed simply as morals, even though there were Congressmen who wished otherwise. The Navy was a fighting body, with victory as its aim. Victory or defeat, as well as life or death, depended on the last ounce of effort, the highest pitch of efficiency; and the Navy had convinced itself that craps on board could cut down the effort and reduce the efficiency of the men. Gambling led to bitterness, to feuds; it led to a possible relaxation of discipline between debtors and creditors, to possible lapses from duty.

Brown looked along the line of criminals and remembered something else. "You, Carducci. You're due to come up to captain's mast this morning. Aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sleeping on watch."

"Yes, sir."

"This may help to explain it."

It did nothing to explain it in the mind of Fireman 2nd Class Pietro Carducci. His job was standing duty at the evaporator, watching the water level, and he could see no connection between a harmless crap game at midnight and nodding off in the four to eight. The water level in the evaporator had remained constant, of course, and there had been no harm done, even though he would freely admit, from his own knowledge, that the gravest damage to the evaporator might have ensued had the level fallen. To Fireman Carducci the linking of the two charges was only one more example of the way in which the Navy was ready to hang a dog to which it had already given a bad name.

At captain's mast he was consoled to some extent by the misfortunes of his friend Fireman 2nd Class Clover, found guilty of a quite different crime. Clover had not turned off the tap of the shower bath, having stepped out of it to soap himself after going under to get wet. A regulation laid it down that the tap should not be left running during those thirty seconds, and Clover readily admitted that he had not observed the regulation.

"And yet you knew the order?" asked the captain. "Wet down. Turn off. Soap down. Turn on. Rinse down. Turn off."

"Yes, sir."

There were several listeners who could not see any connection between fighting the Japs and the meaningless ritual the captain had just recited.

"You wasted two gallons of fresh water," said the captain, eying the boy before him, whose bewilderment hid behind a sullen mask.

Two hundred men could waste four hundred gallons of fresh water a day; fifty tons in a month, and that would mean the consumption of half a ton of fuel. Captain Angell, looking over the head of the man before him, could picture in his mind's eye *Boon*, with nearly empty bunkers, crawling perforce at slowest economical speed across the Pacific, exposed at every moment to submarine attack.

He met the boy's eyes again; it was no use making a little speech along these lines. They had just sunk a Japanese cruiser with apparently the greatest of ease, and nothing at the moment could convince these lads of the importance of two gallons of fresh water.

"Five hours' extra duty," said the captain. It was a poor way, he knew, of trying to impress the importance of water economy on Clover's mind, but it was the only way possible at present.

The captain went on to lecture Seaman 2nd Class Helder on the enormity of being late relieving watch: and the last criminal on the list was Seaman 2nd Class Kortland. The captain took special note of this man. An intelligent-looking man of sensitive expression; as a high-school graduate he was a man of some education. Of course he was a man only by courtesy of the Navy, seeing that he was still only eighteen. And his crime was something a little out of the ordinary; his battle station was in the lower handling room of the No. 1 five-inch gun, and he had apparently formed the habit of settling down there, among the live shells, for an hour or two of peace and quiet after the

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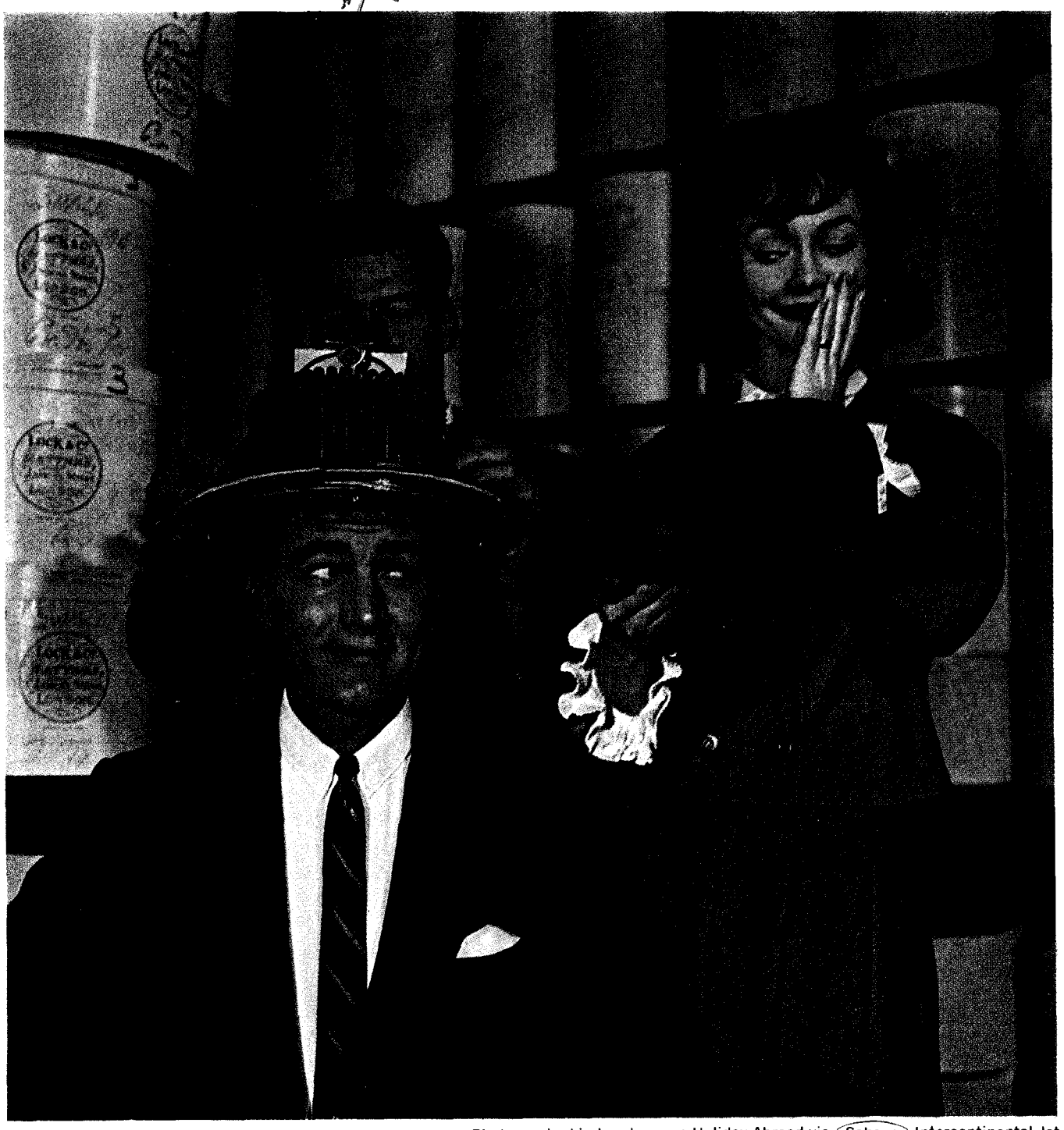

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ship secured from morning general quarters. The captain felt a certain sympathy for him, but no one could possibly be allowed to remain unsupervised down among the ammunition, apart from all the other considerations.

"Five hours' extra duty," said the captain.

"Mast cases dismissed," said the executive officer.

"You know," announced the executive officer in the wardroom later, "the British have the right idea with their rum ration."

"I know plenty who'd agree with you," said Lieutenant Klein.

"What makes you say it at this moment, George?" asked the captain, taking a first sip at his coffee. "What's the peculiar virtue of the rum ration today?"

"There's no virtue in the issue of a rum ration," said the executive officer.

"Shame!" interjected Klein.

"But there's a lot of virtue in taking it away. What can we do to a man out here when he bucks the regulations? Extra duty? You reach a limit with that in no time—all the men have pretty well all they can do already, and you've got to be careful with their health. Restriction? They've given up hope of ever seeing port again, and restriction doesn't mean a thing. Loss of pay? Pay doesn't mean anything out here either, especially now that we've dealt with the crap games."

"Are you telling *us*, sir?" asked Lieutenant Borglum.

"So there's no way of getting at the man who's lazy or careless, or who thinks he knows it all already. But the British can, with the rum ration. That one drink's nothing, really, to a drinking man. But leading this sort of life you come to look forward to it from day to day, just as a break in the monotony, perhaps. Take it away, and you've really done something. Next time he'll be more careful. I'm all for a rum ration, in wartime conditions anyway," the executive officer finished.

"Maybe you have something there," agreed Borglum.

"Maybe Josephus Daniels is turning in his grave," said Klein. "Are you going to bring flogging back too, sir?"

"It's just about as likely," admitted the executive officer.

Two days later—two days more of monotonous steaming across the featureless Pacific—Klein made a handsome admission.

"I've come round to your way of thinking, sir," he said. "That fellow Kortland. The man who used to hide away in the lower handling room. You know about the new offense, of course?"

"I've just published the deck court you held," said the executive officer.

"You have? How did the captain feel about the sentence?"

"He remitted part of it. Now it stands at fifteen days' restriction."

"Fifteen or twenty—what's the difference? It's just what you were saying. For the next fifteen days he'll watch his pals pouring ashore to enjoy themselves while he has to stay on board. Oh, yes, and he'll lose about twenty dollars in pay. A lot he cares."

"And insubordination is a serious charge. I know he sassed the chief boatswain's mate, but what did he say?"

"I expect Trautmann had been riding him some. You know Kortland's the compartment cleaner and scullery maid for the c.p.o.'s' quarters?"

"Yes. Nice job. Doesn't stand watches."

"He hadn't cleaned up the soap dishes in the head, and Trautmann checked him for it."

"Well?"

"So he flared out. He said, 'I'm not a servant. I'll do it when I'm good and ready.'"

"He must be just a plain fool."

"I'm not so sure. He lost his temper. It's not so long since he had a mother running round after him cleaning the soap dishes."

"Yes. But insubordination ——"

There was no need to finish the sentence. With the safety of the ship, with victory or defeat depending on instant obedience, a state of mind must never be allowed to exist wherein it was possible to argue back or hesitate to obey. To the two officers this was self-evident, a part of life. It was not so evident to a recent high-school boy, however.

"Oh, well," said the executive officer, "tempers are short just now. But we're making contact with the task force tomorrow. That'll be a break in the monotony and may do everyone good. Maybe Kortland will learn sense."

Seaman 2nd Class Charles Kortland was not a fool, but

a mixed-up boy still, a nice-looking boy,

incidentally; that fact had a bearing on the circumstances leading up to his present state of mind. On his graduation from high school the previous summer he had persuaded a doting mother to allow him to anticipate the draft and enlist in the Navy. Eight months in the service had been just enough to muddle his thinking without making a man of him. As a handsome only child he had never known anything except his own way; as an only child he had come to enjoy solitude; and his doting mother had encouraged him in his belief that there was no one in the world quite so important or quite so worthy of every attention as Charles Kortland. And the Navy never allowed him his own way; it offered almost no chance of enjoying solitude; and it did not share—it laughed at—his estimate of his own importance.

His present job, as compartment cleaner to the chief petty officers' quarters, was one many on board would have coveted; it was one of those given in rotation, in fact, for that reason. But Kortland resented having to clean up after other people; he had a poor opinion of chief petty officers, which did not make it any easier, and helped to explain the outburst which had brought him a deck court-martial. The desire for extra sleep had not been the cause of his stolen hours in the lower handling room; he had only wanted to get away by himself—the hardest thing in the world in a wartime destroyer. So now he was standing and chipping paint along with a group of other hardened criminals, completing the last hour of the sentence which had condemned him to this work before the deck court-martial. His fingers were sore by the time he was released.

"Sail ho!" yelled a lookout on the flying bridge.

"Where away?"

"Dead ahead."

Right ahead; *Boon* had made visual contact at last with other ships of the United States Navy, after eleven days of complete solitude. The effect was felt in every part of the ship, and all to the good, as the executive officer had predicted. There were other ships to look at now, instead of an empty horizon, and disparaging comparisons to be made between them and the *Boon*. There was a tanker to refuel from, calling for considerable activity on the part of the first lieutenant and Chief Boatswain's Mate Trautmann and their party. There were new faces to be seen along the tanker's rail, and old jests to be refurbished and hurled back and forth across the foaming water that divided the two ships while the fueling proceeded.

There was no mail—that was too much to hope for—but there was fresh bread, enough for two meals, to be hauled on board over the "pony express"; there was ice cream, enough for a couple of dips per man, to follow. And there was a batch of new movies; from the deck of the tanker came the most stimulating comments about the new musical featuring Alice Faye, which at that moment was traveling over to *Boon* along the high line. Every eye that could be spared from duty watched the bundle with passionate anxiety until it arrived safely.

The whole world was in a turmoil, and the destiny of mankind hung in the balance. The men who lined those rails knew—if they stopped to think about it—that their lives were in imminent deadly peril, that mutilation or death might be their portion at any moment. Yet all these issues were obscured at this moment by the prospect of fresh bread, ice cream and the shadow of Miss Alice Faye upon a screen.

"Movies tonight, man!" said Seaman 2nd Class Henderson ecstatically to Seaman 2nd Class Kortland.

"Yeah," agreed Kortland. He at least was not going to be so undignified as to display all the enthusiasm he actually felt.

An announcement over the ship's loudspeaker added to the pleasure and excitement he was concealing. "Now hear this. Now hear this. Now that the ship has joined the task force the ship will not go to general quarters at sunset until further notice. The ship will not go to general quarters . . ."

Kortland did not bother to listen to the repetition. His quick mind was foreseeing new possibilities. The c.p.o.'s ate their dinner early. If there were no general quarters he could get through his scullery maid's duties early and could be down in the mess hall well before anyone else in the ship; he could pick himself a seat, settle himself down at leisure and view the show from a position of advantage, in comparative comfort, and without an undignified preliminary scramble.

He liked movies and tonight he would be able to enjoy them in the leisurely and privileged way that was really his due. That was how it came about that the executive officer, passing through the mess hall before the show was ready to start, grinned at the sight of the young seaman stalking down alone from the other end with an exaggerated air of owning the place, and seating himself before the center of the screen. The exec picked him out among the crowd after the movie was over, too; the expression on his face

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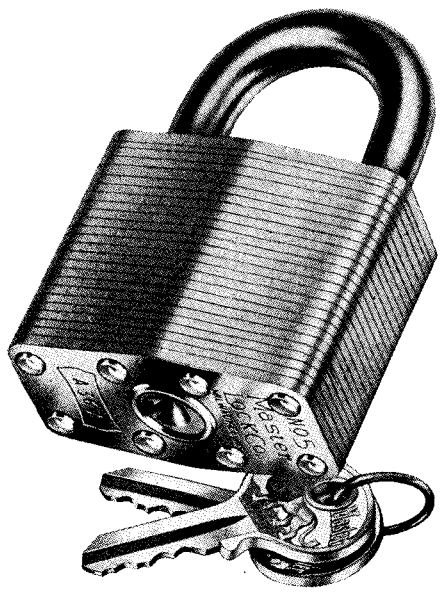

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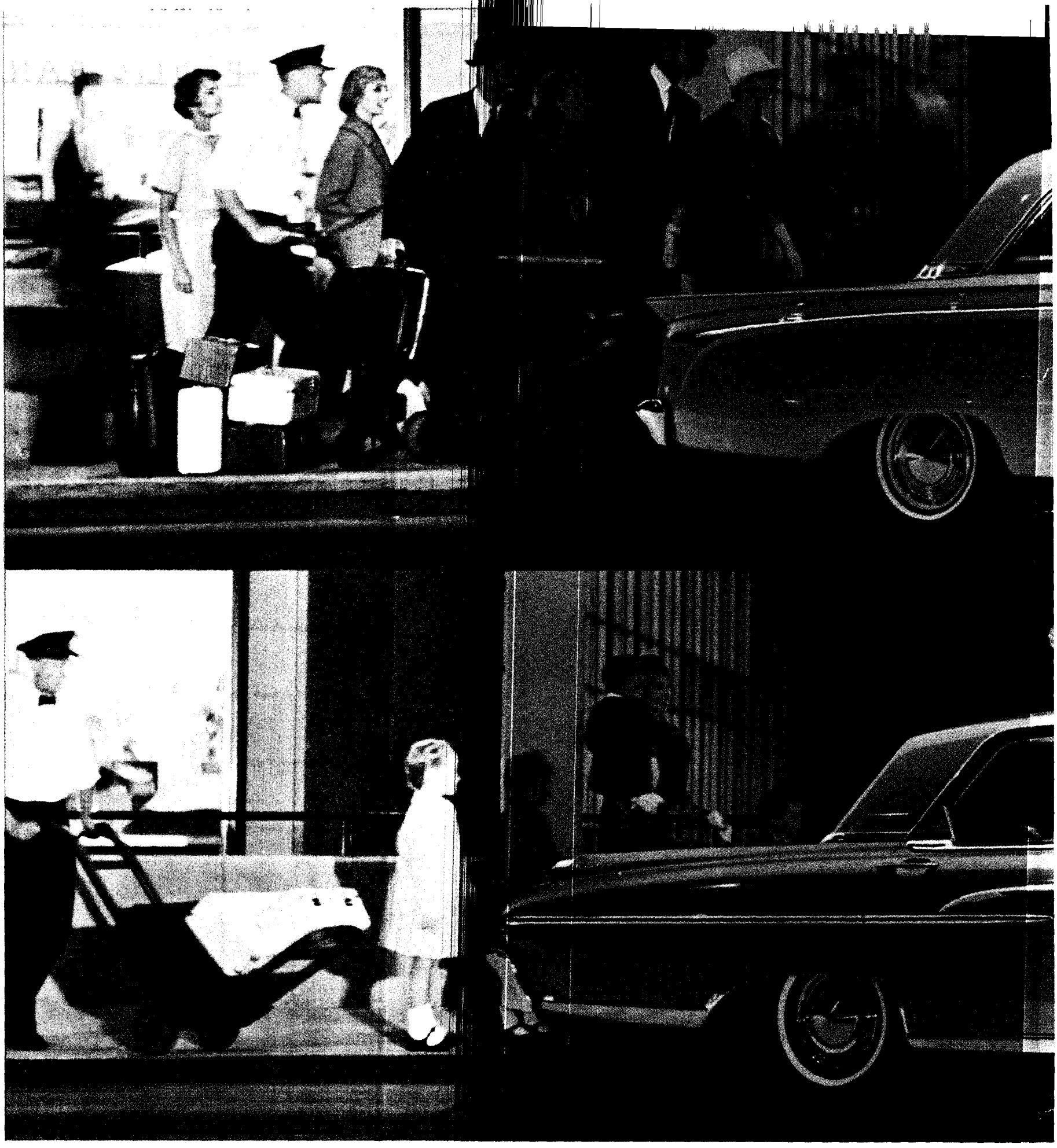

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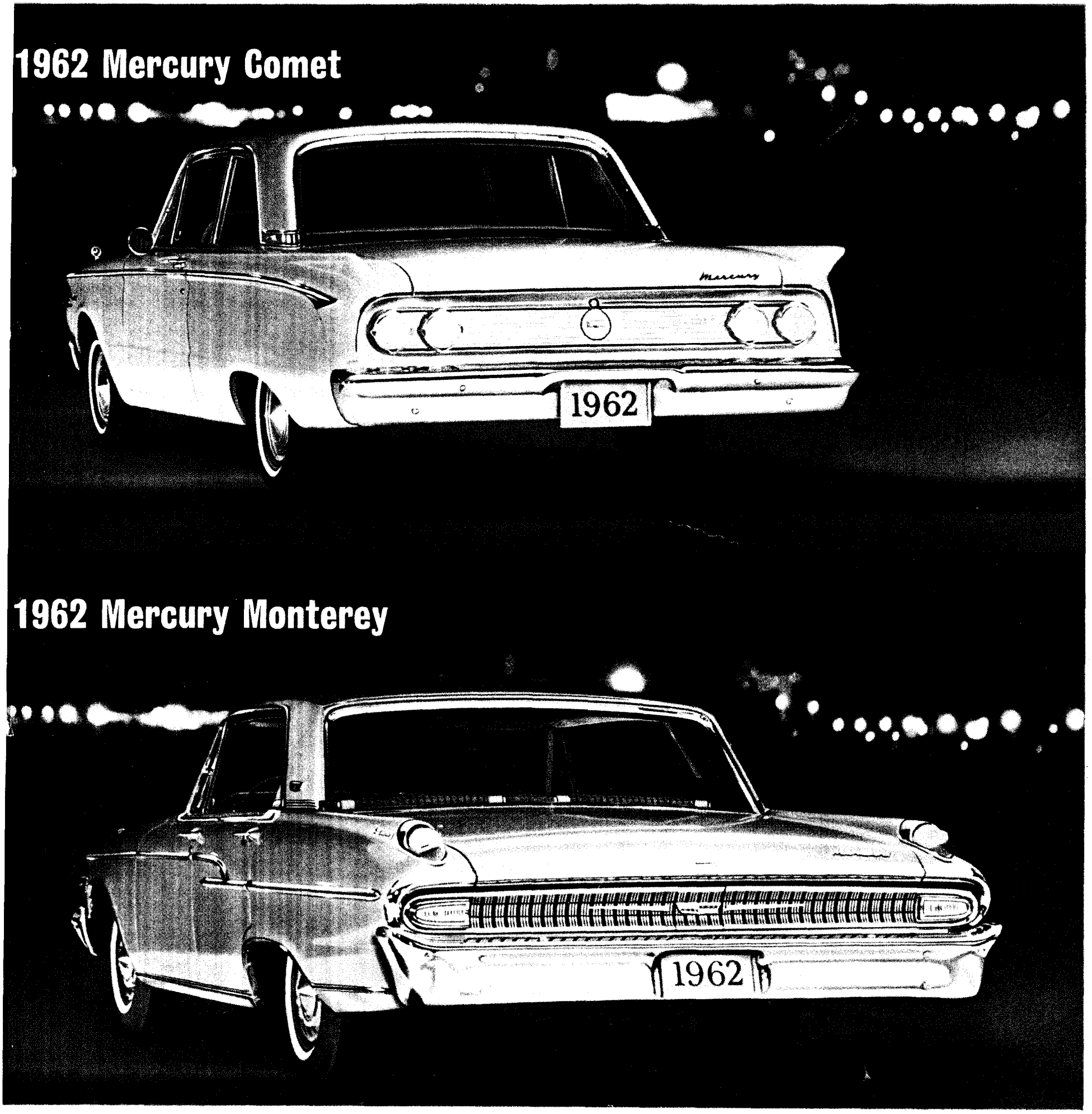

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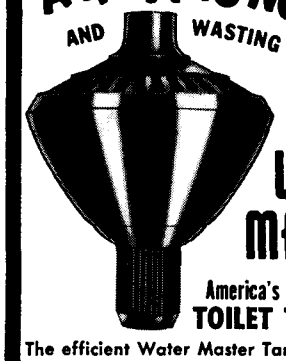

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showed how much he had enjoyed his evening.

The *Boon* was still a stepchild among destroyers; the task force to which she was attached included not one ship of her division. She was a newcomer, too, and this helped to explain why she was given the odd jobs to do, and why she was stationed on the wing of the destroyer screen that combed the sea above and below the surface, in advance of the main body, as the task force steamed steadily northward into dangerous waters. A battle had been fought in the Coral Sea; there had been losses on both sides as they groped for each other, each trying to guess at the other's objectives. The wildest stories had been told, and some of them had even proved true. While naval staffs tried to evaluate results, and while a puzzled world was coming slowly to the conclusion that the newest Japanese advance had been beaten back, this little task force was moving in to maintain an appearance of strength.

The Japanese would strike again; no one could doubt it. But the American naval staffs had already shrewdly guessed that the blow would be delivered elsewhere, against Midway, the Aleutians, against Pearl Harbor itself. There was every reason to convey the impression that the United States Navy was massing to defend New Guinea and Australia again, leaving Midway unguarded. This was the business of the little task force. Seaman 2nd Class Charles Kortland, with all his personal problems, washing dishes in the chief petty officers' pantry, was playing his part in the preliminary moves of the decisive naval battle of the war.

The sun was shining bright that morning when *Boon* secured from general quarters and Kortland came up on deck from his battle station down in the lower handling room. The sky was blue, and the sea was bluer still, with a segment of gold extending to the horizon, above which hung the golden sun; and behind, the ships stretched their long parallel wakes dazzling white against the blue. A lovely morning, and tonight he was going to see Alice Faye in the musical. He entered the chief petty officers' pantry to encounter harsh reality.

"Do you see this?" asked Chief Boatswain's Mate Trautmann. He was pointing at the garbage can, too full for the lid to close properly, and beside it the bulging paper sack that held the excess. "I said, 'Do you see this?'" said Trautmann.

"Yes." Kortland blurted out, for not to answer would be an additional offense.

"It's stinking already and it will have to go on stinking. Any excuse?"

Not even Kortland's quick mind could think of one in that surprised moment. He had forgotten about the garbage last night in the excitement of going to the movies. Regulations were explicit that it should only be dumped after sunset so as to leave the least traces for a scouting enemy. He had intended to return and dump the garbage after the movies and had forgotten all about it. Now it would have to stay on board all day.

"Any excuse?" repeated Trautmann.

"No."

"You'll be at captain's mast this morning."

And when he came up before the captain he had to stand at attention and listen to a short lecture.

"This is the third time you've been in trouble," said the captain. "I can't understand why an intelligent fellow like you should behave in this way. This time it will be ten hours' extra duty."

Kortland had sense enough not to allow his feelings to appear. He could live through ten hours of paint chipping without noticing it, as long as he had the prospect of Alice Faye this evening. But before he could be dismissed the executive officer interposed.

"Excuse me, sir. Do you remember the British, sir? You ——"

"Yes, I remember," said the captain. Half an hour ago the executive officer had pointed out to him that movies meant as much to Kortland as rum to a Britisher, and had indicated a course of action. The captain went on. "This extra duty will be served as lookout during the second dog watch for the next five days."

There was an astonished silence at this new departure.

"Would you mind repeating that, sir?" asked the ship's yeoman, who was noting the proceedings.

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by David Walker

The captain had no objection. He repeated what he had said, clearly and distinctly, and again there was silence.

"Mast dismissed," said the executive officer.

Kortland was actually pale, tanned though he was, as he turned away. Some of the pallor was due to surprise and disappointment, but some of it was caused by rage. Not merely would he not get a front seat for Alice Faye but he would miss all but the end of the picture. His world fell away from him as he thought about it. When captain's mast was finished he saw the exec walking aft to inspect the after-gun mount, and he had the wild notion, momentarily, of appealing to him for his good offices in changing the order; but he knew enough about the Navy for the notion to be only momentary. And as he looked across at the exec, he had a moment of revelation. He remembered how the first night before the movies started he had met the exec's eyes before choosing his seat. That man had eyes for everything. Kortland did not understand the reference to the British which the exec had made to the captain; it might even be a code word. But that just showed he was the victim of a persecution directed with diabolical ingenuity. He felt friendless and betrayed. It was enough—nearly—to make a man weep, or to drive him to violence.

Kortland was man enough not to weep and sensible enough not to indulge in violence. Just before sunset each dog watch he climbed up to the flying bridge and took his assigned place on the starboard side to begin his dreary spell as lookout, staring out over the wide waste of blue water while the *Boon* and the rest of the task force steamed on northward, soaring slowly up the long, endless swells, and slithering down the farther slopes, the angle of meeting the swell varying irregularly with the irregular scheme of zigzagging. *Boon* was the right-hand ship of the screen, and he was the right-hand man of the ship; with misery contending with resentment in his heart he was guarding the right flank of the task force. He could hardly help but take his duties seriously, even though at the same time a dozen sonar apparatuses were probing the depths below him, and the ship's radar was scanning the horizon all round. Neither radar nor sonar could be implicitly trusted; they could not report smoke or wreckage. For that matter even after nightfall the human eye still had its uses. Even in a ship where they made silly jokes about borrowing from the British.

On the third night the sun was sinking in a clear sky over on his left hand; behind him, in fact, when he faced out to starboard and the zigzag took a westerly trend. It was dreary, monotonous work, unsuited to a thinking mind, decided Kortland as usual. A thousand hours of monotony and repetition for one hour of Alice Faye, and then to be tricked out of Alice Faye in the end. It was Alice Faye and not the Japanese who occupied his thoughts—he was like nearly every one of his shipmates in that respect.

Now the sun was hanging just above the horizon and giving perceptibly less light as it reddened. *Boon* climbed a swell, and as she hung on the summit Kortland, looking out to starboard, caught a momentary flash on the horizon. It had come and gone at once; it had been the faintest speck of light, as though a wet surface had for a second reflected the reddening sun behind him. He glued his eyes on the spot and waited. He might have been mistaken; it might have been merely a wave top. The seconds passed, lengthened into a minute. No; as the *Boon* hung on the next summit there it was—a wet surface catching the light. He wondered what he should do, and it should be noted that his resentment was not in evidence as he debated with himself. He was much more preoccupied with the fear of making a fool of himself. *Boon* climbed the next swell, and there it was again, this time briefer than ever if that were possible, and redder than before. Kortland took a deep breath.

"Sail ho!" he yelled down to the bridge.

Instant tension down below; the Navy endured ten thousand hours of monotony and repetition in preparation for an hour of battle.

"Where away?" from the officer of the deck.

"Broad on the starboard beam. An—an object, sir. I saw it catch the light, sir."

Every eye that could be spared was turned out to starboard. Only the briefest flash this time, and only Kortland, with his eyes trained in exactly the right direction, spotted it.

"There it is, sir!"

This second definite identification made up the mind of the officer of the deck.

"Captain to the bridge," he said to the man at the voice tube.

Kortland was fully committed now. It took only a moment for the captain to reach the bridge, and a moment more for the executive officer to follow him.

"Do you think he's seeing things?" asked the captain.

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"Who is it up there? Oh, it's young Kortland," said the executive officer, and then, "I think we can trust him."

Half the sun was below the horizon, and darkness was increasing apace.

"Tell us what you saw again, Kortland," hailed the captain.

"I saw something catch the light, sir. It might be wreckage."

"Are you sure of the bearing?"

"Yes, sir." Kortland's pointed arm indicated it with a promise of exactitude.

The sun was gone now, as the captain wrestled with his problem. As soon as it was fully night the task force was to reverse course and steam south again; it would be awkward for a detached destroyer to resume her place in the screen in darkness. But still ——

The captain reached his decision. "Keep your eye on the place, Kortland," he said before he went to the radiotelephone. "Request permission to investigate an unidentified object to starboard, sir. . . . Aye, aye, sir. Thank you."

In the fading light *Boon* swung herself round until her jack staff was right in line with Kortland's pointed arm and then she headed forward with increased revolutions. Darker and darker it grew, and then another lookout took up the cry.

"I see it, sir! Dead ahead! A rubber life raft!" Now they could all see it.

"All engines stop."

Boon's speed slowly diminished.

"All engines back one third."

It was very nearly completely dark as *Boon* surged alongside; it was indeed a yellow rubber life raft whose wet side had reflected the sunset back to Kortland's eye, and lying in it was a U. S. Navy aviator; it was not until they had hoisted him on board that they could be sure he was alive. The battle of the Coral Sea had been fought ten long, long days ago. Kortland could look down upon the nearly lifeless thing swinging up on the line.

The following afternoon Kortland was mildly surprised to hear the ship's loudspeaker say his name. The call interrupted a furious train of thought; the films were to be returned tomorrow, and the whole ship's company, when consulted, had selected the Alice Faye musical as the movie to be repeated tonight. And he still had extra duty to perform, and he would miss Alice Faye for the second time.

"Seaman 2nd Class Kortland to report to the bridge immediately."

Waiting there was the pharmacist's mate 1st class who tried to watch over the health of the entire ship's company.

"You're going to see Lieutenant Evans, the naval aviator you spotted on the rubber life raft," said the pharmacist's mate. "He wants to thank you. This way."

He led the way to the captain's cabin, the one the captain never slept in at sea.

"Exec's given permission," explained the pharmacist's mate.

The bunk there held a young man, incredibly thin, with brilliant dark eyes glittering out of a face tanned almost black, patchily, because some of that face was much whiter where ten days' beard had been shaved off.

"It was you who saved my life," said the lieutenant. "I want to thank you."

"Yes, sir," said Kortland. It was an unhelpful thing to say at this moment.

"Another night in that boat and I'd have had it," went on the lieutenant. "And it wasn't easy for you—they've told me about it."

"It wasn't anything, sir," said Kortland. He had his dignity to consider, even though the pharmacist's mate constituted the entire audience.

"We can't go on arguing about it," said the lieutenant. "The exec's as pleased as hell about what you did. He gave permission for me to send for you so as to give me a chance to talk to you. I'm being transferred tomorrow. Now you tell me. What do you want? I've only got to ask the exec and he'll give it to you. What would you like?"

Alice Faye tonight. But on the other hand there was that remark about borrowing from the British. That rankled, although Kortland still had no idea what it meant; yet there were other things that he understood. He was perfectly aware, with acute telepathy, that the exec was ready and willing to excuse him from the rest of his extra duty. And somewhere in his subconscious there was a revolt against the incongruity of relating the saving of a life to an exhibition of shadows on a screen. Even though Kortland was growing up fast he was still a mixed-up teen-ager. He opened his mouth to speak and shut it again just in time—he had been about to say, "To hell with the British," and that would have made just no sense to the lieutenant nor to the pharmacist's mate.

"Well?" asked the lieutenant.

Kortland had to prove that the British were wrong, that the exec was wrong, and that he himself was a man who did not care about movies in the least.

"I don't want anything," said Kortland. "I don't want anything at all."

It was three seconds later before he remembered what else he should have said, and he added it. "Sir." THE END

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WHAT IS LIFE MADE OF ?

continued from page 35

symmetrical form of electron dance. The higher perfection implies a lower energy, and so a more stable structure. A far wider range and variety of compounds can be built up with this type of combination than when the atoms are in the form of ions drawn together by electrical attractions.

A popular toy for boys is a Meccano set, the basis of which is a number of rods with holes in them, and nuts and bolts which serve to join the rods. With this standard material the young enthusiast can build a bridge, a crane, a wheelbarrow, a tower or whatever his ambition dictates. Those atoms of the natural elements which combine by electron sharing can be thought of as building complicated units in a similar way.

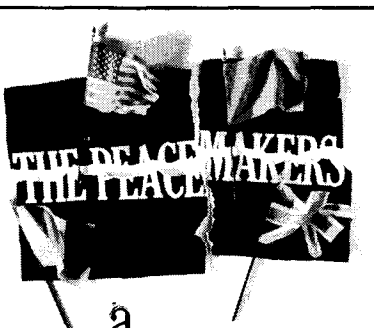
The atoms which form the firmest structural bonds are carbon, nitrogen and oxygen, which have four, three and two definite attachment points respectively where they can be linked. It is no matter of chance, therefore, that Nature uses just these atoms to build her living structures. Hydrogen also plays an essential part. Hydrogen has just one electron, and so can be used when one is needed to fill a gap. It is like the useful friend of a hostess who can be relied on to provide an extra man for the party. The compounds or combinations of elements involving carbon are, in particular, so different in character and so characteristic of living matter that it is convenient to deal with them in a special branch of chemistry, organic chemistry. Inorganic chemistry deals with the ionic compounds we find in minerals.

Here is one way to understand the characteristic difference between inorganic and organic compounds. The ions in an inorganic compound are like a set of slippery spheres which are positively and negatively charged. Since like electrical charges repel, and unlike charges attract each other, the ions can slide about over each other until they take up a pattern in which the positive ions are surrounded by negative ions and the negative ions by positive ions. A chessboard pattern is a good analogy, in which the white squares have black squares as nearest neighbors and vice versa; in fact, some of the simplest inorganic crystal patterns are a three-dimensional version of the chessboard arrangement. But a collection of carbon, oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen atoms can be bolted together in an infinite variety of ways, like the bits of the boy's Meccano set and, when bolted together, they stay in that configuration. Organic compounds form a delicate structure, not that of the lowest energy and highest stability, but a kind of card house which easily collapses if it is disturbed. Heat the living matter only a little and its structure falls into disarray or is "denatured" like the white of a boiled egg; a little more heat and it breaks down into simple molecules like carbon dioxide, ammonia and water.

The four atoms, carbon, nitrogen, oxygen and hydrogen, are not the only ones in living matter. Just as the Meccano set needs a small number of special parts such as wheels and axles, gears and pulleys, so life requires atoms such as phosphorus, iron and sulphur for parts of the construction and a number of "trace" elements in very small quantities for special functions. The carbon, nitrogen, oxygen and hydrogen atoms, however, always form the main bulk of the living structures, which can function in only a very limited temperature range.

Two general features characterize these living structures. The first was revealed by the work of the chemists, who broke the organic compounds down into simple parts. Nature has designed a number of very complex structures to perform various functions in the body. She does this, not by employing an entirely new scheme in each differing structure, but by varying the arrangements of the same common stock of materials—specifically, by using a limited variety of groups of atoms and stringing them together in a characteristic chain. The character of the structure thus formed is determined by the sequence in which the atomic units are arranged.

This concept can be illustrated by contrasting the two ways in which writing has developed. One system, the Chinese, uses a special picture to denote each fundamental idea, and so needs a large number of characters. On the other hand, we write with a small number of letters in the alphabet, words being formed by varying the arrangement of these letters. Thus, with the same twenty-six letters one can compose a poem or a trade directory.



a remarkable novel by MARQUIS CHILDS beginning in next week's POST

It is this latter alternative which Nature has adopted. When the living structures are taken apart by chemical means, the same limited number of units turns up, whether they come from a microbe, a plant or a man. There is a further similarity. Each slug of type a printer uses has one undifferentiated face, which fits into his "form." The other face carries the letter. The small units of atomic structure are also so constructed that a variety of forms may be linked in a row. An analogy may make clear the way it is done. A common form of clasp for a necklace is a small plate at one end which clicks into a socket at the other end when the necklace is fastened. Picture now short segments of costume jewelry for making necklaces, each of which has one plate and one socket attached to it so that they can be linked together in a row. Apart from these common plates and sockets, the items have a number of different patterns, and a whole variety of necklaces could be composed by stringing the units together in different orders. In the protein structure the plates and sockets are chemical groups which have an affinity for each other. Linked to them through a central carbon atom are about twenty different patterns of molecular structure of a simple kind. These units are joined in an order characteristic of each form of protein molecule.

The other distinctive characteristic of living structures was deduced on theoretical grounds by Linus Pauling and confirmed when the actual structures were discovered by means of X-ray diffraction. The strings which form the structure have a spiral motif, with the joining units linked together to form a helix in the shape of a loosely coiled spring. Some readers may prefer to picture the structure as a spiral staircase, with each tread in the same relative position to those above and below it. To refine this analogy, such a staircase should have each tread made from a different kind of wood.

These molecular units of matter are quite unsymmetrical. Now when one has a structure with no symmetry, like a glove or a shoe, it can have two forms which are mirror images of each other. The gloves of a pair are in one sense just the same shape, since they match each other, but one is definitely right-handed and the other left-handed, and no twisting or turning of a right-handed glove will make it fit the left hand. So the molecular units might also exist in one or other of two matching forms. Actually Nature has adopted one of these alternatives to the exclusion of the other. As a result all the spirals of living matter twine the same way round. Everything would work equally well if they all went the other way round, but Nature is committed to the one kind. We can imagine the world reflected in a mirror, as in *Alice Through the Looking-Glass* turning all the right-handed spirals into left-handed spirals. If we were transported unchanged to such a world, we would starve, because we can digest only spirals which go round in our way. We are built of right-handed corkscrews.

A recent article in this series (THE MESSAGES OF LIFE by James Bonner, April 16, 1961) described the researches of chemists and biologists which have led to an understanding of the nature of the two most important constituents of the living body, nucleic acid and protein, and their relation to each other. Nucleic acid is found in the nucleus of a cell and is the constituent of the gene which carries the pattern of heredity. Nucleic acid is formed by the joining of four kinds of relatively simple molecular structures called nucleotides. In the gene thousands of units of these four nucleotides are linked in a chain; we now believe that it is the particular order or sequence in which these units are linked that determines the hereditary message carried by the gene.

One form of this nucleic acid, DNA, is the actual duplicating instrument of living matter. DNA also makes another form of nucleic acid, RNA, which in turn strings together twenty different kinds of chemical building blocks in the spiral we have just discussed to form enzymes, or protein molecules. I would like to tell you something about the methods and the results of our continuing search for the detailed plan nature has followed in constructing these important protein molecules, for a knowledge of this plan should give us a much deeper insight into the way living matter works.

Protein is the main body-building substance—more than half the solid substance in your bodily tissues is protein. There are several thousand different types of protein molecules, or enzymes, in each cell of a living body, and each has a definite chemical function. Compared with

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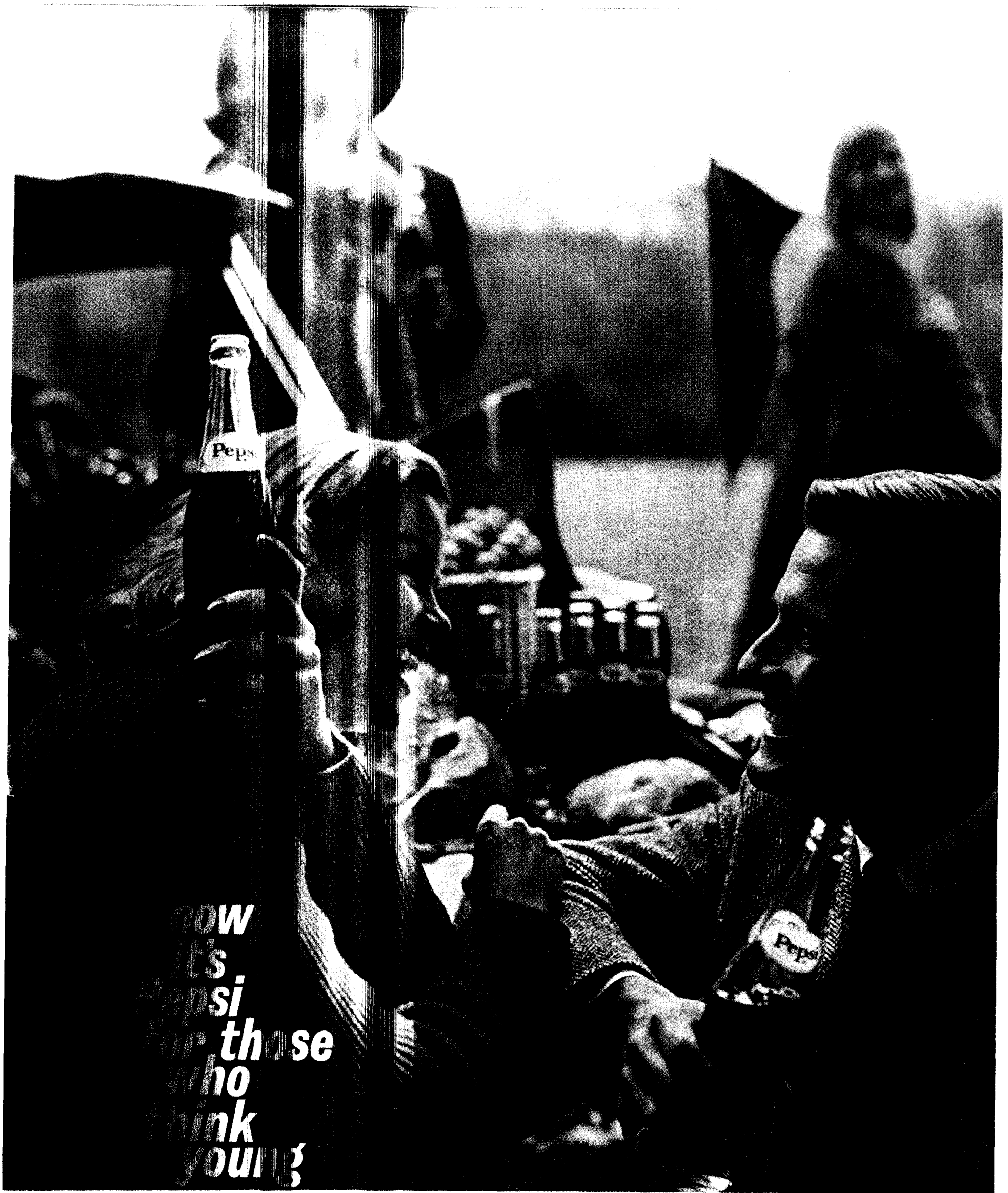

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WHAT IS LIFE MADE OF?

most other molecules, protein molecules are very large—they are called macromolecules—and contain many thousands of atoms. Like nucleic acid, the proteins are also long chains formed, in this case, by joining together a string of twenty different molecular groups called amino acids. Each amino acid has an alkaline group and an acid group which act as links for the molecules by combining with their opposites on the neighboring groups. Each acid also has a characteristic structure, or "tag," consisting of a few carbon, oxygen and nitrogen atoms. In two special cases there is also a sulphur atom. Compared with the four-unit code of nucleic acid, the amino acids are more like the letters of the alphabet, and a protein molecule, with its hundreds of amino acids of about twenty different kinds in a characteristic sequence, is comparable with a paragraph in a book.

When we eat and digest protein, the enzymes break it down into a "printer's pie" of amino acids, and these acids are then organized by the nucleic acid RNA into the sequences required by our own body material. The same amino acids are found in all living bodies, and in many cases the same molecules or enzymes are found in microbes and in the higher forms of life. Some years ago a great step forward was made by the biochemist Frederick Sanger, who determined by a lengthy chemical investigation the order in which the amino acids are strung together in the protein insulin; this order is now known for several other proteins.

The determination of the actual arrangements of atoms in these protein molecules has recently been made by a group of scientists working in the British Medical Research Council's laboratory at Cambridge and in the Royal Institution, London. Purified protein can be crystallized and although the crystals are only the size of a pinhead and are delicate structures which must be manipulated in conditions not too different from those in the living cells, they give perfect X-ray-diffraction patterns. The search for the structure of a protein molecule has been going on for the last twenty-five years, and it is only during the last year that it has culminated in the determination of the nearly complete atomic arrangement in one of these molecules.

Max Perutz, a Cambridge crystallographer, started this research and concentrated on a protein molecule called hemoglobin, the substance in the blood which colors it red and is responsible for conveying oxygen from the lungs to the muscles and other organs. Each hemoglobin molecule can carry four molecules of oxygen. Hemoglobin is an extremely large molecule and contains 10,000 atoms. At an early stage of his research Perutz was joined by John Kendrew, who had worked with myoglobin, a simpler protein molecule about one quarter the size of hemoglobin. Myoglobin acts as a reservoir for oxygen in the muscles, each molecule being able to hold one molecule of oxygen. In both cases the oxygen is attached to an atom of iron.

The myoglobin molecule was the first to be worked out, but the hemoglobin molecule is now also known in general outline, and there is no doubt that it will soon be determined in as great detail as myoglobin. It is already clear that this hemoglobin molecule is composed of four units, each of which resembles a single myoglobin molecule. Myoglobin has a single long chain of 153 amino-acid units, hemoglobin has four such chains, each of nearly the same length.

The solution of a molecular structure of this vast complexity marks a big stride forward in X-ray analysis. It has been made possible by a property of protein crystals discovered by Perutz. Heavy "marker" atoms such as gold, mercury or iodine can be attached chemically at specific places to the large protein molecule without disturbing its crystalline structure. This gives the crystallographer an advantage he does not have in the case of the smaller molecules, which are structurally affected by such additions. By comparing the diffraction by the native protein crystal with that by the protein with its added heavy atoms, sets of equations can be written which lead directly to a map of the positions of the atoms.

Such an analysis is a formidable task. Some 100,000 measurements of diffracted beams have been made in the solution of myoglobin. It would be a tremendous task for a human observer to measure them all, so the process is made automatic. The minute crystal is placed in the measuring machine, which is given its orders on a punched tape as to how to set the crystal and the recording mechanism for each diffracted ray, and it then works automatically day and night, doing about a hundred beams an hour. Every ten hours the crystal has to be replaced by another, because it breaks up under the bombardment of the X rays.

The resulting measurements are punched on a tape which is fed into an electronic computer. The computer has to solve 20,000 equations to see what the measurements mean. It then has to combine all the 20,000 answers to these equations at each of some 100,000 points in the unit of pattern of the molecule. The final answer given by the machine is a list of the densities of scattering matter at these points. The researcher then has to try to see what these densities mean, the clue being that the density rises to a high value at each atomic position.

This was first done by indicating the densities by colored clips on a series of vertical rods. Kendrew erected the rods on the floor of a laboratory, some five miles of rods in all being used. The first model had to be made on this large scale in order that one could get at the inside to see what was there. He was able to interpret the structure by identifying Pauling helices and the known configurations of the amino acids.

The procedure would have been impossible without electronic computers, which work so very rapidly. I have tried to make a rough calculation of how long it would take a skilled scientist working full time to do the necessary calculations, and the answer came to about 200 years.

Models of such structures can be made by joining small colored balls, representing the different kinds of atoms, by rods which represent the bonds between them. Such a model of the myoglobin molecule with its thousands of atoms is a fascinating object, and, of course, something quite new to science. Previous attempts to analyze complex molecules had, in their higher flights, achieved structures with at most 100 or 200 atoms in the molecule.

It seems extraordinary that a molecule as vast as myoglobin should be needed for the simple task of carrying one molecule of oxygen, O_2, but in some way it must be just the right structure for the purpose,

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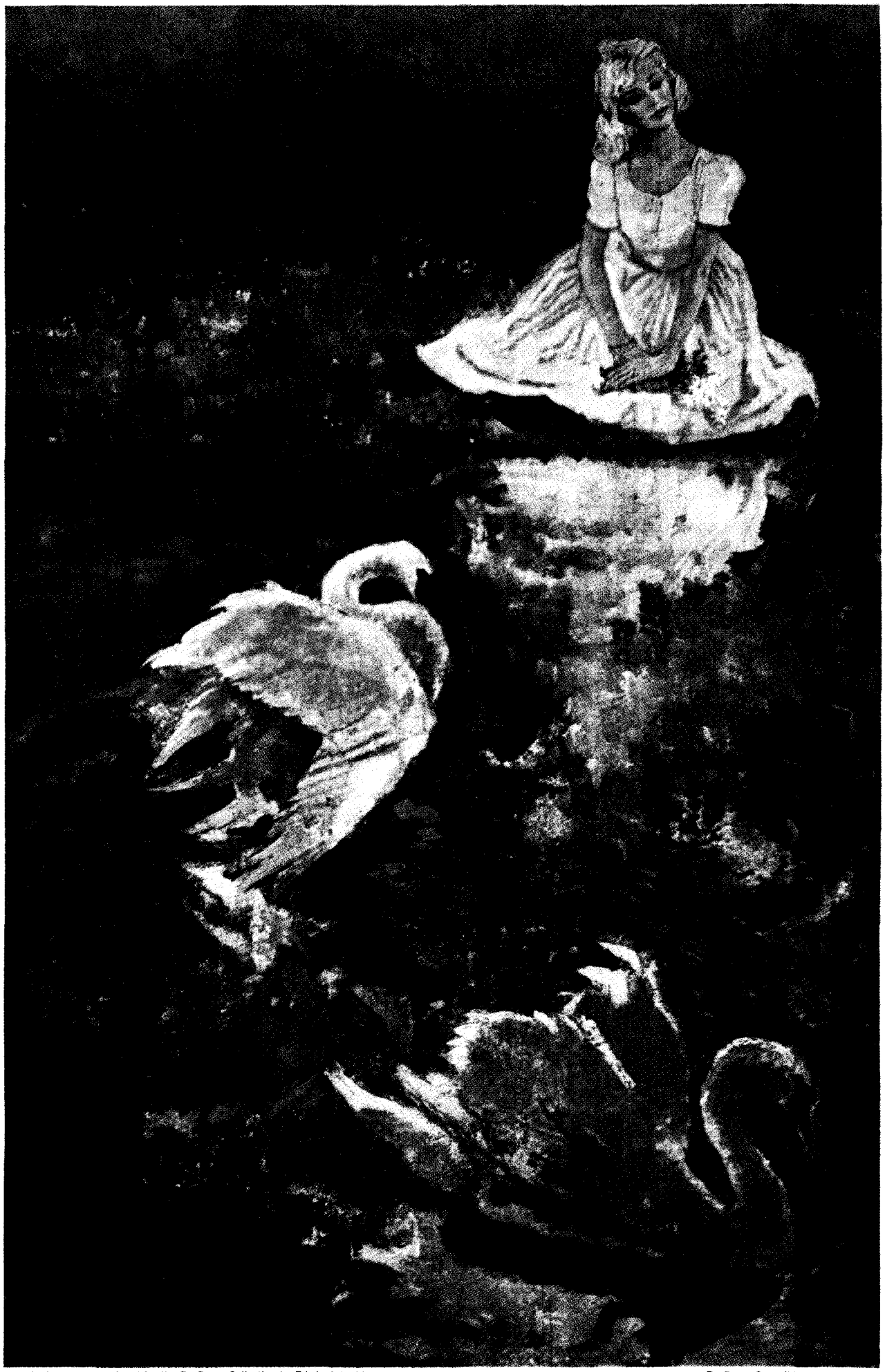

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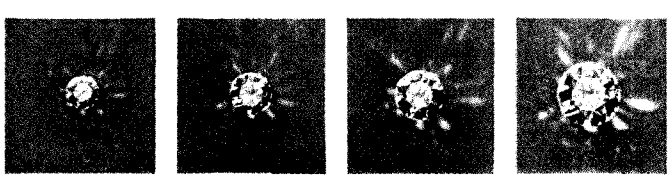

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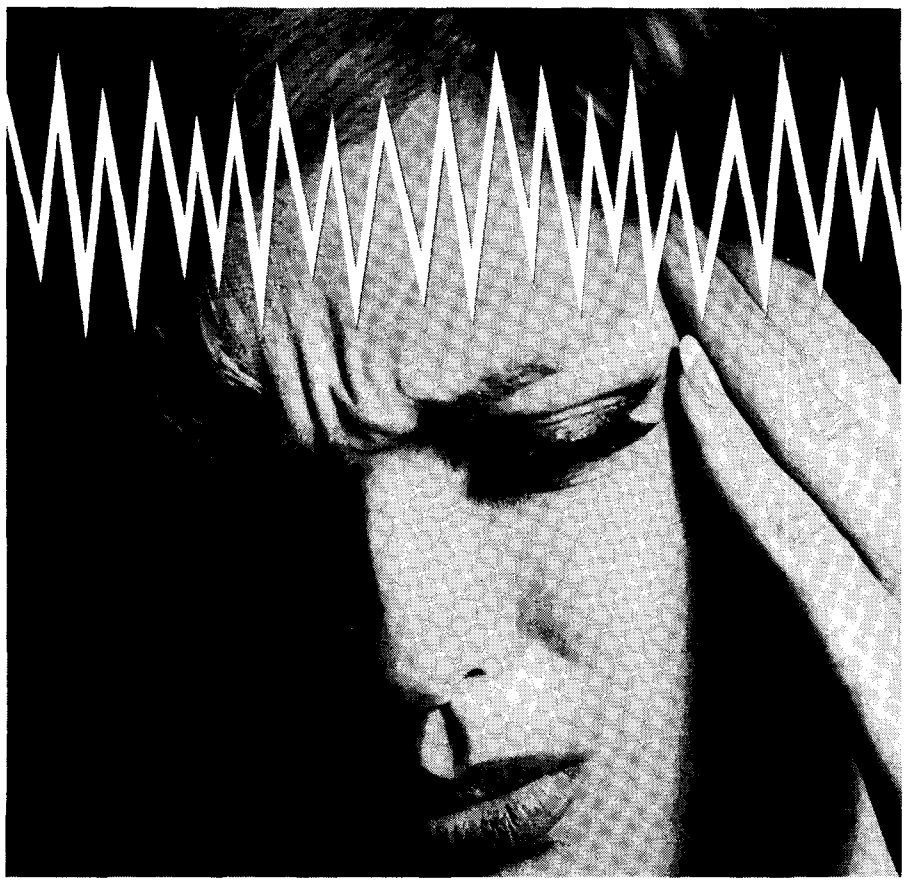

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WHAT IS LIFE MADE OF?

because we know that a very small change in structure impairs its functions. In the disease of sickle-cell anemia, for instance, it is known that there is only one "mistake" in the series of amino acids in the hemoglobin molecules of those suffering from the disease. Such a mistake can be likened to a misprint of one letter in a sentence. This suggests that the behavior of the molecule must be due to an interplay among all its component atoms.

The amino-acid units in a protein molecule are coiled in a right-handed spiral form. Eight lengths of such spiral, joined together by irregular bits of atomic chain at "corners," comprise the molecule. It is as if one had taken a long corkscrew spiral and crunched it up in one's hand so that its back was broken at the bends and the fragments of original spiral lay across each other in all directions.

The Cambridge researchers who worked on hemoglobin also produced the scheme of atomic arrangement in nucleic acid, the gene material. American James Watson and Englishman Francis Crick in 1953 interpreted some very fine X-ray-diffraction pictures of nucleic acid as showing two intertwined helical strands of nucleotides. The two strands are formed by strings of sugar and phosphate groups, with the sugars carrying the four different kinds of markers which provide the code of the pattern and which link the two strands together. The fascinating feature of the nucleic-acid structure is that the succession of nucleotides on one chain decides that on the other. When the chains come apart, each half acts as a template for another double chain patterned after the parent. Many subsequent investigations have confirmed that this is the self-duplicating mechanism of heredity. We do not yet know the actual sequence of any nucleic-acid chain, or how it in turn assembles the amino acids in the right order for a protein molecule, but we can now see how the recipe is handed on from one generation to the next.

The statistical improbability of any specific structure's resulting from such combinations is impressive. Let us consider myoglobin with its 153 amino-acid units in a string and imagine ourselves allowed to put any one of the nineteen different kinds of amino acids present in this structure in each of these places. The number of choices is nineteen raised to the power of 153, or 10^{196}, or ten followed by 195 zeros. There may, of course, be natural laws which forbid certain successions of amino acids, but the total number of possibilities would still be astronomically great. Yet Nature is able to make this one particular arrangement of myoglobin out of so many possibilities and repeat itself without alteration from one generation to the next. Change is introduced only when the gene is hit by a cosmic ray, and one of the key messages in the nucleic-acid sequence is altered. Contrast this with the minerals, where a given composition of ionic atoms can have only one or at most a very small number of ways of arranging themselves.

Let us suppose that we are able soon to make a visit to Mars. A geologist will almost certainly be quite at home there and find minerals with which he is familiar on this earth. We are on safe ground in saying this because meteorites, which probably come from a planet which somehow broke up ages ago, contain no surprises in the way of strange minerals.

If there is life on Mars, we can be equally sure that a zoologist or botanist would indeed be in a strange world. The plants and animals, if they could be classed as such, might be totally different in form. But it is hard to avoid the conclusion that life, if it exists, must be using carbon, nitrogen, oxygen and hydrogen for its structures. No other elements could build up structures of the right complexity and flexibility. It has been suggested that possibly a life system might be built on silicon, phosphorus and sulphur, which are the analogues to carbon, nitrogen and oxygen in the next period of the periodic table of elements. But in compounds containing those heavier elements, the "bolting-together" forces are relatively less strong, and the ionic character is more readily assumed.

Can we go further? All life as we know it on this world uses nucleic acid based on its sugar and phosphate, and its four marker substances for the pattern, and proteins based on amino acids, for its body substance. Are there alternative structures, or is this the only possible pattern on which life could have developed? It is conceivable that there are no other recipes for living matter. It is probable that a high proportion of the stars possess planetary systems, and there is a good chance that one planet at least in each system may have the right temperature range for life. Do their life substances all have atomic arrangements like ours? Are half of them right-handed and half left-handed, as they must be by the laws of chance if life is generated spontaneously in each? Or are they all right-handed, as on our planet—suggesting that daring "spacemen" in the forms of germs of life have crossed the cosmos and sown themselves wherever conditions are suitable?

Coming to earth again after these flights of fancy, there seems good hope that a far deeper understanding of the working of living matter, of enzymes, hormones, vitamins, antibodies and drugs will be possible now that we are beginning to know the atomic architecture of these bodies.

COMING

Pete Martin's interview with comedian BOB NEWHART

For readers who wish to pursue this subject further the following books are recommended:

Butler, John A. V.
Inside the Living Cell
Basic Books
$3.50

Doty, Paul
"Proteins"
Scientific American
Sept. 1957

Stein, William H. and Moore, Stanford
"The Chemical Structure of Proteins"
Scientific American
Feb. 1961

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Robert, the young fellow in the picture, is celebrating his second birthday this month. Since he was born just 24 months ago, our population has increased almost six million. By the time he is 16 years old, it will have increased by almost 55 million more.

That means if his generation is to enjoy our standard of living, we are going to have to provide more of everything . . . and in astonishing quantities. Water, food, shelter, schools, hospitals, roads, power, raw materials. Just to provide these basic necessities, we are faced with completing almost as much work in the next 14 years as we have done in the 185 years since our nation was born. And these are great, time-consuming tasks . . . jobs that should have been going forward at a much more vigorous pace than they have. Time grows short.

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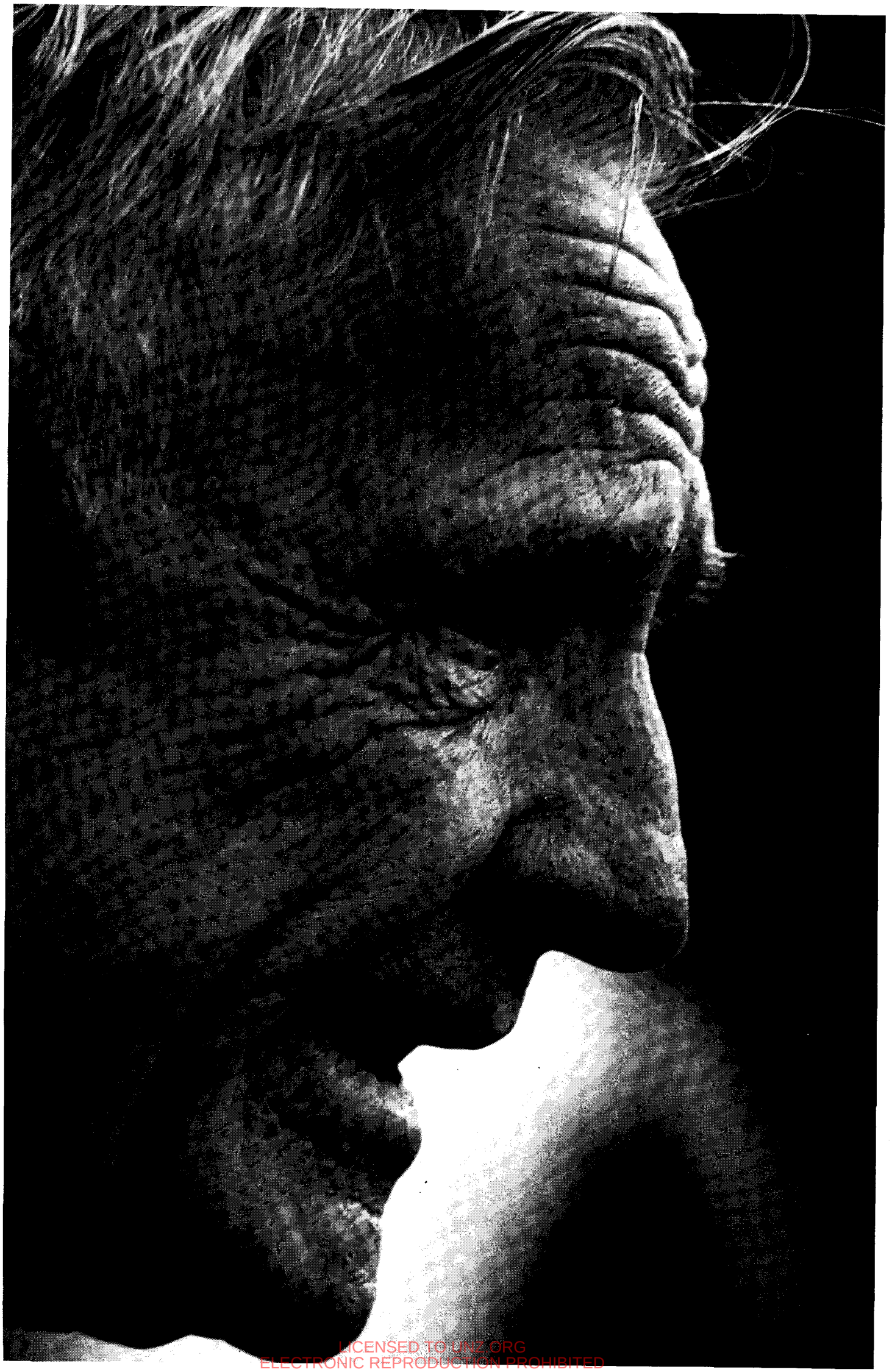
MY OWN STORY



Photographs by John Bryson

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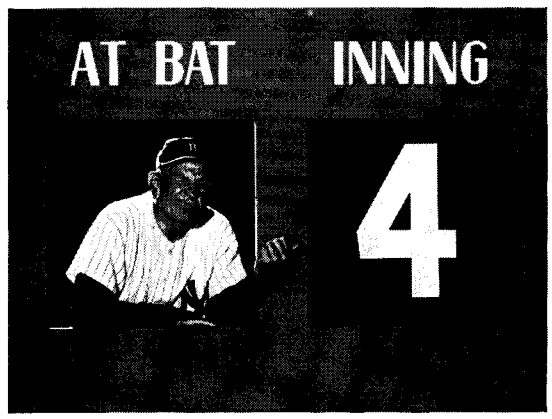
By CASEY STENGEL
as told to
Harry T. Paxton



He reveals the secrets behind his "platoon" system and tells how a timid youngster named Mantle first came up.

When the New York Yankees gave me the opportunity to start managing their ball club in 1949, it was a gamble for both of us, because my system of managing was different from any that had been used there in the past. This is no knock on Bucky Harris before me, or on Joe McCarthy before him. Mr. McCarthy was a great manager—he won eight pennants with the Yankees in fifteen years. He was a good personal friend of mine—had been for years—and I admired his ability. A lot of the talent he developed was still on the Yankees when I got there.

But I had to find out how to use this talent to win my way. I had to play my own system, which was platooning. That meant executing so as to get the best out of each player, even if it did embarrass him at times. And platooning will cause embarrassment every day.

I know a lot of the players never understood my platoon system, and neither did a lot of other people. They say that now that I'm out of baseball there won't be so much platooning. Well, I'll say this—I don't think the Yankees would have won ten pennants in my twelve years in New York without it.

I started to become known for platooning when I was managing at Oakland in the Pacific Coast League just before I came to the Yankees. Actually I'd done the same thing back in the late 1920's at Toledo, where we also had a mixture of young ballplayers and veterans down from the big leagues.

After Toledo, when I did my first managing in the majors, I didn't have much material to platoon with. First I was at Brooklyn. I went there as a coach under Max Carey in 1932, and then in 1934 they made me the manager. I wanted to be sure first that Carey would get paid off for the remaining year on his contract, but they told me I could take the job or else. So I took it, and Carey finally did get his money.

In 1934 at Brooklyn we played five games under .500 ball and finished sixth. The best part of that season was that on the last two days we knocked Bill Terry's New York Giants out of the pennant. There was tremendous interest in those games, because the previous winter Bill had made the mistake of joking when a writer asked him what he thought of Brooklyn's chances. Terry said, "Why, are they still in the league?"

The next year we were fifth, and that was as high as I got at Brooklyn. There was a dispute in the ownership at that time between the Ebbets and McKeever heirs, and the club owed money to the Brooklyn Trust Company. So we didn't have very much money to spend on ballplayers. In fact, we weren't even supposed to claim a player at the waiver price, which was $6000 then, without getting the approval of the board of directors.

They tell a lot of stories about some of the ballplayers I had at Brooklyn, like Frenchy Bordagaray, a cocky little outfielder who was a running fool, and Van Lingle Mungo, the big pitcher who was my meal ticket.

One of the best stories is about Hack Wilson, a great slugger we had in his waning days, and a pitcher named Walter Beck. Walter became known by the nickname of "Boom Boom" because of the way he got shelled in this game I'm going to tell about.

We were playing at the old Baker Bowl in Philadelphia, which had a very short right field with a high tin fence, and it was June 15, 1934. I remember the date because it was the trading deadline, and our writers seemed quite disturbed that we hadn't made any deals to strengthen the club. Then they asked me who was going to pitch, and when I told them it would be Walter Beck, they said, "His earned-run average is too high."

Well, we got a four-run lead in the first inning, but the Phillies came right back and scored a couple of runs off Walter Beck. And the next inning they had three men on base when the inning finally concluded. And I was getting burned up, after those writers had said I shouldn't pitch him. I told him, "I don't think you've got your stuff today. Maybe I should take you out."

He was a very confident player, and he said, "Now listen. Don't go thinking of taking me out. I just commenced feeling good on those last hitters."

It went on like that. He'd get in trouble every inning, but a line-drive double play or something like that would save him. But finally about the fifth inning, when it was boom, boom and they had a couple of men on base again, I had enough. I walked out and said, "Walter, give me the ball."

He said, "No, sir, you let me pitch to this next hitter."

I said, "Walter, let me have that ball."

And he turned around and threw the ball out to right field, where Hack Wilson was playing. The ball hit that tin fence, and bing, it dropped off on the ground.

Hack evidently had been standing out there thinking about what he was going to do that night or something, because when he heard the ball hit the fence he turned around and chased it and fired it into second base. And he was good and mad when everybody started to laugh and ridicule him.

In the meantime Walter Beck came in to the bench, and I said, "Well, Walter, you were right about one thing. There's nothing wrong with your arm, or you wouldn't have been able to throw all the way out there to that fence."

He didn't say anything. He just went over and kicked over a pail of water.

I said, "Walter, don't you dare kick that bucket again."

And Walter said, "Why won't I kick it?"

I said, "Because you might break your leg, and then I won't be able to sell or trade you."

We did let him go soon after that, but Walter Beck eventually settled down and came back to the big league for half a dozen years.

At the end of 1936, when we finished seventh, I was let go myself. Like Max Carey before me, I had a year to serve on my contract. Jim Mulvey, one of the vice presidents who gave me the news—and a good friend of mine before and since—says today it was because the club was losing money, and the directors felt they had to make a change.

I was offered several minor-league managing jobs and one major-league coaching job, but I did not accept any of them. I took the $15,000 the club had to pay me for not managing in 1937 and used it to go in the oil business in Texas with Randy Moore, who had played ball for me in Brooklyn. I'd go into separate wells and take a small fraction of them. It turned out to be a profitable business for twenty years or more—in fact, some of the wells are still going.

Randy Moore has been very successful down there, and he's been a wonderful friend to me and some of his other baseball pals he brought into the oil business, like Al Lopez and John Cooney and Fred Frankhouse.

And I was possibly going to give up baseball and stay in the oil business. But I was invited back to be a major-league manager in 1938 by Mr. Bob Quinn, who had been my business manager at Brooklyn and then left at the end of 1935 to take a position as president of the Boston Braves. He's dead now—his son John is general manager of the Philadelphia club. Bob Quinn wrote to somebody a few years before he died, "All Casey Stengel had to do was to be furnished with a half-decent respectable club, and he could get more out of it than any other manager I ever had."

In 1938 in Boston we finished fifth but won more than half our games. We couldn't hit the ball very hard, but neither could anybody else at Braves Field. The wind would blow in from left field off the Charles River and stop the balls from going very far. And we also would wet the infield and put peat moss on it. We put so much peat moss in there that it took all the life out of a ground ball. So we used to offset our lack of hitting with good outfielders like Vince DiMaggio,

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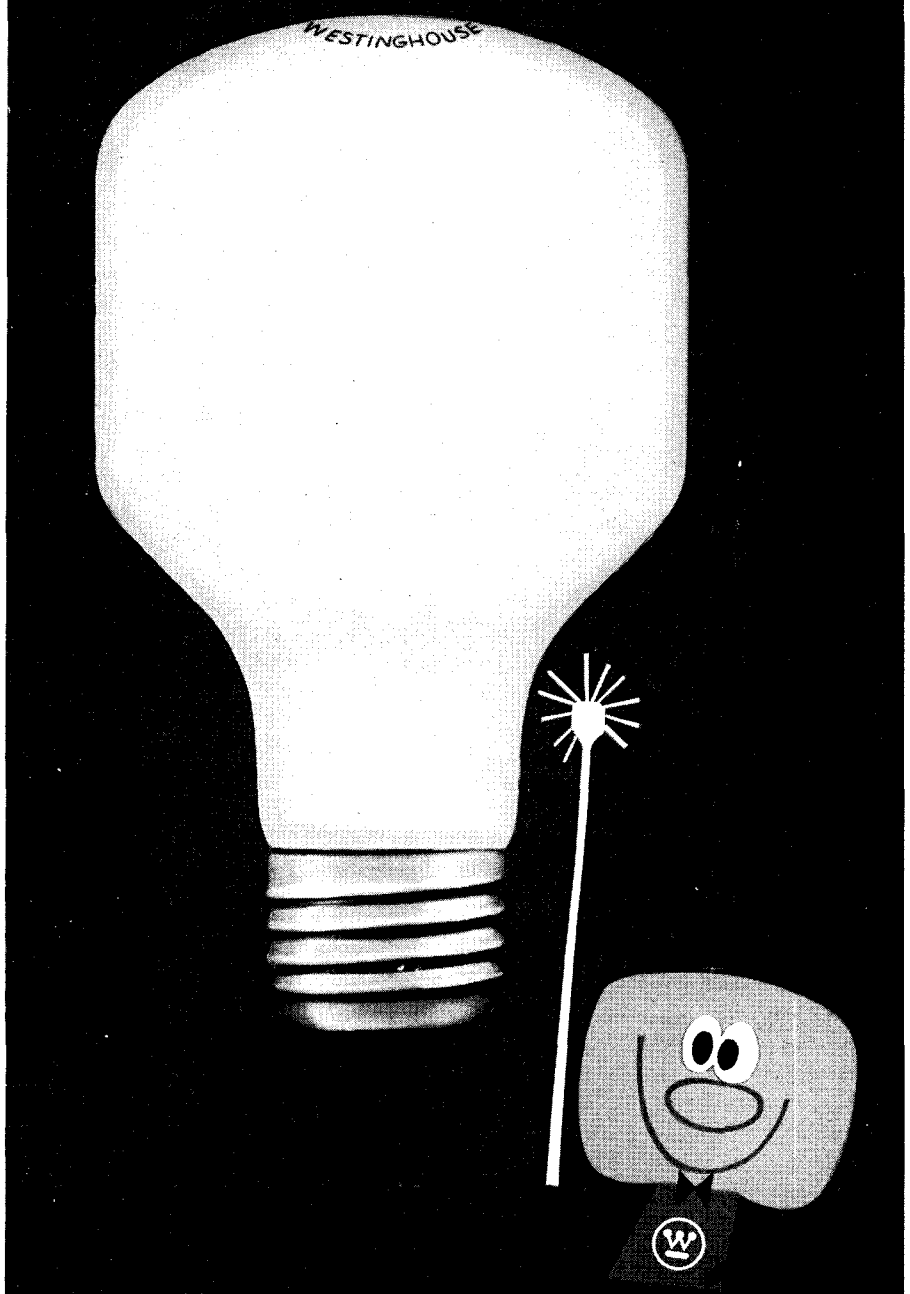

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good infielders like Tony Cuccinello, and a good pitching staff and catching staff. Our pitchers could keep the ball low. And Al Lopez, that had caught for me before in Brooklyn, was a terrific man at catching those low pitches and making them look good to the umpires.

But the club didn't improve during my six years there. Mr. Quinn and I were financially handicapped, much the same as we had been when we were both at Brooklyn. This club had an owner with money, C. F. Adams. But Mr. Adams also owned the Suffolk Downs race track, and Judge Landis didn't like racing people in the baseball business. He wouldn't let Mr. Adams be very active in the club, so finally Adams sold out his interests to a group. I was one of them—I had $50,000 of my own money in there at one time—but eventually control was purchased from the others by Mr. Lou Perini in 1943. And I was invited to leave.

Just before that season opened an automobile hit me during a wartime dim-out on a rainy night and broke my leg. A Boston writer who didn't admire my managing said it was the best thing that had happened to the club since I came there.

I was laid up in the hospital three months. On several occasions the doctors told me that I might lose the leg. But I came home to Glendale after the season was over and worked on it, and the leg began to get better, although to this day I have a knot on it almost the size of an apple.

Again I wasn't sure that I'd be going back to baseball. I turned down several opportunities. Then in May of 1944 I took over a strong Milwaukee club in the American Association as a favor to Charlie Grimm, so that he could leave to manage the Cubs. We won the pennant, and I resigned.

In 1945 I took over a weak Yankee farm club at Kansas City as a favor to George Weiss, who had sold me players on the installment plan when I was with clubs that couldn't afford to pay for them outright. We ended up seventh, and I resigned.

Then in 1946 I was contacted by Cookie DeVincenzi about managing at Oakland in the Pacific Coast League. I talked to the owners, Brick Laws and Joe Blumenfeld, and decided to accept the position.

At Oakland I had so many older players I was platooning with that writers on the Coast commenced calling us "The Nine Old Men," like the nickname that used to be given to the United States Supreme Court. We finished second, then fourth and then first in my three years there.

The Yankees had two great scouts on the West Coast, Bill Essick in Los Angeles and Joe Devine in San Francisco, and they evidently sent favorable reports on my work to George Weiss, who advanced from farm director to general manager of the Yankees while I was out there. And I became acquainted with Del Webb, one of the Yankee owners—he often played golf with my Oakland boss, Brick Laws.

But I think Mr. Weiss had the most to do with getting me the Yankee job. We had known each other since 1925 in the Eastern League. Of course, there is no doubt that Mr. Webb and the other owner, Mr. Topping, had to approve of me being hired.

I was told when I signed my contract in October of '48 that Mr. Weiss would be the man that was in charge, and that I would work under him in making deals, and so on and so forth. And that's the way the situation went along for many years. It wasn't until later that it began to look as though he was being interfered with in the office.

The Yankees had finished third behind Cleveland and Boston in 1948. But not too much was expected of them in 1949. In a vote of 206 writers before the season, 119 picked the Boston club to win under Joe McCarthy, and seventy-nine voted for Cleveland. There were only six that picked us. But I thought myself that we could win. We had some real talent if I could handle it right.

I started right in with my platooning. I had to platoon a man like Henrich, who could play first base or the outfield, because he had a knee that would go bad on him. And I used to have to platoon Keller in the outfield because he had a bad spine. He could come out and play as hard as ever, but he'd get a stiff back.

These were two great players, and I platooned them because of age and physical condition. With a man that is getting aged, if you rest him every so often you will find out he commences getting limber again with his muscles. His legs are fresh, and he can run fast again for five or six days. And he's quicker with the bat.

I had to bring along other outfielders to rest them. We had an experienced man, Lindell, and we also had Mapes. Then we were getting new outfielders like Bauer and Woodling.

Now one of the biggest jobs when you're the manager is how to handle the young ballplayer who has not quite made it, but thinks he has. He thinks he can hit any pitcher. He doesn't realize that he can't hit an expert pitcher—that he is not only being fooled, but those balls are coming in with too much stuff for him to handle—too much curve and so forth.

So I said, "These older men are wearing down now—one with the knee, Henrich, and the other with the back, Keller. So I can blend these young men in. I can platoon them, and they'll be more confident."

They will also be mad at the manager, because the manager didn't play them regular. I didn't like to see it, but it did happen with a number of men. They just had to realize that the best way to show the manager up is by working hard and keeping in shape, so you can play well when you do get the chance.

I think Woodling was brought up where he had the nerve and the fight, and so was Bauer. After I platooned those men, they eventually got to where they had to play regular, because they could hit the good pitchers in the American League. Previous to that they only hit fairly good against them.

Now in center field I had Joe DiMaggio. Well, naturally you don't platoon a man like that. If all your players were that great, you wouldn't need any platoon system. You wouldn't even need a manager. But DiMaggio that spring had what was known as a bone spur on his heel, and he missed the first sixty-five games. So we had to do plenty of platooning out there until he came in.

In the infield Rizzuto at shortstop was another man I never platooned. Rizzuto had somewhat hurt his arm previously, and I was told by some of the players in the spring that it had become pretty hard for him to go way deep for a ball over

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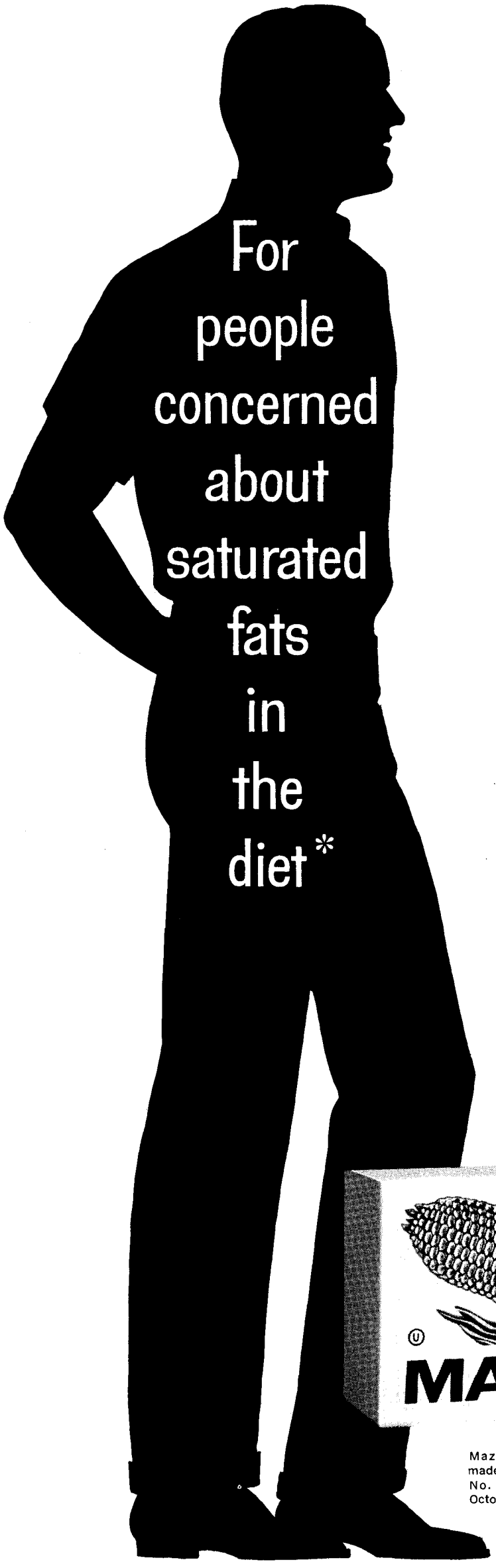

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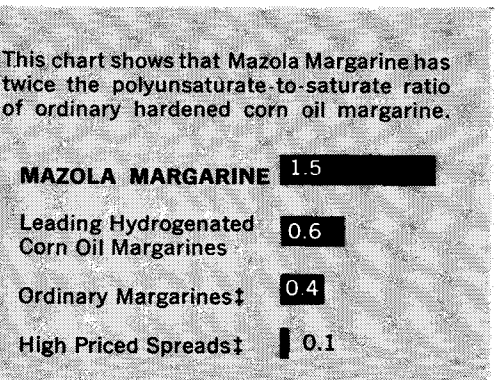

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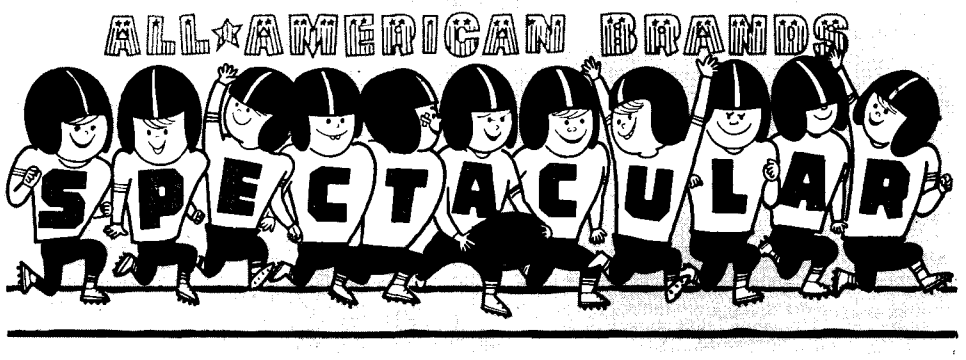

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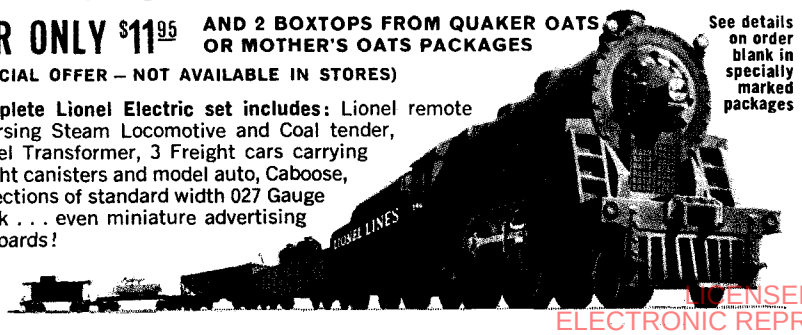

STENGEL

toward third base and throw a man out at first.

I watched him in training camp and suggested that he loft the ball to get it over there. And he did whether I wanted him to or not. The big thing is not what the manager tells you but what you do about it yourself. And he perfected a system in which he could get rid of the ball with an amazing quick throw. It would fly in the air, but he'd get rid of it so fast it would beat the runner.

At second base I used Coleman and Stirnweiss, and at third base I platooned Brown, a left-handed hitter, and Johnson, a right-handed hitter. At first base I tried seven different men during the season, and eventually brought Henrich in from the outfield to be the regular at the position.

I wanted Berra to be the catcher because of his hitting, as the club didn't have as much punch in the infield or the outfield as some of the Yankee teams of the past. Berra had been awkward behind the plate against Brooklyn in the 1947 World Series, and in 1948 they tried making him into an outfielder. But I found that he could go back and become a first-string catcher with coaching by Bill Dickey. Later on I platooned Berra at other positions, but his first seven years for me he caught practically all our games.

Now when you go to the pitching staff, the first great pitchers I had on the Yankees were Reynolds and Raschi. Then we had another first-class starting pitcher in Lopat. And I suppose you remember Joe Page—he did an amazing job as a relief pitcher.

I believe in using relief pitchers. Earlier in this story, when I was talking about the differences between baseball with the dead ball and baseball with a lively ball, I told why pitchers can't start and finish games as often as they used to. And I didn't want to strain my starting pitchers any more than I had to over a long pennant race.

Another reason why I took pitchers out a lot was that I like pinch hitters. I believe that with a lively ball you've got to be an attacker. If I've got a good pinch hitter, I hate to have him stay on the bench with men on the bases in an early inning. I prefer to get ahead of somebody early and then have them try and catch me. Or if they should get an early lead on me, then I'm going to start platooning my pitchers and my defensive men for men that can hit.

There was criticism of some of these things. But what caused more arguments than anything else was the way I kept shifting my line-ups and batting orders from game to game. Well, I couldn't explain too much about it at the time. There were more things that entered into it than most people knew.

Take an example from last year. Maris, the slugger type of left-handed hitter, had a great first half of the season, and then he got a little off against left-handed pitching. So I'd have him bat third and have Mantle hit after him, because if they put a left-hander in to pitch to Maris, he had also to pitch to Mantle, who is a home-run hitter right-handed or left-handed.

Actually, I preferred it the other way around. Mantle is so fast that if he gets on base the next man can score him on a single or double, where others have to have a double or triple. He also can go first to third, where a fly ball will score him, or he'll go into second on a force-out and break up the double play.

And it makes it better for Maris too. He hits the ball to right field. Now if Mantle is on first, the first baseman has to play on the bag, or Mantle would steal second just like that. So Maris is hitting with a big space open for him to pull the ball through.

In picking my batting order, I platoon my hitters according to who's pitching for the other club. It isn't just a matter of using left-handed hitters against a right-handed pitcher, and so forth. If it's a sidearm right-hander, the left-handed hitters generally do better against him, but if it's a right-handed pitcher with an overhand curve ball, some right-handed hitters can handle him better than some of the left-handers. Then again, not many right-handed hitters can hit a left-handed pitcher with a good screwball, like Carl Hubbell used to have.

You do like to have as many good left-handed hitters as possible at Yankee Stadium, which favors the man who can pull the ball to right. But if the pitcher is too fast for them to pull, maybe you'll be better off with right-handed hitters who can hit to the opposite field.

Some hitters prefer low-ball pitching. Others are best against a pitcher that keeps the ball high. Anyhow, whatever the situation may be, if the pitcher is a man one of your players can't hit—and you need that player for his defensive ability—you drop him down in the batting order so he won't come to the plate so often, and you pinch-hit for him in the later innings if you want to. But if it's a pitcher you think should be his meat, you'll move him up higher.

Or suppose the other club puts a second-rate catcher in there for his hitting. Then I'll have my fast men up at the top of the batting order. If they can get on base they'll bother that catcher, and they'll bother the pitcher too. So there are many different ways of platooning your line-up. And the more familiar I became with the American League, the more of it I did.

Getting back to my first year with the Yankees in '49, it looked at the beginning like I should take it easy and not do too much, because we had so many experienced men that didn't need any instruction. I think one of the first times I really started managing that ball team was when the Brooklyn club showed us up in some spring exhibition games.

They were a great running team on the bases, and there was nobody in the American League—the White Sox hadn't started it yet—that could say, "Go, Go, Go." And Brooklyn really shocked us on the bases.

The worst part of it was that our pitchers were worrying so much about holding the base runners on, like Robinson and Reese, that when they threw the ball to the plate they put nothing on it. The men that were killing us were the men with the bats—Campanella and Hodges and Snider and the rest.

So I got our men together afterward, and I said, "There's one thing I can tell you you're weak on. There haven't been any base-running teams to test you." So that gave us something to practice on all year, and things were pretty well ironed out by the World Series, in which we beat that Brooklyn club in five games.

We had a hard time getting into the World Series. We started out the 1949 season pretty well and Boston started slow. But they were gaining on us near the end of June when we went to play

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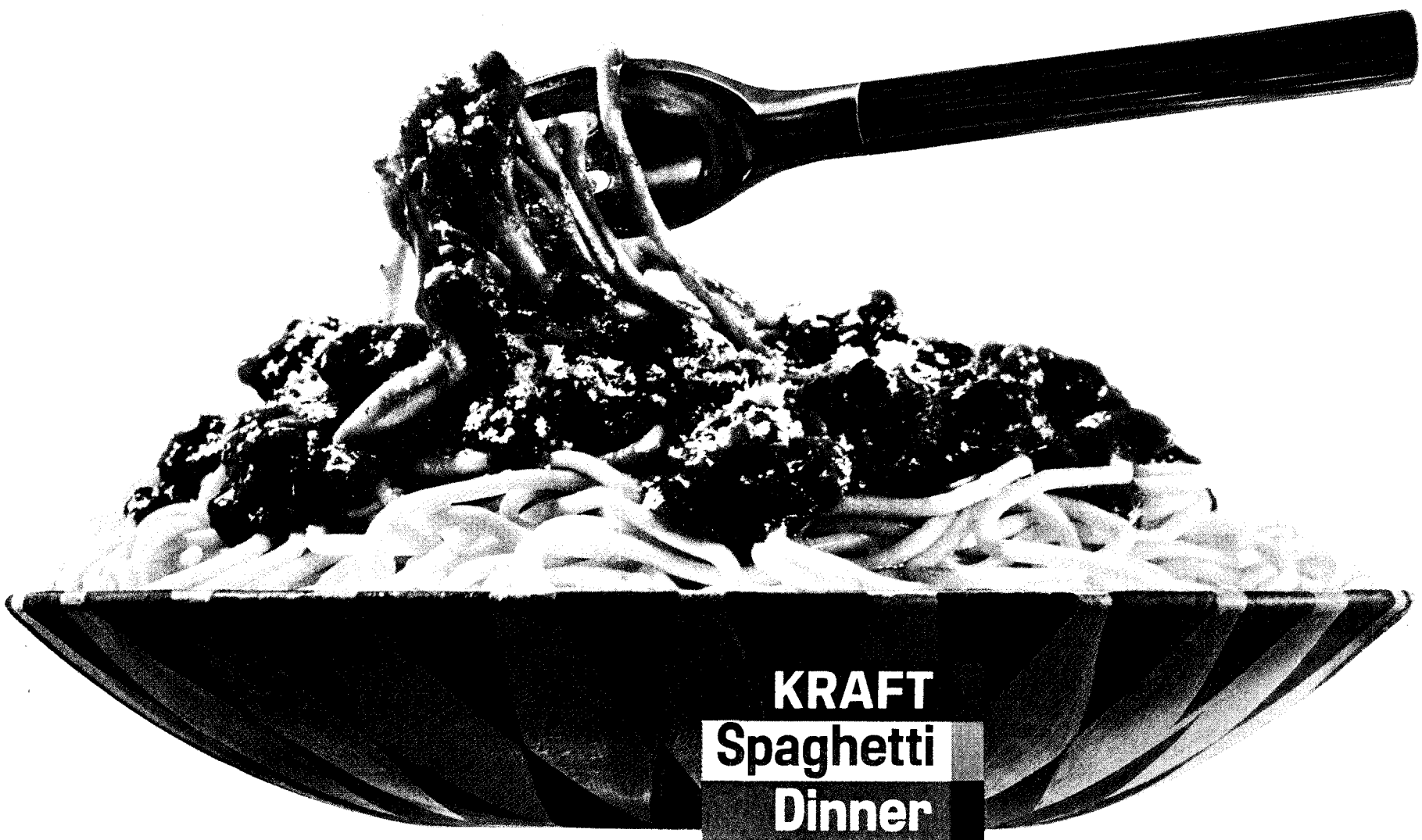

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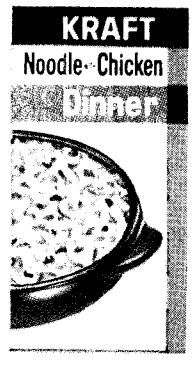

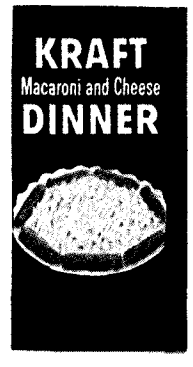

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STENGEL

them a three-game series in Boston. They hardly ever lost at home. But Mr. DiMaggio had just got well enough to play for us. He hit four home runs in the three games, and we swept the series.

The greatest thing about it was the way he pepped up our ballplayers. They believed he was the best man on the club, and I found out for myself that he was. In the outfield he was like a captain. I never had to shift my outfielders with DiMaggio out there. He'd move to the right place, and they'd move with him.

As a right-handed hitter, his home park was against him, but he did a great job at the plate anyhow. And if they made a terrific catch of a long drive he'd hit, he'd never give them the satisfaction of showing that it bothered him. He knew other hits would come, the way he could swing the bat.

That 1949 race went right down to the end. With two days to go they were one game ahead of us, but we pulled it out by beating them those last two days in Yankee Stadium. I'd won pennants in the minor leagues, but this was my first as a big-league manager—and the best I ever won.

One of the first things I did the next year was to start an instructional school before the regular spring training for some of the young ballplayers in our farm system. Years ago, when I was managing in the minor leagues and in the National League, I used to go out during the off season in Glendale and see if I couldn't pick up a ballplayer or two. I'd go to the Griffith Park recreation center and work with kids. I brought Bill Knickerbocker, an infielder, up to Toledo, and he played ten years in the American League. I brought Raoul Dedeaux, a shortstop, to Brooklyn with me, but he injured his spine and then became a baseball coach at Southern California, where he has won four district titles and two national college championships—he says he does it by following the Stengel system. I also worked some with Gus Zernial and Ralph Kiner when I was managing the Braves, but I never got to sign them to contracts.

With the Yankees my idea was that I might be able to advance some of the young players faster by having this instructional school. I had all my coaches there as instructors, and anybody that was red hot at the school stayed on during spring training, and had a chance to beat somebody out of a job that was on the regular roster. Over the years we were able to jump a number of men to the Yankees that had never played in Triple A ball, like Bob Grim, who was a twenty-game winner in 1954, and Johnny Kucks, who won eighteen in 1956.

The school just ran for a very short time in 1950. We won a close pennant race over Detroit and swept the World Series against Philadelphia. Then in 1951 the school began to produce.

One of the players we had there was Mantle. He was only nineteen, and he was a very timid boy. He came from a small town in Oklahoma. There were five or six boys there that could run, and the coaches would clock them. And Mantle won all his races by so much that they thought at first he must be jumping the gun. But he wasn't. He was just that fast.

He'd been playing shortstop in the minors, but he'd made a lot of throwing errors, and we eventually put him in the outfield. He'd never seen a pair of sunglasses before, and the first time we put him in center field in an exhibition game against Cleveland he thought he could get by without using them. Well, out comes a high fly ball and it hits him right on top of his head. It took a nice high bounce, and he just spun around and fell flat. He wasn't hurt, but he was so embarrassed that he lay there and covered his face. We had to go out there and bring him in.

At the 1951 school we also got Gil McDougald. I put him at third base. Later on he played other infield positions. I won world championships with Gil McDougald at third base. I won them with McDougald at second base, and I won them with McDougald at shortstop. So I'd have to say he was a very valuable man for me.

In that 1951 season we were in a pennant fight with the Cleveland team. We were all even with them on September seventeenth when we played them a game in Yankee Stadium. Lemon was pitching a wonderful game for them, and Lopat was out there for us giving their hitters five or six different motions and keeping them off stride.

Well, we come down to the ninth inning with the score 1–1. It looks like whoever wins this game should go on and win the pennant, which is the way things worked out. We're at bat in the ninth, and with one out DiMaggio beats out an infield hit. Woodling singles him to third. Then they walk Bobby Brown intentionally to fill the bases.

Now here comes one of the most perfectly executed plays I've ever seen. Rizzuto is at the plate. He's a beautiful bunter, and he might be able to squeeze DiMaggio home with the winning run. But Lemon is a great pitcher at fielding his position, and so is Hegan, the catcher.

Cleveland is ready for the squeeze. Rosen, the third baseman, says to DiMaggio off third base, "I think this man is going to bunt." DiMaggio says, "It wouldn't surprise me," and turns away with that cold stare he has.

Lemon pitches a strike to Rizzuto. Then he winds up again, and as he winds up he's watching to see if DiMaggio starts breaking for home. If DiMaggio does, then Lemon will pitch out so Rizzuto can't bunt, and DiMaggio will be tagged at the plate.

But good old Joe just stands there till the moment Lemon opens his fingers to release the ball, and then he makes his break. The pitch is high inside, which makes it very tough for Rizzuto to bunt down the first-base line, away from a right-handed pitcher, but he lays it down there anyhow. It was all so perfect they had no chance of making a play.

So we went on to another world championship. But already this great Yankee machine I'd started with was beginning to wear out. The next year DiMaggio was gone. Players like Henrich and Keller had already left. We had to keep bringing along new men.

It wasn't easy, what with the Korean War taking young men, professional football competing for good athletes, and the other baseball clubs handing out big bonuses to sign kids. The question was, could we go on winning while we were rebuilding?

In his concluding installment next week Casey Stengel gives the inside story of his 1960 firing and names the greatest ballplayers he has seen.—The Editors.

The buoyant life: Casey, forever the clown, lolls in the pool outside his Glendale, California, home, enjoying iced tea from a glass on a tiny raft. Stengel will be seventy-two next July.

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ONE MILLION

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27 1962 Pontiac Catalina convertibles! Crisp, new, low-slung styling. Longer, road-levelling 120-inch wheel base. Luxurious all-Morrokide interiors. New quietness in the car that's all action! America's only Wide-Track car—Pontiac!

125 Magic Chef Gas Ranges. Cooks automat. Exclusive Dial-a-Magic control computes roasting time, starts and stops the oven. Magitrol Thermostatic top burner gives precise, top-of-the-range temperatures.

100 Estey Play-on-Sight Console Organs with Bench. A lifetime of pleasure from Estey—world's music master since 1846. 115-year heritage of fine music and tradition of craftsmanship.

250 Encyclopaedia Britannica Sets. Encyclopaedia Britannica, for nearly 200 eventful and exciting years the supreme reference work of the entire English-speaking world.

500 WINNER

500 Lady Casco Chef Mates. Blender, mixer juicer, knife-sharpener coffee-grinder—all pow

IT'S FUN! IT'S EASY! HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

Just complete the jingle on entry blank on opposite page . . . and follow the simple rules! You can be a winner in the world's biggest contest . . . with more than 20,000 prizes . . . more than 20,000 chances to win. So enter now and enter often—the Million Dollar contest by Lever Brothers!

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1. On an official entry blank, or a plain piece of paper, write you last line for the jingle below (to rhyme with "TOO"). Be sure you in clude your name and address. Accompany your entry with a proof of-purchase as specified elsewhere in this advertisement. Enter a many times as you wish as long as each entry is accompanied by proof-of-purchase as specified elsewhere in this advertisement.

ENTER WITH ANY ONE OF THESE FINE LEVER BROTHERS PRODUCTS! ENTER

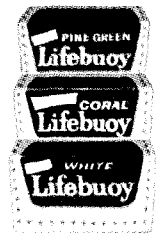
VIM . . . amazing new detergent in a tablet.

With contest entry, send box top with price mark from any size package. (Where available.)

SWAN LIQUID . . . guarantees up to 43% longer-lasting suds.

With contest entry, send tip portion of cap, or send code number from any size.

LIFEBUOY . . . the Active Soap for Active People.



With contest entry, send two wrappers from any size bar . . . White, Pine Green, or Coral.

New golden green **HANDY ANDY** for all household cleaning.

With contest entry, send label or code number from any size.

New Improved **SILVER DUST** . . . a Cannon premium in every package.

With contest entry, send box top with price mark from any size package. (Where available.)

MRS. BUTTERWORTH'S . . . first syrup with butter in it.

With contest entry, send label or code number from any size.

WISK . . . gets your whole wash spotless.

With contest entry, send code number from any size can.

IMPERIAL MARGARINE . . . unconditionally guaranteed to taste like the 70¢ spread.

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LUX LIQUID . . . new pink lotio formula for spar kling dishes an lovely hands.

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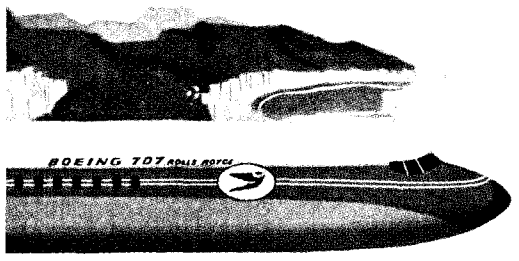

40 WINNERS

40 Trips for Two to South America via Varig the No. 1 Airline between the U.S. and Brazil. Travel non-stop New York to Rio de Janeiro on a giant VARIG BOEING 707 INTERCONTINENTAL JET! In Rio, holiday at luxurious TROCADERO Hotel, directly on Copacabana Beach. Then, on to the fabulous city of Sao Paulo and stay at the OTHON PALACE, Sao Paulo's newest hotel famed for its superb food and service. Next, fly by VARIG CARAVELLE JET to Buenos Aires for more fun-filled days at the deluxe Hotel CLARIDGE, in the center of Buenos Aires' shopping and theatre district . . . Tour arrangements by the leading International Travel Agency, LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC., New York City.

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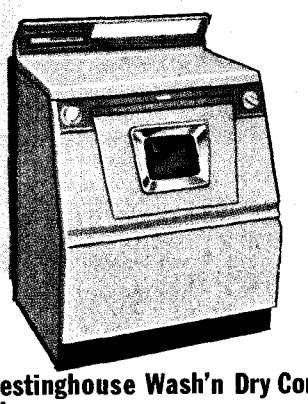
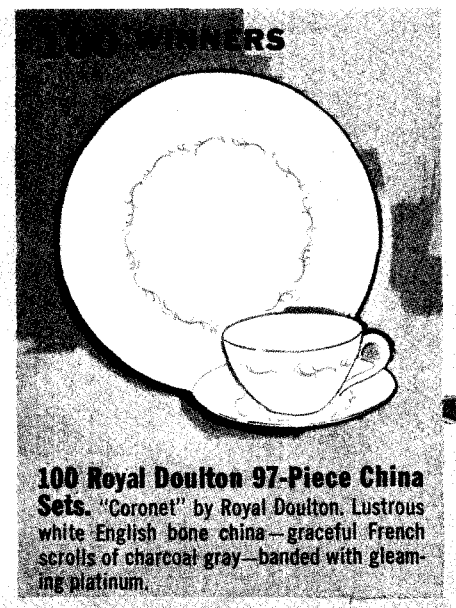


40 Westinghouse Wash'n Dry Combinations. 10 lb. capacity. Automatic bleach dispenser. Will launder any washable fabric. Completely self-cleaning machine. Fast—efficient—economical to operate.

100 WINNERS



100 Royal Doulton 97-Piece China Sets. "Coronet" by Royal Doulton. Lustrous white English bone china—graceful French scrolls of charcoal gray—banded with gleaming platinum.

100 WINNERS

100 Singer* Sewing Machines. Finest ZigZag sewing machine. The new Slant-O-Matic* Model 500 by Singer in the spacious Copenhagen dual-purpose desk—walnut or blonde finish. *A trademark of the Singer Manufacturing Co.

ered by one compact base. Most exciting of the LADY CASCO portable appliances.

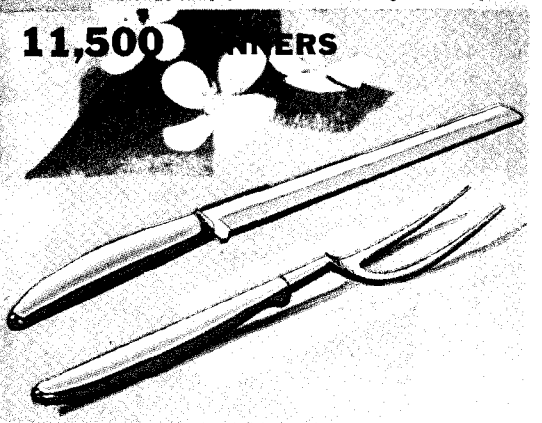
1000 WINNERS

1000 Wear-Ever Hallite Cookware Sets. Hallite by Wear-Ever. Good-looking, good-cooking quality aluminum cookware. Even heating—no hot or cold spots. Tight-fitting, turquoise colored covers.

6300 WINNERS

6300 bottles of Miss Dior Perfume. One of the great perfumes of the world from Christian Dior—Miss Dior, the choice of discriminating women. Generous 1-oz. bottles—made completely in France.

11,500 WINNERS



11,500 Carvel Hall Carving Sets. Great blades by Carvel Hall—superbly crafted stainless steel slicer and matching fork—bring ease and assurance to carving.

1. Mail your entry to P. O. Box 11L, Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Entries must be postmarked not later than November 18th, 1961 and be received by the judges not later than November 28th, 1961. Each entry in a separate envelope.
2. Winning entries will be selected by the independent judging staff of The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, on the following basis:
   Appropriateness (Appropriate to follow the lead lines, and appropriate as to rhyme and meter): Up to 35 points
   Freshness (Interest, creativeness, sparkle): Up to 25 points
   Clarity (Suitable and effective use of words): Up to 25 points
   Sincerity (Believability): Up to 15 points

The decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes in the event of ties. Only one prize to any one family or household. Entries must be the original work of the contestants submitting them and unqualifiedly become the property of Lever Brothers Company. None will be returned. Winners will be notified in person, or by mail, as soon as judging is completed. Requests for a list of the major prize winners, accompanied by a stamped and self-addressed envelope, will be honored on or about February 1st, 1962.

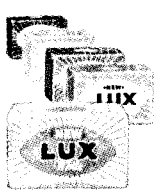
4. The contest is open to anyone in the Continental U.S.A., Hawaii and Alaska, except employees of Lever Brothers Company, its subsidiaries and affiliates, its advertising agencies, and their immediate families. Void where prohibited or restricted by federal, state or local regulations.

AS OFTEN AS YOU LIKE!

BREEZE . . . a Cannon premium in every package.

With contest entry, send box top with price mark from any size package.

LUX TOILET SOAP . . . the beauty soap of 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars.



With contest entry, send two wrappers from any size bar . . . any color.

NEW ACTIVE *all* . . . the controlled suds for automatic washers.

With contest entry, send box top with price mark from any size package.

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK—CLIP HERE AND MAIL

Mail entry to:
LEVER BROTHERS MILLION DOLLAR CONTEST
P. O. Box 11L, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Enclosed is appropriate part of package from _____ (PRODUCT NAME)

Complete this jingle, rhyming your last word with "TOO". Express idea which seems most appropriate. Example: "And all those many prizes are awaiting me and you."

CONTEST JINGLE

A MILLION DOLLAR CONTEST AND WHO COULD ASK FOR MORE
A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY IS KNOCKING AT MY DOOR
TO TRY GOOD LEVER PRODUCTS AND BE A WINNER TOO

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By DON SCHANCHE

GENERAL OF OUTER SPACE

This tireless Air Force general bucked conservative superiors and risked his career to help close the missile gap and keep us in the race for space.

When Soviet Air Force Major Gherman Titov passed above the U.S. Capitol on orbit No. 7 of his spectacular, twenty-five-hour space flight last August sixth, an uneasy American Government offered sportsmanlike congratulations. Privately, U.S. leaders were mortified at this painful reminder that we were second-best in space.

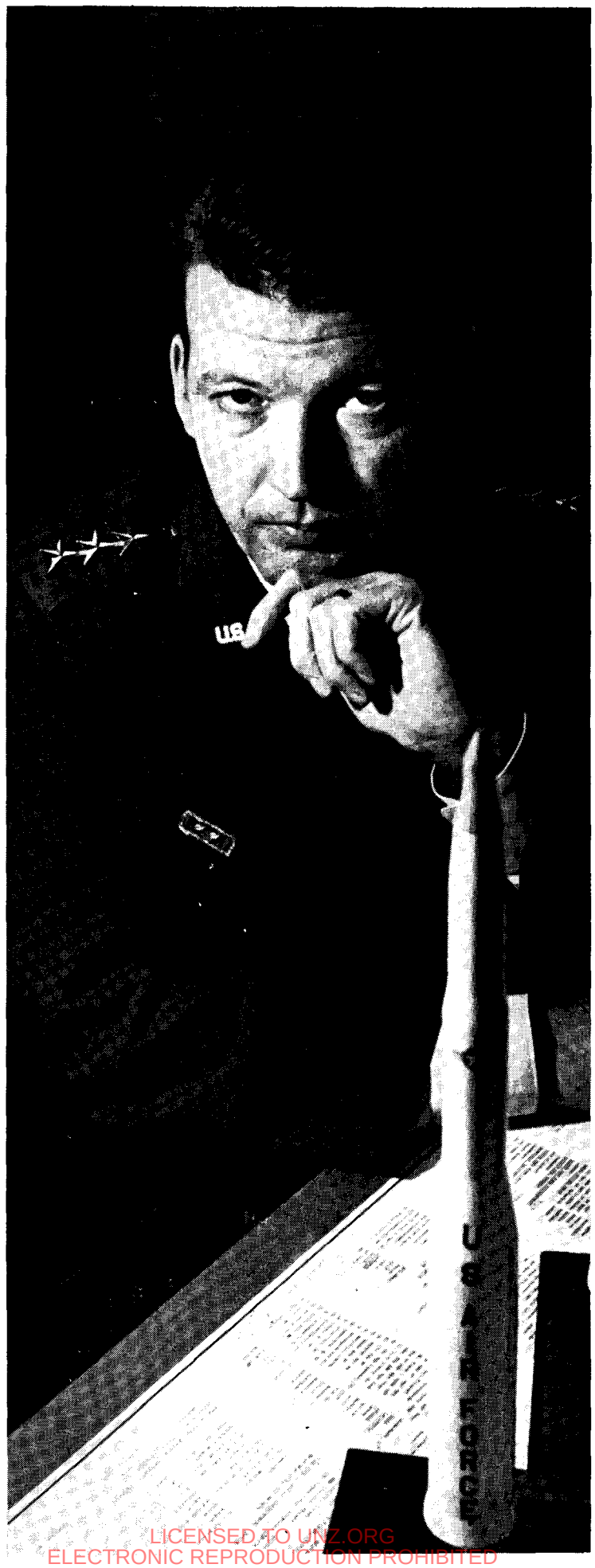
Perhaps none felt so much chagrin as a usually imperturbable Air Force general named Bernard Adolf Schriever. As chief of the huge Air Force Systems Command, a $7,000,000,000 outfit which runs Air Force research and development as well as most of the Defense Department's missile and space programs, Schriever is responsible for the Midas and Samos early-warning and reconnaissance satellites.

"The Soviets call our defensive warning satellites 'Spy in the Sky,'" Schriever complains. "We haven't accused the Soviets of any Spy in the Sky, yet they fly a military officer over the Capitol of the United States."

To Schriever the Titov flight emphasized the military nature of the Soviet space program. Soon after his return to earth, the cosmonaut himself boasted of the bomb-carrying potential of the booster rockets which had put him and Major Gagarin into orbit.

The United States, on the other hand, has genuinely separated "peaceful" space activities from "military" space activities, even to the point of keeping the seven Project Mercury astronauts—military pilots all—in civilian clothes while assigned to the civilian space program.

"This arbitrary division between space for peaceful purposes and space for national security has an inhibiting influence," says Schriever. "It already has had the effect of holding back military space development. If, as national policy, we consider space development is for peaceful purposes, it seems to follow that military space work is nonpeaceful—although the main objective of the military in this country is to preserve peace. The result of this distortion is that our own people get the notion that our military space programs are aggressive, which makes the programs harder to sell."



Schriever disclaims any intention of picking a fight with the burgeoning National Aeronautics and Space Administration, which directs all U.S. civilian space programs. In his view, peaceful space exploration should continue under NASA—but not to the detriment of military advances. Nations will fight the battles of the future in space, Schriever says. Either the United States or Russia could achieve a breakthrough in space weapons—such as a workable space-borne anti-missile system—and thereby tip the military balance of power decisively. In other words, you could wake up one morning to the news that the Russians had successfully tested a system which could stop in flight every missile fired by the United States. In such a case, this nation could be brought to its knees overnight.

Assuming that the nation which works hardest for such a breakthrough will achieve it first, Titov's flight is a sharp warning of the danger we face.

Schriever is a quiet and introspective man, but he is a fighter too. He can be expected to run at full tilt, both publicly and behind the scenes in Washington, to get his views across. What he wants is simple enough: more emphasis on the military aspects of space exploration.

"The inhibitions could be done away with very easily," he says, "by a clear statement of policy that, whereas we want to pursue space development for peaceful purposes, we also want to pursue space development vigorously for national security."

The United States is about to step beyond its tentative feelers into near space, such as Project Mercury and the forty-nine scientific and military satellites which have orbited relatively close to our atmosphere, and launch a $20,000,000,000 effort to send a man to the moon and back. At this juncture Schriever's concern over the short shrift that military space programs have received is highly relevant.

In the words of one Defense Department space expert, "If we aren't careful now, ten years and $20,000,000,000 from now we are going to wind up with a neat moon stunt and no military capability. At the same

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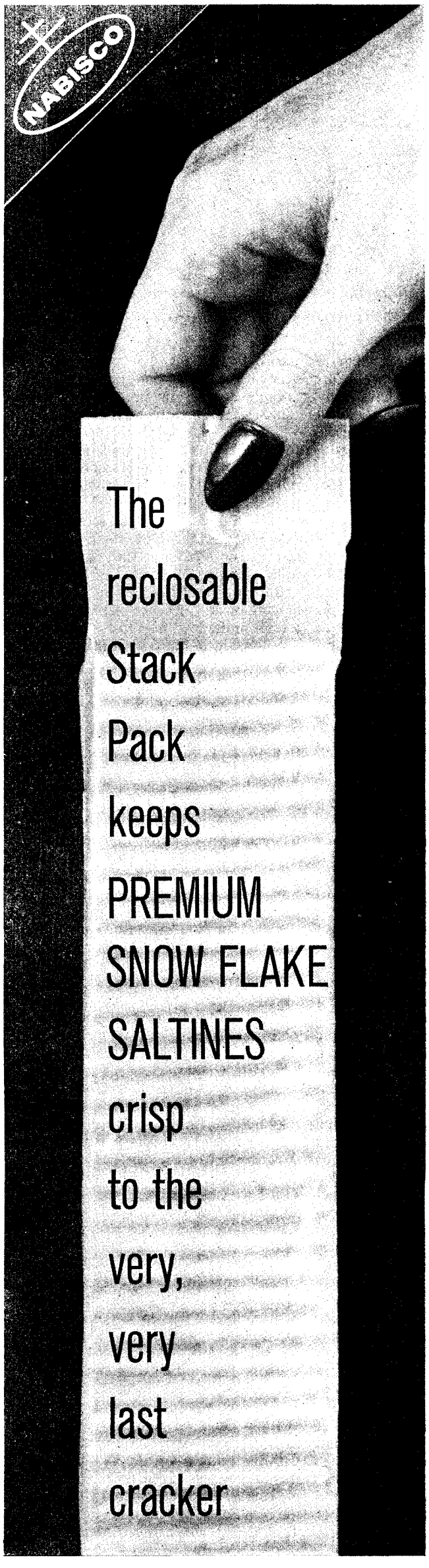
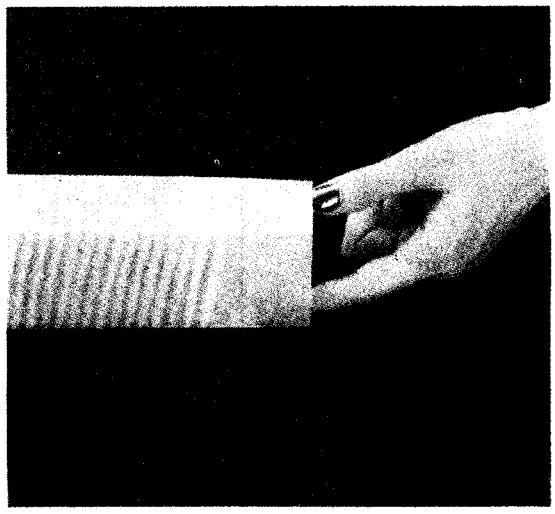
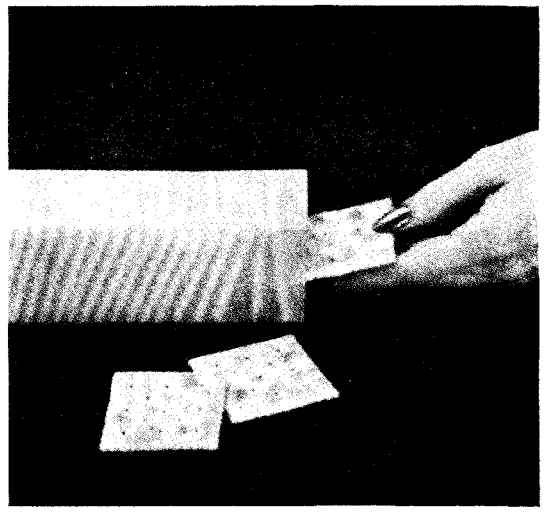
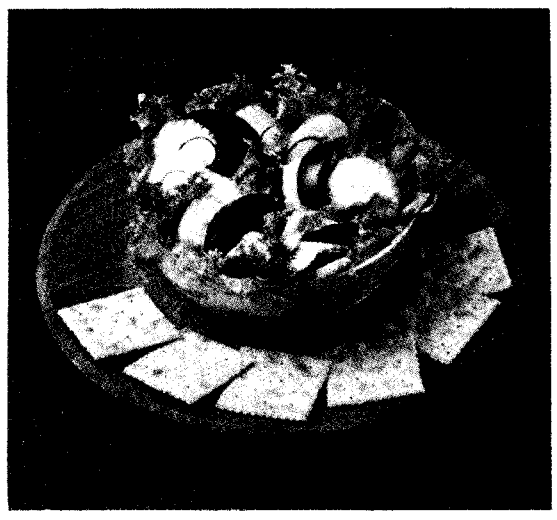
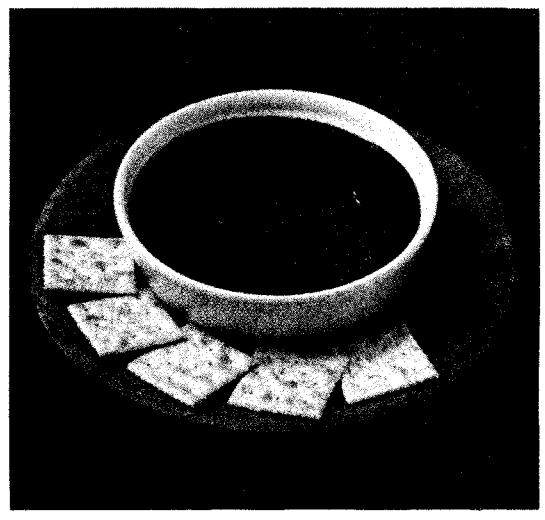




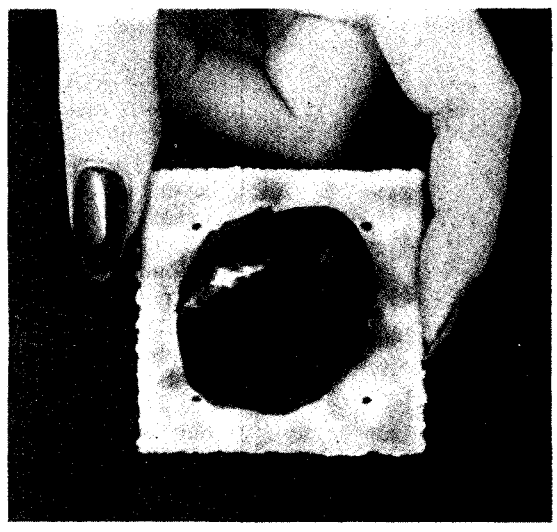


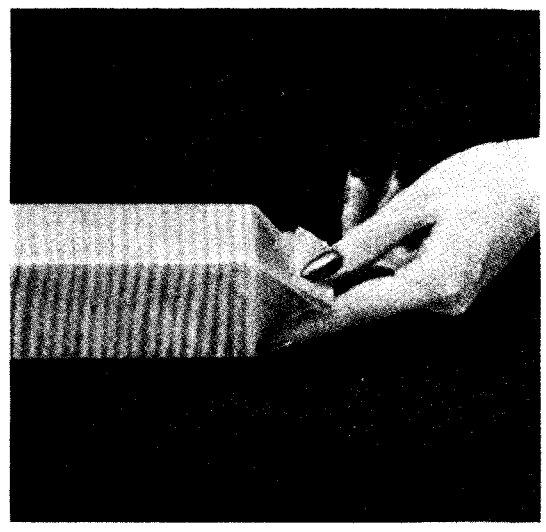
open a Stack Pack...crackers are singly stacked...





snapping crisp with salad...or soup...





or jams...and they stay crisp 'cause you can close it back

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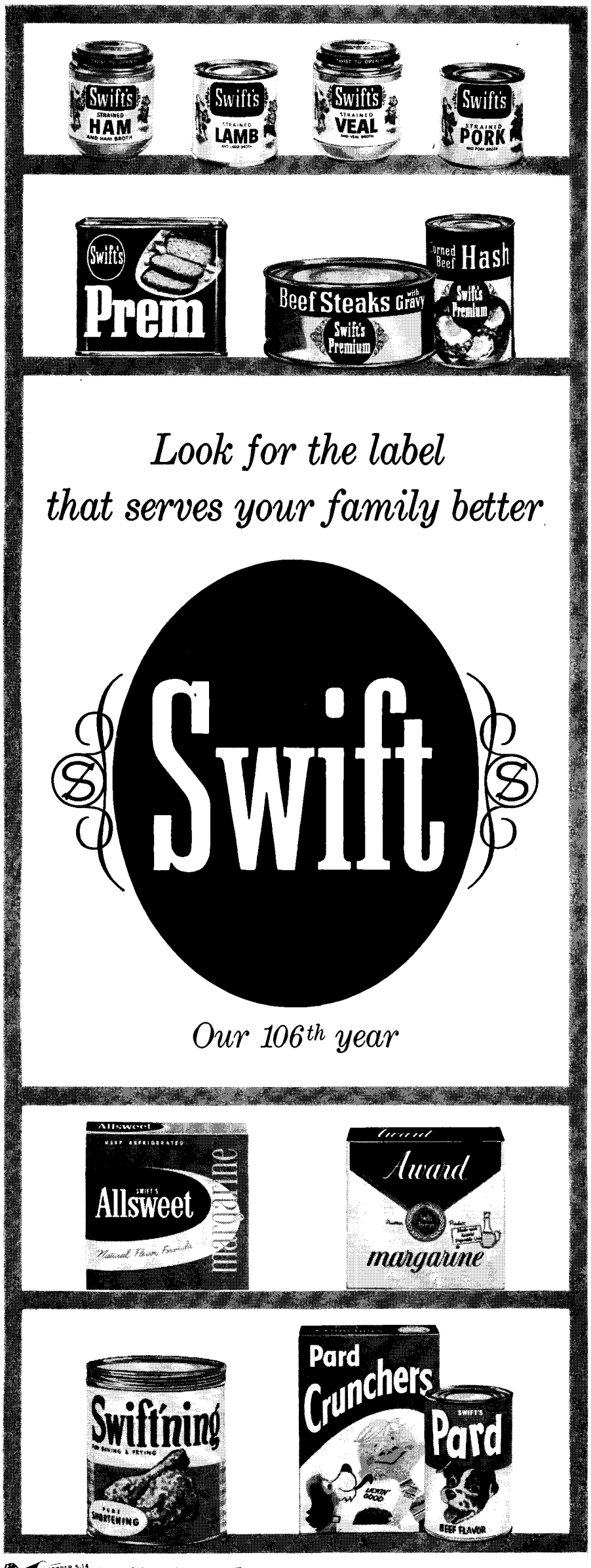

Schriever on a hop from the Pentagon to his Andrews AFB headquarters.

GENERAL time, the capabilities of space weapons will be such that if we don't have them, and the enemy does, we might as well give up." Thus, if we overemphasize the peaceable nature of our moon program, the military may be frozen out altogether. The effect could leave the free world defenseless in the face of an enemy who has no illusions about the separation of peaceful and military space activities.

Schriever is not so pessimistic about the role of the military in the U.S. moon program. Although NASA has not yet named a manager for the enormous task, the Defense Department and Air Force hope that their needs in space exploration will fit smoothly into the project.

"The objective of the moon program," says Schriever, "is not only to try to get there first, but also to optimize (Pentagonese for "get the best results out of") both peaceful and national security aspects."

Whether Schriever can get what he wants, without battling NASA for control of the entire U.S. space program, is an open question. At present he is avoiding any suggestion that he wants to cut NASA down to size. Instead, he insists that all the military wants is more emphasis on military missions in space. To judge how effective he might be in achieving this goal, you should first know his past record.

Ten years ago Ben Schriever was an unpopular Air Force colonel involved in a running fight with some of the most powerful generals in his service. Today he is a four-star general in charge of the most expensive single military unit in the free world, a vast research, development and industrial network extending from Cape Canaveral to the Arctic Ocean. In one way or another it touches virtually all major United States industries and many of the minor ones. The Systems Command controls some 6400 research contracts involving 1500 major contractors who range from such giants as General Motors and General Dynamics to midgets such as Caswell Electronics, which operates in San Jose, California, with a total work force of two engineers and a secretary.

Many generals would be content to boss such a huge outfit from a headquarters desk. But not Schriever. For days on end he runs his vast command from an Air Force transport as he hops from base to base to check on urgent projects. He sets such a man-killing pace that weary aides often work straight around the clock to keep up with him.

"You cuss him for overworking you," sighs a colonel who has spent three of the last four Christmases away from home. "But Schriever establishes such a fantastic record himself that you never can get very sincere about your griping."

In the age of young faces in Washington, Schriever appears right at home. He will be fifty-one years old on October fourteenth, but he looks no more than forty. Heretofore when his name cropped up in speculation about senior assignments, the uninformed dusted Schriever off with a disdainful, "He's too young." Today he is close to the top, and many insiders consider him a sure bet one day to become Air Force Chief of Staff.

Recently I watched General Schriever at work on an Air Force plane. He sat at a table in the rear, his loose-jointed, six-foot-three-inch frame draped in baggy blue flight coveralls, which contrasted with the sharply creased uniforms of the half dozen colonels who shared the plane with him. His rumpled hair, dark brown and streaked as if by light frost, added to an impression of boyishness; and his quick, pale blue eyes darted behind horn-rimmed reading glasses across the dry sentences of a research report. Schriever was en route to Warren Air Force Base, Cheyenne, Wyoming, to inspect an awesome complex of weapons—Atlas intercontinental ballistic missiles tucked into concrete hangars from which they can be fired to the heart of Russia.

Only four Atlas squadrons are on the firing line and ready to go. By the end of next year, however, there will be considerably more than 100 Atlases at thirteen bases. Starting to join the arsenal this summer was Titan, a bigger ICBM operating from underground silos. Minuteman, another big missile, will arrive next year. Under present plans, Minuteman missiles will go underground, too, but within a few years hundreds more may rest on railroad launching cars shifting around the country to escape destruction in case of an ICBM attack.

Developing these missiles in the space of a few years has been Schriever's job. In view of the complexity of the ocean-spanning weapons, it has been an astonishing performance.

"It was a real miracle of modern times," says Trevor Gardner, who was civilian chief of Air Force research and Schriever's boss when the ICBM program began. "I shudder to think where we would be if Ben had not brought this off. But in 1953 it seemed impossible to expect successful flight of an ICBM in four years, and to have ICBM's deployed at operational bases in 1960 and 1961. I rank Schriever with the Lindberghs, the Doolittles and the other heroes of our time." Gardner's glowing assessment is shared by most of the men Schriever encounters in his job. To scientists such as Dr. Edward Teller,

OCTOBER 5-14 ALL-AMERICAN BRANDS SPECTACULAR

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Betty Crocker's brand new method with Gold Medal and Mazola Corn Oil... easy as "1-2-3" (and absolutely delicious!)

1. No sifting flour!
2. No cutting in shortening!
3. No guesswork!

We're sure you'll say "1-2-3 that's for me," because hundreds of homemakers on the Betty Crocker panel, who tested the "1-2-3" method in their own kitchens, said, "We'll never go back to the old way again!" Maybe you won't agree. However, we think the more you make it, the better you'll like it. But judge for yourself the new "1-2-3" method.

Key to "1-2-3" is the combination of Gold Medal *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour and Mazola Corn Oil. Gold Medal is so trustworthy, so uniform *you don't sift at all!* What a time and work saver this is!

And with Mazola Corn Oil, you can make "1-2-3" Pie Crust *without* cutting in shortening. In addition to being easier to use, Mazola has special corn oil *nutritional* benefits, too. And with Mazola you get the golden light goodness of *liquid* corn oil in pie crust. Of all leading brands of vegetable oils, *only* Mazola is both unexcelled in polyunsaturates, and *lowest* in saturates. That's why Mazola is best for cutting down saturated fat in your diet, when used instead of solid shortenings. And what a delicious way to do it!

ONE-CRUST PIE (8 OR 9")	TWO-CRUST PIE (8 OR 9")
1 cup plus 2 tbsp. *unsifted* Gold Medal Flour	1 3/4 cups *unsifted* Gold Medal Flour
1/2 tsp. salt	1 tsp. salt
1/3 cup Mazola Corn Oil	1/2 cup Mazola Corn Oil
2 tbsp. cold water	3 tbsp. cold water

Heat oven to 450° for one-crust pie, 425° for two-crust pie.

To measure flour, dip out of sack with dry nested measuring cup, level off with spatula (no sifting). Mix flour, salt. Blend in Mazola thoroughly with fork. Sprinkle all of water over mixture; mix well. Press dough firmly into ball with hands. *If too dry, add 1 to 2 tbsp. more Mazola.*

Rolling and Baking: *One-crust Pie.* Flatten ball slightly; immediately roll into 12" circle between 2 pieces of waxed paper. (Wipe table with damp cloth to keep paper from slipping.) Peel off top paper, place pastry in pan, paper-side-up. Peel off paper, fit pastry loosely in pan. Trim ½" beyond pan edge. Fold under, flute, prick well. *Bake 12 to 15 min.* To bake filled pie, do not prick; fill and bake according to filling directions.

Rolling and Baking: *Two-crust Pie.* Divide dough almost in half, roll larger piece and fit bottom pastry into pan as above. Fill, *then* trim even with pan edge. Roll top pastry. Peel off top paper, cut slits, place over filling; peel off paper. Trim ½" beyond pan edge, fold under. Seal and flute. *Bake 35 to 45 min.* (fresh apple *50 to 60 min.*).

Simple? Yes! Tender and flaky, too! Why don't you give it a try? In fact, pick your favorite pie . . . do it your old way *and* . . . the new "1-2-3" way with Mazola Corn Oil. For best results in both crusts, use Gold Medal Flour for **the feeling of confidence right down to your fingertips . . . we call it YOUR WHITE THUMB!**

After you've baked both crusts, write Betty Crocker, Box 79, Minneapolis 40, Minn., and tell us what you think. We want to know!

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From Mary Hale Martin
Libby's Home Economist...

SURPRISE IDEAS...

from soup to dessert...with

Libby's FAMOUS FOODS

CREAM OF CORN SOUP

Combine 1 qt. milk, #303 can Libby's Cream Style Corn (it's richer in *natural* corn cream), 1 slice of onion, 1½ tsp. salt. Cook over boiling water 30 min. Mix ¼ cup each flour and water to smooth paste. Add to corn mixture. Cook 15 min., stirring occasionally. Add 2 tbsp. butter, ¼ tsp. each pepper and paprika. Top with slices of Libby's Stuffed Olives. 6 servings.

PEPPER-ASPIC SALAD—Open 46-oz. can Libby's Tomato Juice. (That's the one that's truly tomato rich!) Soften 3 envelopes unflavored gelatin in ¾ cup of the cold juice. Heat remaining juice; do not boil. Add 3 tbsp. grated onion, 3 tsp. salt and the softened gelatin, stirring until it dissolves. Cut 3 green peppers in half lengthwise; scoop out; fill with slightly thickened aspic. Chill until firm; top with cottage cheese or deviled egg halves.

BEEF STEW 'N BISCUITS—Cut packaged biscuits in half. Dip tops into melted butter mixed with caraway seeds or oregano. Bake buttered side up in 475° F. oven 5 to 7 min., or until lightly browned. Meanwhile, heat Libby's Beef Stew to bubbling; then top with herb biscuits. Libby's is the stew with *lots* of lean beef; it's *most* like homemade!

FRUIT COCKTAIL CREAM PUFFS—Drain #2½ can Libby's Fruit Cocktail. (You'll love the delightfully fresh taste of each of its five fruits!) Reserve syrup and heat to boiling. Thicken with paste of 2 tbsp. each cornstarch and water. Simmer 15 min.; remove from heat. Add 1 tsp. grated lemon peel. Fold in fruit cocktail; chill. Serve over ice cream-filled cream puffs.

Libby's *famous foods...trusted everywhere*

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago 4, Illinois

GENERAL the father of the H-bomb, General Schriever is simply "Bennie." Among Schriever's admirers in Washington is Vice President Lyndon Johnson, now playing a new role as overseer of the entire United States space effort. It seems a good bet that Johnson's friendship will not hurt Schriever's chances for success as the military's chief spaceman.

The general's professional status was not always so high. Ten years ago, his career in the Air Force looked bleak indeed. Like David tackling Goliath, Colonel Schriever had decided to stand up to the powerful Gen. Curtis LeMay in a running feud over the B-52, the heavy jet bomber, then in the planning stage, now the mainstay of the Strategic Air Command.

Schriever led a campaign to scrap plans for the big bomber and substitute a less expensive new model B-47 with far greater range than the present version. At that time nuclear weapons were enormous contraptions. The new untested H-bomb was so large and heavy that only a big airplane such as the B-52 could carry it. Backed by some scientists, Schriever argued that by the time the B-52 was ready to fly, technical progress would make the H-bomb so small that a B-47 could take it. Scrapping the B-52 would save billions of dollars which Schriever then felt should be spent on new tactical air weapons.

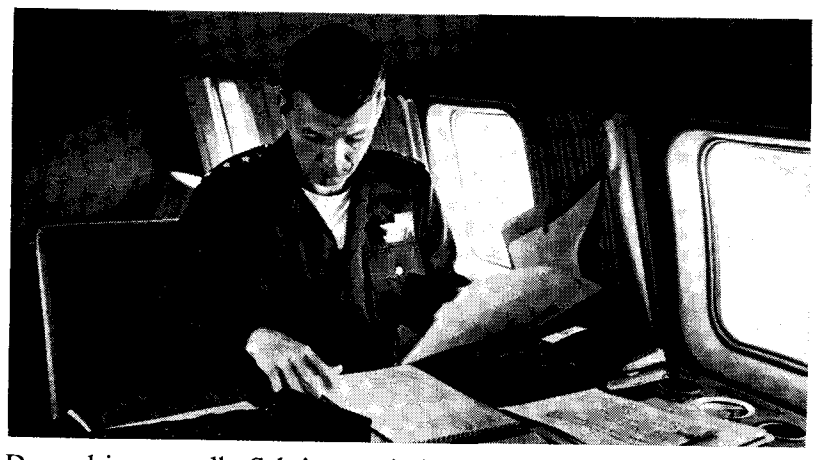
LeMay reacted as if someone had put ground glass in his scrambled eggs. In a round of high-level meetings he bluntly warned that the risks involved in the young colonel's proposal were suicidal. Some of the Pentagon meetings on the LeMay-Schriever dispute were so bitter that major generals timidly reported sick rather than attend. It is not surprising that LeMay won hands down. As commander of SAC, operating the nation's main nuclear deterrent force, his front-line opinion carried weight.

What is surprising is that Schriever survived the battle. The gruff general could easily have sidetracked the brash colonel's career. In fact, rumors that Schriever would be railroaded out of the Pentagon made the rounds. But nothing happened. LeMay let the affront to his judgment pass, out of admiration for a man who would argue toe-to-toe with a four-star general for something he believed in.

Today LeMay is Chief of Staff of the Air Force and Schriever's boss. Even so they occasionally disagree. Both believe strongly in the present-day structure of the Air Force, but LeMay cautions against moving too quickly to supplant airplanes with still doubtful missiles. Schriever wants to move faster, and he has been willing to gamble heavily to speed introduction of the new weapons.

In the late 1940's and early 1950's Schriever led a group of young officers who campaigned to get the Air Force on top of the rising wave of technology following World War II. The Air Force, with fewer college graduates than the Army or the Navy, was in danger of tying its hands in ignorance at a time when brains were becoming more important than a fighter-pilot's skill. The young rebels established close bonds with scientists such as the late Dr. John von Neumann, a brilliant mathematician. Their liaison paid gigantic dividends. In 1953 Edward Teller, von Neumann and Teller's associates made the calculations that proved the H-bomb could be reduced drastically in size. Shrinking the H-bomb made the intercontinental ballistic missile possible. It also started Ben Schriever on a skyrocketing rise to the top.

Trevor Gardner once remarked to a friend that "we created Bennie Schriever in 1953." In a sense that is true. As a rebellious colonel, Schriever had done more than anyone else to create a sense of urgency for ICBM's. To Gardner and his science advisers, Schriever was a natural choice for the job of creating the missiles.



Dressed in coveralls, Schriever grinds out work in his personal plane.

Gardner "created Ben Schriever" by deftly maneuvering his promotion to brigadier general. In July of 1954 the ICBM program began in earnest from temporary headquarters in an abandoned parochial schoolhouse in Inglewood, California. Schriever assumed command.

From the small schoolhouse the Ballistic Missile Division (BMD) grew to become the largest missile-development organization in the western world. Schriever got authority to bypass normal chains of command in the Air Force and report directly to Gardner and the Secretary of the Air Force.

In late 1955, when it became apparent that the Russians were ahead of the United States in developing ballistic missiles, Schriever, Gardner and Doctor von Neumann went to the White House to get their program accelerated. Each of the three spoke plainly to President Eisenhower and the National Security Council, which was convened especially to hear the missile briefing. Following the meeting, the Atlas program was given the highest priority in the nation.

At the same time, BMD was bringing along Titan and Thor. Schriever kept a strict hand on all three missile projects. One Saturday each month, a day still

OCTOBER 5-14 ALL-AMERICAN BRANDS SPECTACULAR

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Seven-Up

For the liveliest Guess-Who Party invite this fresh, clean taste!

Why let your mouth get too dry to tell that funny story—or your throat get too scratchy to enjoy a laugh? Have 7-Up! See how clean it tastes going down. See how fresh your throat feels when you finish the bottle. See if you don't have more fun at that party. Any party! It's *always* 7-Up time.

ALL-AMERICAN BRANDS SPECTACULAR OCTOBER 5-14

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Cape Canaveral, Fla.: The 50-year-old general sweats out a rocket launching. Schriever's willingness to gamble on a radical test procedure speeded by a year the development of the solid-fuel Minuteman ICBM.

GENERAL known as "Black Saturday" at BMD, Schriever called in project officers, scientists and engineers of the programs.

"He didn't want to know how well everything was going," says Brig. Gen. Charles H. Terhune Jr., then Schriever's deputy. "He only wanted to find out what was holding us back so we could get to work on solving the problems."

Project officers on the three missiles wore such dour looks during these sessions that Schriever once bought three squat Japanese figurines, each bearing the face of tragedy. "These dolls look exactly like you guys," he told the three officers. "Take them with you and don't bring them back until your missiles have successful flights."

One by one, as Atlas, Thor and Titan roared off the launching pad at Cape Canaveral, the three figurines came back to rest on Schriever's desk. Each wore a tiny wire halo.

Without relaxing his control of the ballistic-missile program, Schriever turned his eyes to space. Months before Sputnik I, he preached, "Several decades from now the important battles may not be sea battles or air battles, but space battles."

In those days there was little interest in space, even in the Air Force. BMD's urgent requests for money to develop satellite systems were criticized as spendthrift by the Defense Department. But Schriever saw a clear need for a rocket booster capable of launching space systems into orbit, and acted.

"Technically," said an Air Force officer who worked with Schriever on the project, "he had the authority to do what he did. But his neck was way out."

Although denied authority to proceed on a pure space booster, Schriever's organization could build whatever it needed for the ICBM program. So the Defense Department was told that a new two-stage rocket booster, now called the Thor-Able, was needed to test atmospheric re-entry of ICBM nose cones. Under the cover of building a useful system for the nose-cone test, BMD also developed Thor-Able as a space booster. It has been the main work horse of space programs since 1958.

"When the space business got started in earnest," says one Defense official, "we wouldn't have had enough boosters even to have failures with if it hadn't been for Thor-Able."

Yet Thor-Able never would have been developed if Schriever and BMD had not gambled on it.

More recently Schriever gambled again and won. This time it was on Minuteman, the solid-fuel ICBM. Project officers on Minuteman were so encouraged by the new bird's ground tests last year that they recommended a daring departure from customary procedures. Instead of testing the missile piecemeal by perfecting its first stage, then adding the second and third stages and finally wringing out the whole system, they wanted to launch the whole works on the first test flight. The gamble would save a full year in development time—if it worked.

Schriever decided the risk was worth the time saved. It was a bold move taken in the face of poor odds; other big missiles had invariably failed on their first flights. On the day of the test last February first, the general explained the risks to Secretary of the Air Force Eugene Zuckert, who was on his first visit to Schriever's headquarters at Andrews Air Force Base, Maryland, nineteen miles from the Pentagon. Together they listened to a play-by-play account of the first Minuteman launching. As each stage of the missile fired, they heard an observer at Cape Canaveral calling, "Looks good. . . . Looks good. . . . Looks good. . . ."

Minuteman was arching like a well-aimed bullet over the Atlantic missile range. Thirty minutes later the new bird's test warhead plopped squarely into its planned target area, more than 4000 miles down range. The test was an unqualified success. Since then three other Minutemen have been fired. Only one has failed.

To understand Ben Schriever it is necessary to visit an inconspicuous golf-course sandwich stand at Brackenridge Park in San Antonio, Texas. Here Schriever grew up, a bright but lonely immigrant German boy. His mother, Elizabeth Schriever, brought six-year-old Ben and his four-year-old brother Gerhard—now an Air Force colonel—to the United States on the eve of American entry into World War I. They were joining their father, Adolf, a German ship's engineer who had been interned as a wartime belligerent in New York. Since the United States had not yet entered the war, the elder Schriever sent for his family and put himself down as an immigrant. They moved to New Braunfels, Texas, a German community northeast of San Antonio. Within a year tragedy struck. Adolf Schriever was killed in an industrial accident.

The grief-stricken widow took a job as housemaid and resorted to rigid planning to make ends meet on forty dollars a month.

Mrs. Schriever was fortunate in her choice of employers. E. B. Chandler, the elderly investment banker who hired her, took a liking to her two boys and built them a small refreshment stand adjacent to the twelfth green of Brackenridge Park. He also taught them to play golf. When Chandler died, Mrs. Schriever took over the golf-course sandwich shop as a full-time job. Good months earned her $100. "But during the depression there were many days when I took in only fifty cents," she recalls.

Ben and Gary helped out in the refreshment stand and caddied on the golf course. Ben was soon shooting in the 60's and low 70's, finishing most of the tournaments he entered as semifinalist or winner.

As an outstanding mathematics student in high school, he showed the same drive for perfection, and at Texas A.&M. he finished near the top of his class. When he was graduated in 1931, the depression had wiped out engineering opportunities. Schriever's only job offer was as a golf club professional, at $250 a month.

"But I decided that I hadn't gone to college just to become a golf pro," Schriever says. Instead he found temporary work as a low-paid clerk.

At Texas A.&M. he had earned a reserve Army commission in the field artillery. He applied for active duty as an aviation cadet and in June of 1933 won his wings at Kelly Field.

Then followed an Army Air Corps career marked by more ups and downs than the Berlin airlift. After two years as a bomber pilot he was released from active duty because the Air Corps could not support all the reservists who wanted to stay in. Jobless and facing a bleak future, he got back on duty briefly as commander of a Civilian Conservation Corps camp in New Mexico. In a year he was again released, and a week later he reached the semifinals of the Texas State Amateur and seriously considered professional golf again.

But the Air Corps called him back to active service, this time for duty in the Panama Canal Zone. There Maj. Gen. George H. Brett picked Schriever as an aide, and the bachelor lieutenant fell in love with the boss's daughter, Dora. A future in the military looked uncertain to a reservist contemplating marriage, so Schriever left the service again to fly as copilot with Northwest Airlines. In January of 1938 he married Dora Brett and soon got back into service with a regular commission.

Schriever got his first taste of research as a test pilot at Wright Field, where he often flew five or six kinds of airplanes a day. Spotting a comer, the Air Force sent him to Stanford University for a master's degree in aeronautical engineering. Then he went off to war in the Pacific, where he rose from captain to lieutenant colonel in less than a year and flew twenty-five missions as a B-17 pilot.

Schriever spent "exactly three years, three months and seven days overseas," says Dora Schriever. It often seems to her that the war never ended for him. He believes the United States and Russia are antagonists in a technological war which demands the same sacrifices as a shooting war. He is often away from home for weeks on end. "I don't like being a general's wife," his wife confesses.

Today the Schrievers live comfortably in a large concrete house at Andrews Air Force Base. A casual Sunday-afternoon visitor is likely to find Schriever standing by the fireplace in sport jacket, slacks and loafers, drilling a bevy of harried staff officers on an upcoming Congressional hearing. Or he may find Schriever stretched out sound asleep on the living-room floor. Much of his vitality apparently stems from a rare ability to cat-nap whenever he has a chance.

Perhaps this is the reason he manages to stay a jump ahead of most of the men under him. One colonel who has been on Schriever's staff since the early days at BMD says, "I can't count the number of mornings the boss has called at dawn to say, 'I just finished reading your report. . . .' Hell, he must work all night!"

Schriever's children—Brett, twenty-two, an Air Force navigator; Dodie, twenty-year-old wife of an Air Force jet pilot, and Barbara, twelve-year-old seventh-grader—have become accustomed to their father's sometimes erratic life, but none of them really likes it.

Schriever allows himself virtually no time for personal recreation. Occasionally he and Dora will withdraw to New York for a weekend. Otherwise a rare round of golf, a bourbon and water with a friend, or a quiet hour of reading American history are his only off-duty outlets.

Sometimes he will step into an alcove off the main hall of the big house and look nostalgically at a shelf full of golf trophies. On the opposite side of the room is a treasured quotation from Theodore Roosevelt which explains why Ben Schriever became an Air Force general instead of a golfer.

In part the quotation says: "The credit belongs to the man who . . . at the best, knows in the end the triumph of high achievement; and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly. . . ."

THE END

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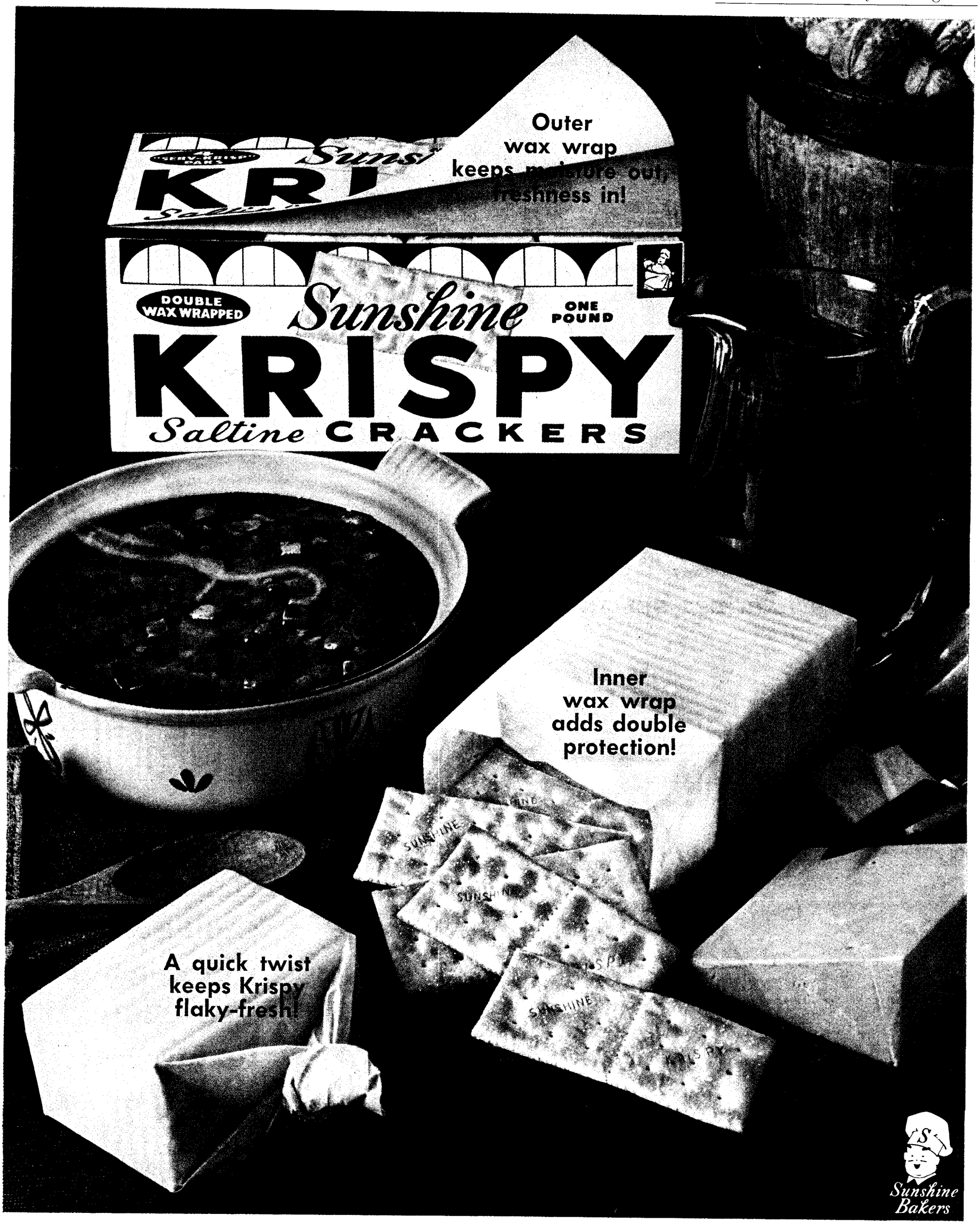

Krispy – baked for flavor, packed for freshness!

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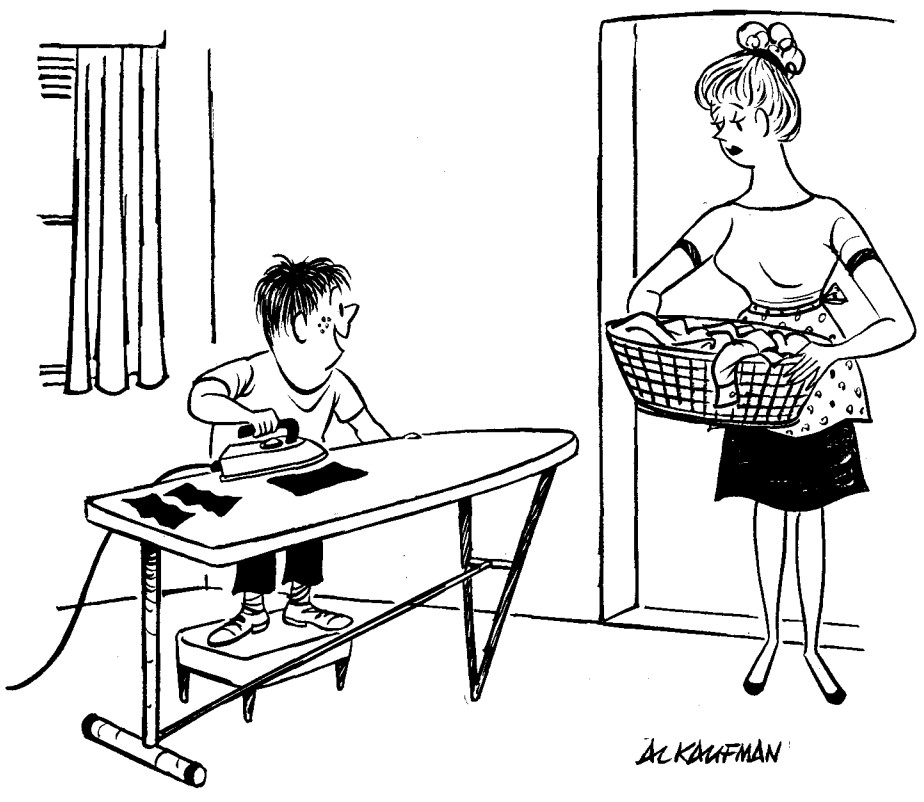
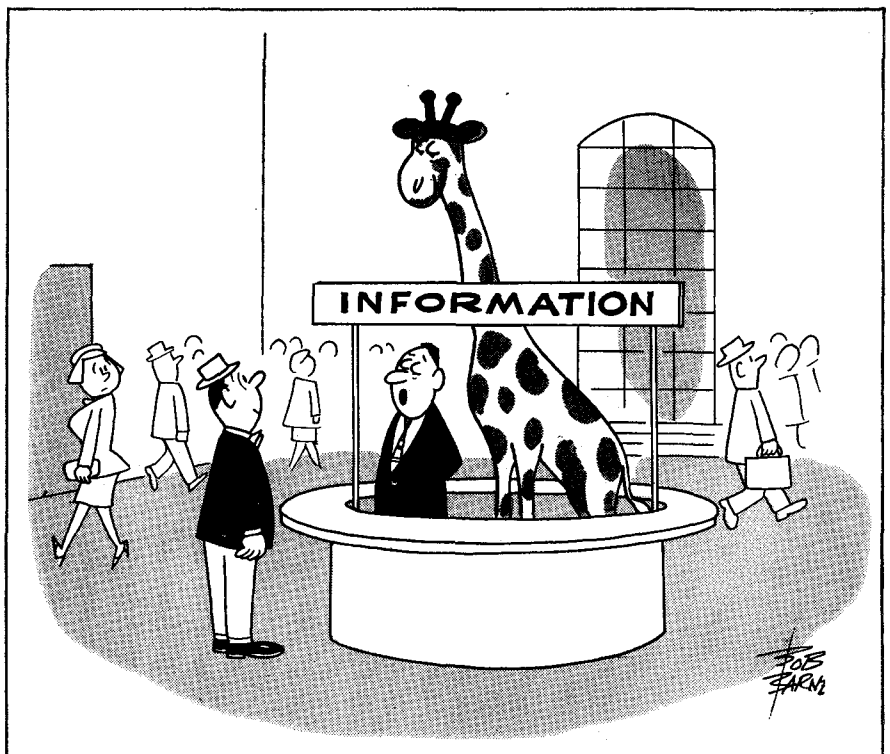
post scripts

"Hold the wire, Myrt. I'm going to slip off my girdle."



"I'm ironing my life's savings."

"How'd you do in the office baseball pool, dear?"



"Thirteen feet, seven inches."

turn

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"What did you use for mortar?"

"Your references are fine and your aptitude tests excellent, but I don't like your face."

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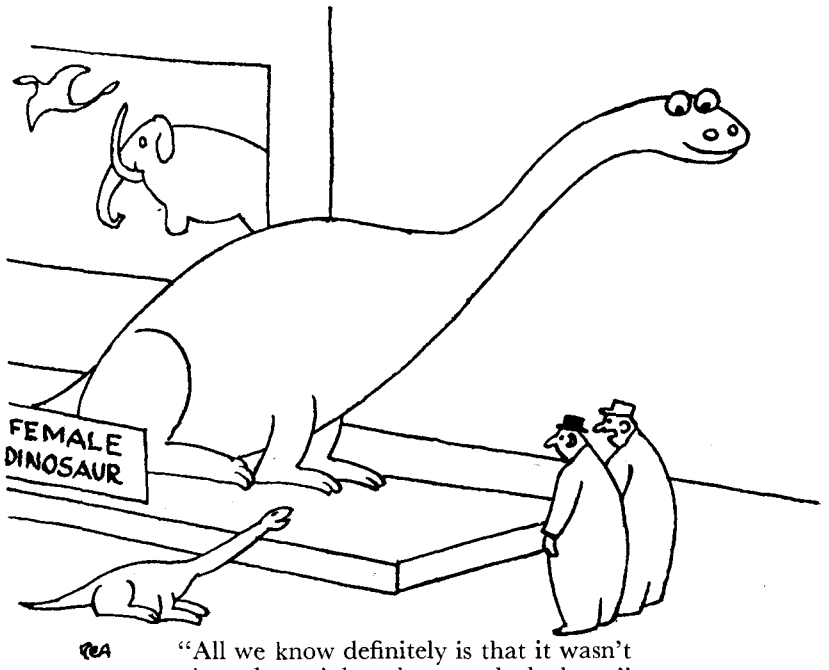
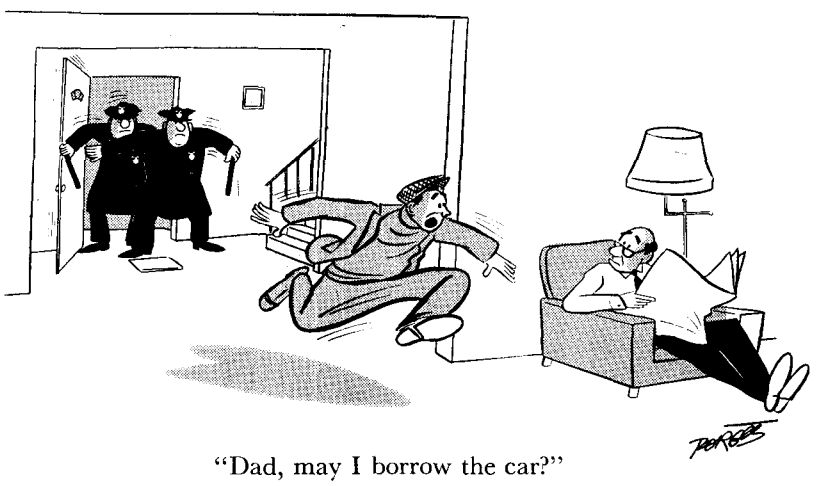


"All we know definitely is that it wasn't here last night when we locked up."



"Dad, may I borrow the car?"

"Just a moment—he's on his way now!"

MODERN PARENTAL SUCCESS STORIES

"We've always tried to instill in Kevin the idea that the family is a team and that, as a team member, he has to do his part. As a result, he seldom leaves his motor scooter in the driveway, and he feeds his Shetland ponies regularly, and he . . ."

"The thing we've tried to concentrate on is to get Pamela to eat properly. For example, the other evening we told her that mommy and daddy would take her on a vacation trip to Hawaii if she'd eat her dinner. I just wish you could've seen that child plow into that filet mignon . . ."

"You know how kids are; they pick up all sorts of words, and nobody knows where. However, we've pretty much broken Junior of saying them by having what we call a 'Naughty-Word Box,' and each time he says a naughty word he has to take ten dollars of his allowance and put it in the box, because . . ."

"Well, we feel we've created a sense of values in Sharon by making her work for what she gets. You'd really be surprised how much she treasures her own hi-fi and TV sets, just because, to earn them, she had to wash the dishes in the dishwasher one evening, and . . ."

Vernon H. Kurtz

"You are fond of children and make friends easily, fatso."

keep turning

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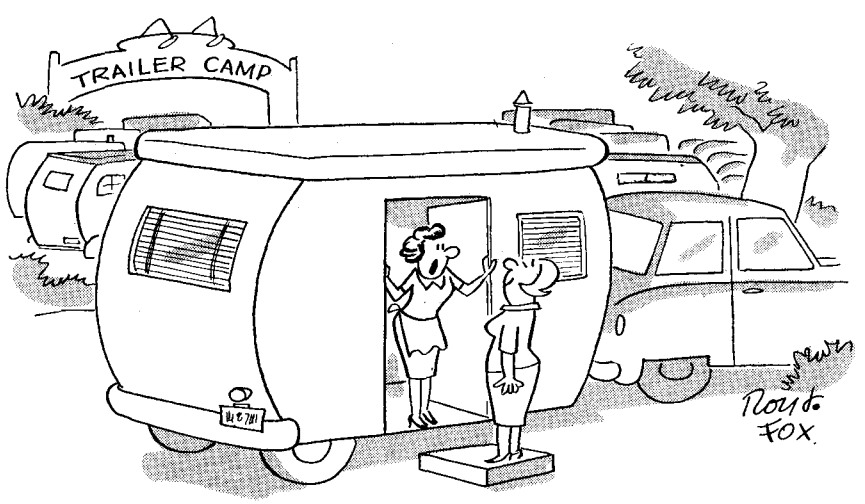
"Would you say this cost approximately as much as a power saw?"

"You know very well what sandwich."

"Dear, I'd like you to meet the Gilby twins."

"Oh, just sitting around. Ralph's having one of his 'listen to this' evenings."



"I hope you'll excuse the look of the place—George made a hard right turn."

the end

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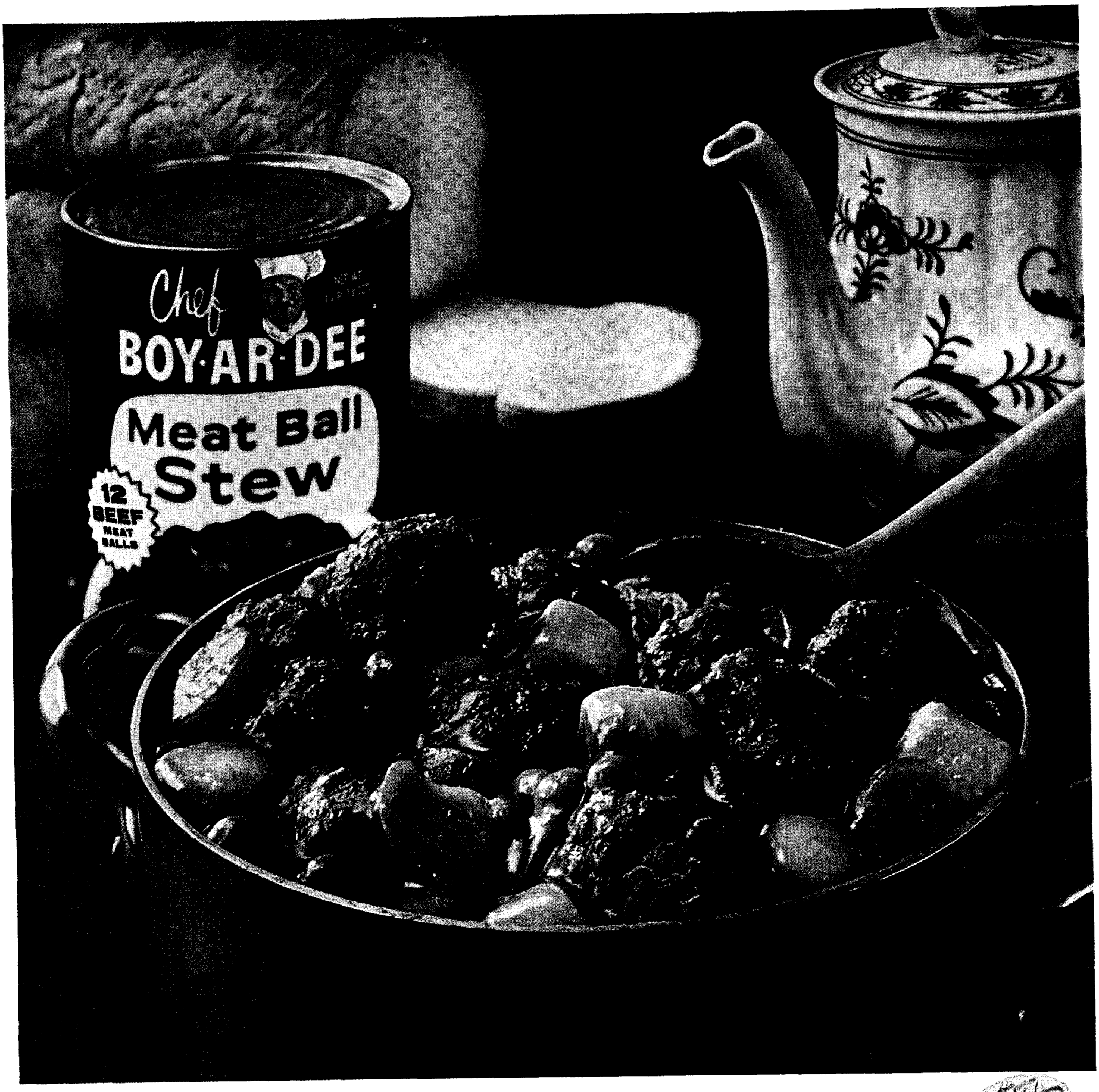
Casserole Treat that's full of meat

The stew with twelve juicy beef meat balls—you don't have to dig for the meat! Plump peas and carrots and potatoes all in a hearty brown beef gravy. Rich with the flavor that children love, and grownups, too. All yours in a minute for only about 15¢ a serving.



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to get rid of spots on rugs!

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SPOT REMOVER APPLICATOR with BISSELL® RUG SHAMPOO

Now there's another use for Bissell Rug Shampoo—the best way there is to clean rugs at home. It's an easier, faster way to get rid of spots on rugs and carpets. Just fill the new free spot remover applicator with famous Bissell Rug Shampoo and water. Squeeze the applicator handle and foam-clean spots away. You don't even get your hands wet.

It's so easy! No rinsing…no wiping…your rugs dry clean. So clean a spot, or a whole rug, with Bissell Rug Shampoo. It's such an easy way, such an effective way, such a satisfying way to have the cleanest rugs you've ever seen.

…another wonderful way to keep your home BISSELL *clean!*

BISSELL, Inc., Grand Rapids, Michigan

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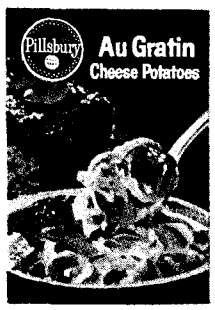
Again...Pillsbury shows how really good potatoes-in-a-box can be!



Au Gratin Cheese Potatoes

Pillsbury's secret: Slim potato slices and flavory golden cheese blended in a creamy, seasoned sauce mix. Just minutes to the oven! Bake until fragrant and bubbly. Here's real company fare . . . honest-to-goodness!

Home Fry Potatoes

Peeled, thin-sliced and happily seasoned. So fresh-tasting you'd swear they saw the potato patch only yesterday. All ready to simmer-and-fry . . . crisp-on-the-outside, tender-on-the-inside. Perfection! Try!

Try these honest-to-goodness potatoes, too!

MASHED • HASH BROWNS • SCALLOPED

the demon of karimpala

continued from page 33

in two divisions more or less—the height-happy hills division, the sweaty-browed Dooars division. A grapevine flourishes up and down and to and fro. I was sorry about Kittery's troubles. Being a bachelor in good health, I had no troubles except my disagreeable self. "What?"

"The Kittery Miss Sahib is with her father."

"Oh," I said.

"What was the shot, Sahib?"

"A *karkar*," I said.

Fazl Haq showed no interest, knowing that the barking deer had not been *hilalled* by a true believer; hence the meat was denied to him. I sent him away and changed into my swimming trunks.

The Kittery girl would be in India to keep house for her father. I could envisage the dumpy debutante or faded member of the fishing fleet as I went down to the swimming pool. They hoped for husbands, and, metaphorically speaking, bored the pants off me.

If you live alone with tea bushes in serried ranks on a near-precipice, usually in the clouds, and with the music of Johann Sebastian B., and with the dingy novels of the times, and with too much whisky at the Planters' Club on Saturday nights as a routine safety valve—you tend to become the least bit misanthropic. It was time that I went home on leave; but now that my leave was overdue, I did not want to go, could not endure the prospect of cozy England, nice relations. Some bachelors arrange things much more sensibly; but I was strictly celibate in principle and practice, even if my gaze would wander to a pretty bosom at her washing at the village tank. Reading this, you do not like me, and I do not blame you. I am telling the truth as I was then.

I went down some steps of clean red rock, chiseled to a maharaja's taste. "Hullo!" I called tactfully, in case the Kittery Miss Sahib, dumpy deb, should be sun-bathing in the buff, or nearly.

She was swimming, not sun-bathing. She did a racing turn at the other end and crawled back. She could swim. She stood in the shallow end and shook her wet fair head and saw me.

"Hullo," I said.

"Oh, hullo," she said.

Then I told her my name, and she told me hers. The conversation ceased as she came dripping up the steps in a black bathing suit. I swam. It was cool heaven. I am a bad swimmer, never even learned the crawl. "Wonderful!" I said with an enthusiasm quite unlike me at that epoch.

"This is the loveliest place in west Bengal, I always think," she said. Which meant either that she was not newly out from home, or that she had been here at other times when she was younger—perhaps as a child, for she was young.

To you, with so many swimming pools of azure, the Karimpala pool might not seem lovely. But charms are comparative, and the cool clear water in the clean red rock was a rare loveliness in dusty India. Yes, charms are comparative, and I suppose that if you set Yvonne Kittery down, or I mean asked her to set herself down, at Cannes, Montego Bay, Hot Springs or somewhere, she would be neutralized somewhat to be just another one. But here she was a knockout, a humdinger, a voluptuous pearl or golden dish such as made that thought of mine about a dumpy deb seem *lèse-majesté*.

"I beg your pardon?"

"You're the man who has come to kill tigers?" she asked—or, in a way, asserted. "Kill" sounded odd. People talk about shooting tigers, not killing them.

"I've come to try for the man-eater here," I said.

"I heard a shot this afternoon," she said. She looked at me and away. "Was that you?"

I was wrong about Cannes, Montego Bay, Hot Springs or somewhere. You would see faces with character, but not a face like this—shadowed, haunted. I can't describe the haunt of beauty in that face. "I shot a barking deer," I said.

"Oh, no!" she said. Her eyes were the blue of delft. "Not a barking deer! They're such charming small brown things."

"And good to eat," I said. It was true that the *karkar*, the barking deer, was perhaps the most endearing creature of the forest. And it was true that I had felt some regret after shooting the *karkar* this afternoon. But a man must have meat, unless he is a vegetarian. So I was nettled at this stranger's disapproval, in no mood to make excuses, to seem sorry, to agree that they were charming small brown things, a pity to have to kill them, yes. We did not speak again until my annoyance ebbed, and then I said, "Your father, I'm sorry to hear he isn't better yet."

"Worse, I'm afraid," she said and turned to me. Although I was on the road to being a curmudgeon at the unripe age of thirty-one, I could sometimes show sympathy. "I thought he would like to come just once again to Karimpala. We often did when I was small." Yvonne Kittery traced a pattern with a finger on the rock. There was grace in any small action of hers, and there was a wonderful lulling softness in her speech, a hint of another language too. I had never heard a voice like that. "But daddy is too ill," she said. "And I think he remembers my mother too much here. I was wrong as usual, thinking of myself."

"Never mind," I said, with a thought about death as companion to her youth. It was unfair—that was the word for it.

I thought she might say more, but she changed the subject back to tigers, or escaped the subject back to tigers. I did not know. "But why come here?" she said. "The man-eater isn't at Karimpala."

"There have been four kills to the east," I said, "and five to the west, and two in the foothills to the north—and all within twelve miles of one another.

A lame tiger was driven off a woman's body.

A lame tiger has been seen in the Karimpala jungle. It adds up."

"Many tigers are lame," she said. "I don't see it adding up at all." And then she said, with an edge of mockery or disparagement, "Do you kill tigers for fun or for the thrill of it or what?"

"I shoot man-eaters because they have to be destroyed," I said. "Would you quarrel with that?"

"No," she said. "But I would expect that the Nimrod gratifies his ego."

"I can think of easier and pleasanter ways to gratify the Nimrod's ego." Which

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demon was true—for taking on man-eaters is a dangerous, often a disgusting business. But was it altogether true? Did I not, in fact, work off my grudge against myself, my dissatisfaction with myself? Had the thing not become an obsession to be soothed in danger until it grew to nag again? "You should try it," I said, which was a childish petulance to a girl of twenty-one or -two.

"Thanks very much," she said. "But I don't enjoy slaughtering things." She stood then quickly and dived, and I watched her swim away across the pool at Karimpala, the lazy flutter of the legs, the long arms scything, fair hair trailing, to turn at the other end. She came back and stood waist-deep below me. "I'm sorry I was rude," she said. "I'm in such a muddle about everything." She laughed up at me and perhaps at herself. How disarming, how charming to see carefree youth in her face; but the haunt of unhappiness returned.

It disturbed me, and I went swimming breast stroke. Then I floated on my back. It was that last hour of the Indian day, when the light is kindly and green parakeets fly in to roost. I watched them passing overhead, and then I climbed out of the pool to let the late sun dry me off. Her face was tilted to the hurtling, crying parakeets, and she was smiling.

But now I heard a high hubbub of voices, and the deeper voice of Fazl Haq. I listened a short time, a few seconds, enough to know the detail of the news that those frenetic voices had already told me. "A boy has been killed," I said to Yvonne Kittery, who had said that the killing of man-eaters gratified my Nimrod's ego; but she did not know the price I paid,

the fear I felt, the dread excitement once again.

"At a village three miles west," I said. "I must hurry."

"I told you it wasn't at Karimpala."

"You don't know what you're talking about," I said irritably. But as I ran I wondered why this girl was so concerned to deny that the man-eater used the deep jungle of Karimpala as a base from which to conduct operations. The thing was obvious. One glance at the *X*'s of death marked on a map was enough to tell a knowledgeable person. But she denied the possibility. It was peculiar.

That night I sat in the crotch of a tree above the remains of a small boy's body. I sat alone through the setting of the moon, with the dark life of the jungle all that night. But the tiger did not come. The people of the village came soon after sunrise, beating drums. They would burn what was left of the tiger's kill. I went back to Karimpala to sleep a few hours through the heat of day, and then to plan further against the brute. Do you remember Emerson?

If the red slayer think he slays
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

That inscrutable verse was with me in the forest, snatches of it with me in my sleep; and once I heard her say it in her wonderful soft voice. I could have sworn that Yvonne said it all to me, awake now on my charpoy on the veranda at Karimpala. But she was not there in the shadows in the moonlit night.

Three days passed, and the tiger did not kill again. "Sahib!" said old Fazl Haq, who had been my father's bearer. There has been a soldier Hill or a planter Hill or an administrator Hill in India since Company times, two hundred years. And now India was free, yet still mine to possess and be possessed by—the same testy love affair for me as for those others, dead and buried. "Sahib!" the inevitable preliminary to his pleading with me about this obsession—Kill the tiger or be killed! It had grown stronger in my solitary years, but now at Karimpala with the girl, her sick father, I was possessed.

"Do shut up, Fazl," I said in English. He went away muttering, and I sat alone until I heard a few light steps on the veranda, the scuff of a chair on concrete. To go or not to go? But of course to go, as the moth goes to the lamp. I took a long thin drink of whisky in my hand. "Hullo," I said.

"Oh, hi," she said. She wore a blouse, a man's trousers of khaki drill. She had a figure to look well in any gunny sack or anything at all or next to nothing in a bathing suit. Her hair was straight from swimming and brushed to glisten in the moon, which was three nights stronger than on the night I spent up a tree. "It's a lovely night," she said quietly to me.

"All the March nights are lovely," I said. Sometimes we were polite together; a few times we laughed together. We talked off and on, as preoccupied people will. But her real thoughts were closed to me. I saw her at breakfast when I came back from the jungle. Most of the day she was with her father, to whom her devotion was true and touching. She swam in the afternoons. We met for this hour after dinner on the nights that I was in camp.

But one evening just before dusk I met her on the watercourse that ran down from the foothills. I came on her round an island of the dry river bed, alone and unarmed in man-eater country. My nerves were none too steely, and I lost my temper, called her a little idiot—at which she told me to mind my own damned business. It was a hot exchange; but when I threatened that either she stayed within the maharaja's fence or I would speak to her father, she yielded angrily and resentfully at once. She had a blind, unreasoning bug about killing things—hence a strong dislike for that aspect of me. But she did not seem to dislike being with me. As for myself, after four days I was baffled by her and entranced by her. The tiger, the girl—my two unknowns. Life was a slightly blissful and hellish confusion, if you know what I mean.

"Any developments?" she asked, still looking at me, and then turning to the jungle in the moon.

"It's four nights since the boy was killed," I said. "We ought to get a kill tonight if the tiger is here again—and I think it is. I have eight young buffaloes tied up, the easiest kills extant."

"Poor young buffaloes," she said. "So cruel."

I began to speak, but she broke in, "Don't bother to tell me about being cruel to be kind, the greater good, the end justifies, and so on. The man-eater isn't at Karimpala. So you will kill the wrong tiger. But that will be fun for you anyway."

"If you would confine yourself to expressing opinions about such small things as you know about," I said, "you would do better and perhaps be less insulting."

That silenced her. Now a brain-fever bird was calling in the garden of the bungalow at Karimpala. It called for heat—more heat tomorrow and the next

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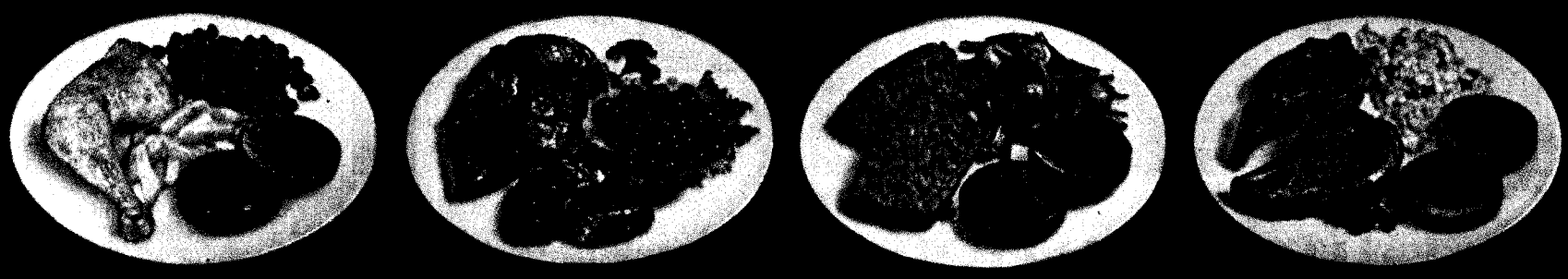

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demon day, into April, into May forever, mounting every night. I listened to it. She listened to it. One cannot but listen to the brain-fever bird.

"You're going to die," she said. "You're going to die, up and up and on and on to stop and die." She shivered.

She had lost her mother, would lose her father. "You're going to die" are the European words to that song or call. But about whose death did Yvonne shiver? "Shall I get you a drink?" I said.

"I would love one, Peter."

I brought that for her, and her hand touched mine as she took the glass. Her cool supple hand enclosed the glass above my hand for a few seconds, until she pulled at the glass, and I let go. "A tug of war," she said to me after the first touch of our hands. But her smile was gone. "Oh, dear," she said, "things are so muddled." The brain-fever bird was calling.

"'*Pee-kahan?*' they say in Hindustani. 'Where is my love?' are their words for the brain-fever bird."

"I didn't know," she said. "Where is my love? That's rather nice. And your love is waiting in the jungle to be killed."

She had been so gentle and now she needled me again in that most gentle voice. Why? "I would like to be with you away from here," I said. "I would like to hear you talk all night, on deck in the Indian Ocean. Yes, I think so." Thus I told her. "And no damned tigers," I said. I sat on alone, listening to the murmur in her father's room; and then Yvonne's voice. "All right, daddy," she said along there. "I promised, didn't I? Good night then, darling."

She came back to stand, profiled against the jungle in the moon. The brain-fever bird was having a rest. Brain-fever started up again. "That blasted bird," she said.

"India," I said.

"Yes," Yvonne said. "And sometimes I hate it. Good night, Peter Hill."

I was a long time finding sleep—"Good night, Peter Hill," and, "If the red slayer think he slays," and things I could wish her to say to me. But she had not said them. "Your love is waiting in the jungle to be killed," she had said to me. And, "They know not well the subtle ways I keep, and pass, and turn again." "Good night, Peter Hill."

The tiger did not kill a buffalo that night, but it left tracks in the Karimpala jungle. Now I was sure. I was going to tell Yvonne at breakfast, but did not quite dare—Peter Hill being the enemy that morning.

I made up an hour's sleep after lunch and then was awake to see her walking to the swimming pool. I watched her go—as some Peeping Tom, or as some tiger lurks—to follow to share the pool for half an hour before going to the jungle again. But Kittery's bearer brought the salaams of the Sahib, and I went to see him.

Martin Kittery had the look of death—the pinch, the resignation. Each morning he walked to the gate and back and managed a slice of toast, a mouthful of egg, nauseated by the drugs that eased his pain. He was a stout chap, Martin Kittery.

Now he sat in bed, the punkah creaking back and forth. He told me a story. It was a strange story, I suppose, although there have been many like it, many stranger stories of India and Africa, of all our world.

"You are sure?" he said.

"No doubt now at all," I said. "I took a plaster-of-Paris cast of the off fore pug in mud where that boy was killed the other day. I took another cast in mud this morning at a water hole in the Karimpala forest. It is as good evidence as a human thumb print. What do you fear?"

"Has Yvonne been into the jungle? She promised me not to go, but I see in her face —— Has she, Peter, do you know?"

"Not to my knowledge," I lied, to spare him. "Go on, sir."

"She is brooding. I see a secret something haunt her—her mother gone, me on my way. A reaching back? An expiation or a longing, I don't know. I know nothing of humanity—and least of the depths of Yvonne, her mother's daughter. A horror of killing, too much thought of death?" He paused. They had given him six months, and soon he would sail home to England. "I am afraid," he said. "I am afraid of what might happen if it should transpire that the man-eater of Karimpala is Sher Bahadur, her mother's

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RECIPE

***POTATO SOUFFLÉ**

1 cup milk
¼ cup (½ stick) Blue Bonnet Margarine
3 cups mashed potatoes
½ cup grated American cheese
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon dry mustard
2 egg yolks
2 egg whites

Beat milk and Blue Bonnet Margarine together in a saucepan. Stir in mashed potatoes; beat until light and fluffy. Beat in American cheese, salt, and dry mustard. Beat egg yolks until thick and light. Fold into potato mixture. Beat egg whites until stiff. Fold into potato mixture. Turn mixture into a greased 1½ quart casserole. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) about 45 to 50 minutes. Serve immediately. Makes about 6 to 8 servings.

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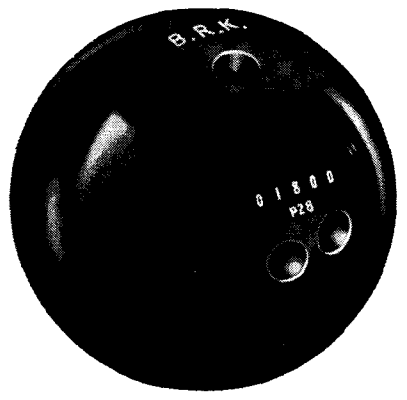

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demon pet tiger cub. I am afraid of what may happen when you kill that animal, as kill it you must. Watch her, Peter! Help us."

"I will try, sir," I said. "If she trusted me more and disliked me less, it might be easier."

He smiled. "My dear boy," he said. "That she trusts you against her wishes may be at least part of her troubles. That she dislikes what you are here to do is another part. That a woman is provoked more by her likes than her dislikes might be another part."

"I must go," I said, itching more than ever to go back up there.

"Peter," he said. "Forgive me for preaching and indulging in self-pity—but if I had your youth and strength again, I would be thinking of the joy of life. Then what would I have to take out on tigers?"

"Thank you, sir," I said and left him. I was ashamed. Here at Karimpala I had found at last the painful joy of life. But here at Karimpala, which she had called the loveliest place in west Bengal, the tiger—her tiger?—waited for me.

We sat until eleven, the moon nearly full, that bird in the garden. To be a really provoking, cruel man, I thought of suggesting that I fetch my little gun and rid us of that blasted bird. She needed to be needled, have her leg pulled, just as much as I did. But no, I was the cunning lover boy. I made her talk about herself, a lullaby to which I listened, offering cues to more delight. "And music, Yvonne? Tell me what you like." She liked Sibelius and hotcha stuff. She liked Groucho and the ballet. She had been madly in love with a ski instructor at Mont Tremblant. Her mother was a French Canadian, and Yvonne had gone to school in Canada, had lived at her grandfather's south-shore seigneury by the St. Lawrence. Bears, moose and deer? Well of course. She liked Christ's teaching, but ought to be a Buddhist, really. She talked on, and I listened. "I wish you were always so restful as this," she said to me. Yes, I seemed restful, listening to her. But I was plotting. Soon now I would woo her to the subject, to pour her troubled heart out, to tell me.

But a sound shocked the jungle into silence, shocked the brain-fever bird. Her head turned instantly. Her head turned always to the smallest jungle sounds. But this was no small sound. A tiger had coughed, a short deep *wooff*. The noise filled the jungle and was gone.

"One of my buffaloes, I suppose," I said. "I should have sat up." I had stayed in camp tonight for the duty, the pleasure, the excuse of keeping an eye on Yvonne. Besides, it is usually a waste of time to hunt the needle in the haystack. Wait until the tiger-needle has been drawn to the magnet of a kill. And even then the chance of a man-eater's coming back is small. Familiarity breeds contempt, yet an inordinate wariness. "I should have sat up tonight," I said again.

"Sat up to shoot the wrong one," came the gramophone record in the golden voice.

"There is always that chance," I said warily. "But the only tracks I have seen at Karimpala belong to a lame tiger. And now I have positive proof. Let me show you my plaster casts." This was what I had planned to do when I had won her sympathy; but the mood was shattered. There was some talk in the jungle now again—a cheetah called alarm. The brain-fever bird was at it: "You're going to die. Who's going to die? Where is my love? Where is the frenzy of my love?"

"Let me show you," I said.

"No!" she cried at me. "No, no, no!" She went into her room.

I lay awake. There is a time when the coolness comes on a night in March, and you lean forward for the folded blanket. That time came, but I did not sleep. The moon dipped round to make a flimsy room of my mosquito net. I feared to sleep. I watched the wise or foolish moon until I shut my eyes against it, then I dozed.

I heard a sound. It was a soft metallic shutting of the gate. I broke my scorpion rules and ran barefooted round the veranda to her room—she slept inside. But the mosquito net was not tucked in, and Yvonne's bed was empty.

I walked up the middle of the watercourse. It was not as light as day, but here on the dry white sand of the river bed it was light enough to see the smudged imprint of a woman's shoe. Should I call—and call the tiger too? Should I call, "Yvonne! Where are you? Get up a tree at once"? But the tiger might hear me, and she might not. Or she might hear me and hide from her pursuer, her pursuers.

So I went silently up the middle. It was wide here—twenty yards to either bank, open ground behind my sensitive back, bare sand and stones to a bend ahead. I walked up the moonland of the watercourse. When the first man walks the moonlands of the moon, he may walk in such a place; but a dead place, not a place where life and love are quarry—that is, unless man takes his warring madness to the moon.

I came to the narrow bend in the dry river's course. On my right was a rock, head-high. Round that and beyond it the first of my young buffaloes was tied up. If the tiger had killed this buffalo for easy meat—"If the red slayer think he slays . . ."

Ahead was a wooded island between two channels. On the left the bank was undercut, above it scrub growth, and in that, one large tree, a banyan, monster of flying root and twisting vine. I paused. Nothing moved at all. There was no sound. I could see no tracks. I had the feeling, the foreboding, certainty and essence. Here was my time again, I knew. There had been other such times; but then I had not glimpsed the prize of life to make life precious. I must go round that rock, and there the tiger would be waiting.

I kept close to it, my double-barreled rifle in both hands, muzzles to the left. I went on round the rock. Round and round the rugged rock, the moon-mad rascal . . .

"Behind you, Peter!" I had heard nothing before that high wild cry. But now as I swung, the tiger coughed, and my world was blasted in the sound, the hate, the charging tiger. I fell back as I turned. The shot went off. The rifle was torn from me. I saw the rifle fly and the lame tiger gallop. I heard the bullet ricochet, whine harmlessly away above the Karimpala forest.

Then I was on the rock, my lowly citadel. The tiger—where was the tiger? "Where are you?" I said, and the tiger snarled from the wooded island in the river bed.

"I'm here," said Yvonne Kittery, and the tiger snarled. A night breeze stirred the leaves of the banyan tree, whence her voice had come. My sweat was colder in the breeze. The moonlight gleamed a

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little on my gun, one barrel loaded at the moment. The rifle lay on sand—undamaged, was my guess—in the middle of a roughly equilateral triangle: Yvonne, tiger, me. She was fairly safe, and the tiger was entirely safe, and I was pinned at the tiger's pleasure. It could stand on hind legs and use a good paw to swipe me off. The young buffalo was still alive, straining against its tether, terrified. So cruel to tie them up for slaughter bait!

"Oh, Sher Bahadur!" she called softly, and the tiger growled. "Oh, Sher Bahadur, listen to me! Listen to my voice, Brave Tiger!"

"You know, Peter," Martin Kittery had told me, "Louise, my wife, had an astounding power with animals, with any animals. It was her voice, I think, and something more—a sympathy; or 'empathy' might be a better word. One person in a thousand or a million has it.

"Sher Bahadur was nearly three quarters grown, perfectly docile, half giant puppy, giant kitten. But our people in the garden were scared stiff of him. In the end I said he had to go, because there always must come the blooding time. The Calcutta zoo? Louise would rather have had him shot, she said, and such an idea was unbearable to her. And so, flatly against my wishes, she went to the maharaja—she was willful and wonderful, just like Yvonne.

"We brought him secretly in the tea-garden lorry. I remember her talking to him all the way. I can see her and young Yvonne walk with Sher Bahadur up that watercourse in the afternoon to say goodby. But it was not quite adieu, I think, because in the first years afterward, when we came here, Louise would go alone into the jungle. I never asked her, and she did not tell me. Yvonne was away in Canada almost all those years until she lost her mother."

"How many years ago did you bring the tiger to Karimpala?" I asked this man of fortitude.

"Let me see," he said. "Yvonne was eight—yes, fourteen years ago."

Now the tiger would be fifteen or so—but a tiger's life span is thirty years.

Yvonne was talking. She talked as lovers talk when lovers are at peace between the fevers that are also love. I moved on my rock. The tiger growled.

"Be quiet, Sher Bahadur," Yvonne said. "Now listen to me." She talked on, the soothing benefaction of that voice, her mother's voice. "Do you remember how she used to tell you stories of a tiger lying in the sun, the sun so warm, the snow so cold to make a tiger's fur grow thick? Do you remember, Sher Bahadur?

"Do you remember the one about a tiger floating down a river by canoe? Do you remember tiger boy meets girl?" The jungle was quiet, only moonlit madness, Yvonne talking in the jungle. And now another sound. The tiger was puffing through its lips, bubbling puffs of tiger pleasure, friendship. "Sher Bahadur, you keep still. When I move, keep still. . . . Remember, Peter, keep quite still." Her voice had not changed from the flowing, soothing rhythm of a lazy river, tiger by canoe downriver.

The tiger still puffed pleasure through its lips, and Yvonne climbed slowly down. She was talking now of snow again, of cool delicious snow where tigers came from long ago. She talked of that here in the sandy watercourse where snow would never lie so long as men and tigers lived; and the tiger bubbled pleasure out of sight, and Yvonne strolled across the sand and bent for the rifle, talking still, a few yards from that puffing sound of tiger happy, a man-killer lulled to peace. She strolled on down to me, as lovely as a lovely girl alone with smiling thoughts in Bond Street, still telling tiger stories in her mother's voice—soft, limpid and beguiling. But the tiger puffed no more.

I saw a stirring, bunching in undergrowth. "Now run!" I commanded Yvonne, and she ran. I bent down for the barrels, grasped them. I shot the lame tiger between the eyes, and it thudded to thrash against the rock below me. I do so many things so badly, and I always will, but I was a damned good shot in my shooting days. I put in two more shells for the *coups de grâce* that were not necessary. I looked at the body of Sher Bahadur. There was an old wound in the elbow of the off foreleg. Had that turned him to hunt men? Or had it been the softness, kindness, a gentle voice from long ago? Never pamper the bull calf, lest it grow to be the killer bull.

Her father had not asked her mother whether she talked to Sher Bahadur in the Karimpala jungle in the after years. I did not ask Yvonne what had brought her here. I thought I knew, insofar as a man may understand the maelstrom of such things.

I laid my rifle down and comforted my love, and soon we kissed with passion in the moonland of the watercourse at Karimpala, for love is warmed by danger done.

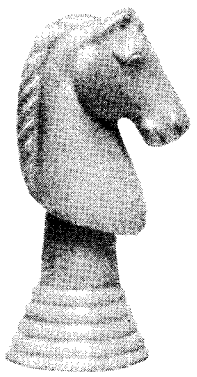
Then, being Yvonne, she insisted that we collect my eight young water buffaloes from here and there about Karimpala. And that we did, and the poor creatures of man's whim followed us quite skittishly to live another while.

The buffaloes browsed at the gate. We walked up the garden where the brain-fever bird was calling. "You're going to die," it called for some of us, for all of us sometime. "Where is my love?" it called for all of us. "Here is my love," it called for those of us so blessed.

We went hand in hand to the bungalow where Fazl Haq was waiting. The old man smiled. He raised his hand in a kind of blessing and said to me, "Now the Sahib will learn a father's wisdom."

We swam in the pool as the moon went down. It is a lovely place, that Karimpala, yours or mine. THE END

what is OREGON'S DILEMMA ? next week in the POST



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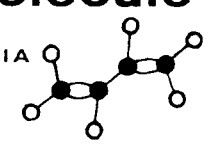

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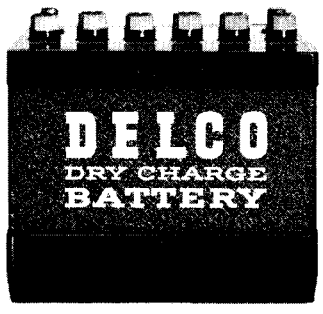

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HIJACK

NOW THE HIGHWAY KILLERS HAD A HOSTAGE—YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL AND FEMALE. BY WILLIAM L. WORDEN

On the Alaska Highway a truck carrying $643,000 in gold from Fairbanks to Seattle disappeared. When Seattle trucking operator Bruce Colvin arrived at Canadian Mounted Police headquarters in Fort Brucker, Constable McGregor took him to the side road where the truck had been found. Johnny Gill and Mike Orem, the drivers, were missing, and so was the gold; the cab was stained with blood. After Gill's body was discovered in a roadside ditch, Mike's fate remained unknown.

Colvin refused to consider the police suggestion that Mike was the thief and killer. Jeannie, a waitress at the Yukon Inn, where Mike and Johnny often stopped, didn't believe it either. Jeannie gave Colvin, who stayed overnight at the inn, a description of two men and a woman who had aroused her suspicions. After a police check revealed that the suspected trio had crossed the Alberta-United States border and that officials found no gold in their car, Colvin started on a new track. The hijackers would have to dispose of the stolen gold in Alaska, he explained to Constable McGregor, and would try to smuggle it across the Canadian border at Snag.

Conclusion

The engine of McGregor's station wagon growled outside and gravel spun from the rear wheels as he whipped south into the highway. Jeannie said to Colvin, "You'll stay here again tonight?"

"It's a long ride to Snag," Colvin said, "and I may be too late already. I'll make some miles tonight." As he turned his own sedan north, the headlamps polka-dotted with thousands of bugs they attracted, Jeannie stood in the inn doorway, watching after him. After that he saw nothing but the gloomy tunnel of light in the roadway. An unconcerned porcupine presently waddled across it. There was an occasional funnel of light as some southbound car passed in the dust.

Three hours beyond the Yukon Inn Colvin rattled across a bridge, then braked at the thin light announcing another restaurant, a mean place, by the look of it, and with an overloaded generator. The lights of his car outlined a cream-colored Cadillac as he turned into a parking area. The Cadillac sat heavily on its rear springs, and the tonneau was piled high with miscellaneous suitcases, fishing gear and heavy clothing. One window was broken.

Colvin parked beside it and walked toward the restaurant. Then an idea struck him and he turned around, fishing for a flashlight in the pocket of his jacket. Without looking around, he dropped on one knee by the rear bumper, scrunching down until he could see the underside of the gasoline tank and part of the rear springs, illuminated by the flashlight beam. A rubber mat obscured part of the gas tank, but nothing else was unusual.

Above him a masculine voice said, "Real purty, ain't it?"

Colvin twisted to see two large feet firmly planted. Rising he said, "Sorry, I was just looking to see ——"

"That," said the voice, "is what some guy was doin' last night, when he busted my window and took off with half my gear."

Colvin saw a heavy face, a match for the feet, and two ham fists ready for action.

"Buster," said the man, "you picked the wrong Caddy to be curious about. We just don't like it one little bit."

Colvin saw a fist coming, dodged awkwardly but enough, swung half away, and saw only a bit of a second man, his right arm chopping down. Then something hit him over the ear, and nothing else mattered for a long time.

When he awoke the situation was classic: a pail of icy water thrown over his head, a half-grown Indian boy, ready to throw more water or run as the situation might demand, standing at a safe distance. Behind the boy a woman said, "Is he drunk?"

"Can't tell yet," said the boy. "Now we see."

Colvin sat up, his head screeching with the effort. For a long minute nobody said anything more. Finally Colvin felt alive enough to stand, touched his head above the ear and brought his hand down with blood on the fingers.

"Somebody slug him, I think," said the boy.

The woman said, "That tough pair in the Cadillac?"

Colvin said, "I didn't have time for a good look, but they drove a Cadillac. You know any more?"

Slowly the boy replied. "I know," he said, "they was no stinking good. My sister, she waits on table, and it was not nice. They had a red Yankee license, mister—white letters on a red background. Two guys, one with a scar on his mouth." He turned a flashlight on Colvin's temple. "He hit you with a pistol, no? The Mounties might like to know. We have the telephone."

On the line—never clear but always clear enough to bring Winn's voice through in a manner to make Colvin want to salute—Colvin reported what he knew. "This may not mean a thing," he admitted, "but I'll swear out an assault warrant if you need a reason to hold them."

Winn said, "So what were you snooping for under their car?"

Now Colvin was more sure than he had been. "I don't think any truck or airplane could get across the border with twelve hundred pounds of gold. Your people are too curious about either of them. I don't think the thief could move the stuff in an ordinary automobile without a telltale sag in the rear end. I was looking for overload springs. Somewhere there's a car that could carry twelve hundred pounds of extra weight without showing it."

"I warned you," Winn said, "not to do a solo. Now you have one bump ——"

"Tell your people," said Colvin, "to look for overload springs. So will I." He replaced the telephone receiver and ignored the angry buzzing of the crank machine.

The Indian boy had coffee ready when he turned around. "By rumor," he said, "I have heard about a man looking for the people who killed Big Mike Orem, from the C-A truck. You might be this man?"

Colvin said, "I might be."

"If you had somebody with you," said the boy, "somebody small, I think it would be easier to look for the car with heavy springs. Somebody like me, who sometimes can move without being noticed. This is a thing I understand."

For Colvin probability was a remembered thing, but no more. His head throbbing savagely he said, "This is an offer?"

"My name," said the boy, "is Jim O'Brien. I am sixteen, but not big for my age. This Mike was very kind to me. I will be ready."

Colvin hoped there was more coffee, and there was, brought by the woman. When he looked at her, she nodded. "If my boy can help ——"

The sedan charged north. At dawn Jim O'Brien touched Colvin's sleeve. He said,

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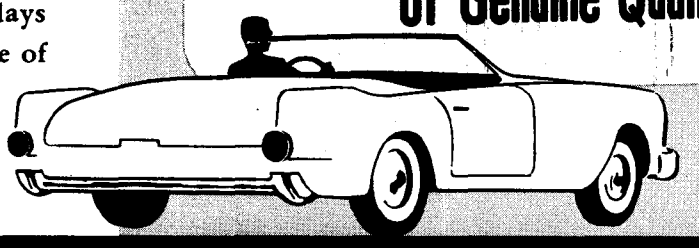

THE N·A·P·A "PARADE OF PARTS" SERVES REPAIRMEN EVERYWHERE THROUGH 3,000

HIJACK

"There is a little motel off to the left."

They made a turn, followed a lane and parked the car in front of a restaurant. Jim slipped off toward half a dozen autos parked in front of the motel cabins while Colvin went inside the restaurant, separating a sleepy cook from his comic book. By the time the cook had scrambled eggs ready, a small figure slipped onto the stool at Colvin's side, but shook his head in a negative. Colvin said, "Another order of the scrambled, please."

So they progressed up the highway. Once Jim broke a long silence. "Mr. Colvin," he said, "one thing I do not understand: it is now Saturday, and the gold has been gone since Tuesday night. Why do you think this has not already crossed the border on a heavy-springed car?"

Tired as he was, Colvin admired the boy's intelligence as well as his proven ability to look under large numbers of automobiles in a short time. Now, he was grateful for the excuse to organize his own thinking. He said, "I don't know this, Jim, but I'm trying to think like a thief and a killer. If one set of people—perhaps those in the blue Dodge—killed Johnny and Mike, but later turned the gold over to another part of their gang, then a couple of things make sense.

"The killers could high-tail out of the country and likely would do so because they'd know we haven't a thing really to connect them with the crime. They'd throw away their guns and they have no loot. But every day they spent in the country would increase the danger of something going wrong, somebody recognizing them as known thugs, some other part of their gang or the police pointing a finger at them. So if I were one of those murdering devils, I'd get out as fast as I could. And I think that's what they did.

"But for the part of the gang which has the gold the situation is exactly reversed. Forty-two gold bars are almost impossible to find in this big country. They could be cached, buried or just riding around in an innocent-looking car. The thieves

couldn't hope to get them across the border before the crime was discovered,

and for a few days afterward the customs people would be sure to be watching every vehicle, conducting a real shakedown. But that can't last and the thieves know it."

Jim nodded. "Even the police finally grow weary."

"So if I were a thief with the gold in my possession," Colvin said, "I would have gone fishing for a few days—as long as I could."

The boy said, "This could be months?"

"I don't think so. Too many in that gang—the killers, the people with the gold, their tipster in Fairbanks, somebody who owns a mine or a smelter. None of them really trusts the others. No, they can't wait for months. Just a few days."

The sedan was tiring now, with a second "star" in its windshield and one headlamp cracked by a rock. Colvin pulled into a service station, where the attendant clucked at the abuse of a virtually new automobile. Colvin went inside and once again renewed his wrestling match with a long-line telephone. But this time the operator was glad to hear his voice. "Somebody at the Yukon Inn," she said, "has been trying to find you all day. I'll put you through to them first."

Presently Jeannie's light voice came on. "You wanted to know about strangers hanging around," she said, "and I found out about a fellow. All alone. He checked in at Penington Junction last weekend. I called a friend of mine who works in the hotel there."

Colvin said, "Any details?"

"Not many. He had a Chrysler sedan, black, and she thinks there were Washington license plates. Thin fellow, about forty. He's been doing some fishing and catching some fish, but there's a funny thing: he bought a lot of groceries at the store, more than he'd have any reason to eat for lunches."

Colvin said, "Is he still there?"

There was a pause before the girl replied. "No. He checked out yesterday—said he was going home to Spokane."

Colvin said, "It doesn't sound like much, Jeannie. Maybe he did go home."

"Perhaps—but there's one more thing: Mike Orem's sister has been staying at the same place, but nobody's seen her since this fellow, Fred Smith, left. Her bed wasn't used last night."

Colvin said, "Nancy." Then his voice could do no more for a while. When at last the tightness in his throat relaxed, he said, "Jeannie, have you told the police about this?"

Again her answer was slow. "No," she said. "Not yet, Mr. Colvin."

"Don't, just yet. I need time to think."

She said, "I know what you mean." Then the telephone connection was broken, and there was only a humming on the wire.

For the fourth time since the day before, Nancy Orem walked from the Penington Inn to the general store and post office which did most of the business in the village. Helplessness rode her shoulders. As it had been since an hour after her arrival in the village, the village was watching her—or so she felt. There were eyes behind curtains in the small houses, dark and expressionless Indian eyes under ancient felt hats, the colorless eyes of crones and the beady, curious eyes of knowledgeable children. She thought, *They're waiting. Not hating, not helping, just waiting. They all know, and they're waiting.*

And so it was with the storekeeper, despite his courtesy. He said, "Looking for Constable McGregor? He's due to come through here about now, but I haven't seen him yet."

So Nancy, too, waited, watching from the soiled show window until at last she saw the constable's station wagon slowing to a stop on its daily southbound run. McGregor met her on the board

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HIJACK sidewalk, but his attempt to smile was a failure. "I wish I could tell you something more, Miss Orem," he said, "but there isn't a real development—not since we found Gill's body."

She said, "If there only were something I could do."

Nancy was sure the constable meant to be kind. He said, "There are a dozen officers on this case now, miss—more than we've had on any job in years. It's not for me to say, but I wonder if you wouldn't be more calm at home?" He paused. "Mr. Colvin's up to the north now."

She said, "Thank you, Mr. McGregor, but I can't leave."

"No, I suppose not. So you'll just have to be patient. Sooner or later, we'll find something."

The walk back to the inn was endless, and in preoccupation she nearly walked into the side of a sedan parked in front of the steps. Recovering, she tried to smile at the thin man sitting in it, but he only watched her with lackluster eyes, his expression blank. He still was watching, however, as she climbed the inn steps. Feeling herself on the verge of useless, complicating tears, she kept climbing up the broad stairway to her own room on the second floor. She was across the room, staring sightlessly back at a blank wall and a door, when she finally saw an envelope on the floor, as if it had been shoved under the door. Her name, in block capitals, was penciled on it; and more capitals straggled across the sheet of tablet paper inside. The note said: BROTHER NOT DEAD—YET. BE BEHIND IMPERIAL OIL STATION TEN O'CLOCK. HE DIES IF YOU TELL COPS.

Somehow she existed through the rest of the afternoon and the early evening until ten o'clock, when she stood behind the Imperial Oil station in the slight dusk which passed for night. A truck passed, then a black sedan, moving slowly. The sedan came back, and the thin man with the odd, dead eyes opened the right-hand door. He was trying to smile.

"This ain't no pickup," he said, "and it ain't no kidnaping.

You don't have to get in unless you want to, but I'm short on time."

She did not know how long she hesitated—only that presently the man's parody of a smile was beginning to fade, and he gradually was letting the sedan door swing shut again. Nancy slid into the seat beside him.

"I thought," he said, "you looked like a smart girl. Just call me Fred. Just use your brain, and you'll get your brother back."

For a long moment after Jeannie went off the line Colvin stood staring at the old telephone. Then he began the laborious process of calling Lieutenant Winn. Winn's disappointment that Colvin had nothing new to tell was reflected in his voice; but he finally admitted, "We've eliminated one lot of suspects anyway—those people in the cream-colored Cadillac, the ones who slugged you. They ran into one of our patrols on the Haines cutoff."

Colvin said, "No gold bars?"

"No, but they had an illegal pistol, as you suspected. My guess is they're wanted somewhere east or south, but no need to file an assault charge. We'll keep them on ice until we find the rest of their story, but they're already offering to prove they were in Edmonton Tuesday, so they can't be involved with this gold business. They're singing like canaries just to be sure we don't connect them with Gill's murder. Hitting you, they say, was just kind of an accident. I thought knowing this might make your headache a little better."

When Colvin returned to his car, Jim O'Brien already was there with a brown paper bag of sandwiches and a pasteboard container of coffee. "I thought," the boy said, "you might not want to stop any longer for a meal."

Colvin said, "Good idea. How much do I owe you?"

The boy grinned. "Nothing. The cook in the restaurant across the road is my cousin."

Colvin bit into a sandwich as he swung the car out into the highway, driving with one hand. Beside him, the boy also munched—and from the vigor with which he attacked the food, Colvin realized he had forgotten about appetites of sixteen-year-olds and about stopping for lunch. Finally he said, "I think we may have a lead, Jim. Keep an eye out for a black Chrysler sedan with Washington State license plates."

Immediately, the boy stopped eating, his expression suddenly stricken. "These Washington licenses," he said. "What color are they, please?"

"White letters on a green background—usually three letters and three numerals."

"At the restaurant," said the boy, "there was a large black sedan. I am not sure of the manufacturer, but I think the license was white on green."

Colvin slowed the car, but the boy shook his head. "They left," he said, "before my cousin had time to fix our sandwiches."

"They?"

"A man and a woman. I noticed because I would have checked for the heavy springs, but the man was sitting in the car in the light and I could not."

Colvin said, "Tell me exactly what happened."

"The automobile arrived from the south just as I was going around to the kitchen door. The lady ——"

"You saw her clearly? Describe her."

"She was," said Jim, "a small person, but lovely, like the women one sees in the moving pictures—hair as dark as mine—a quick-moving person. I admired as she left the car."

"She left the car, but the man stayed in it?"

"That is true. She went into the restaurant, ordering sandwiches which my cousin manufactured before he did the same for me."

"The man wasn't with her?"

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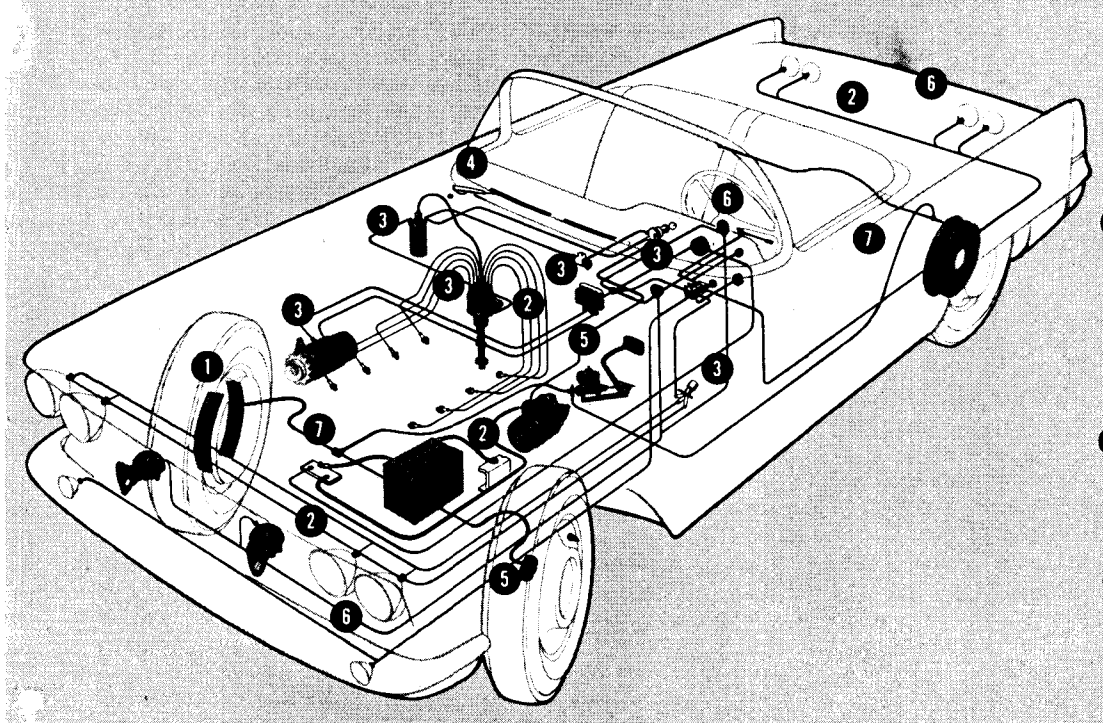

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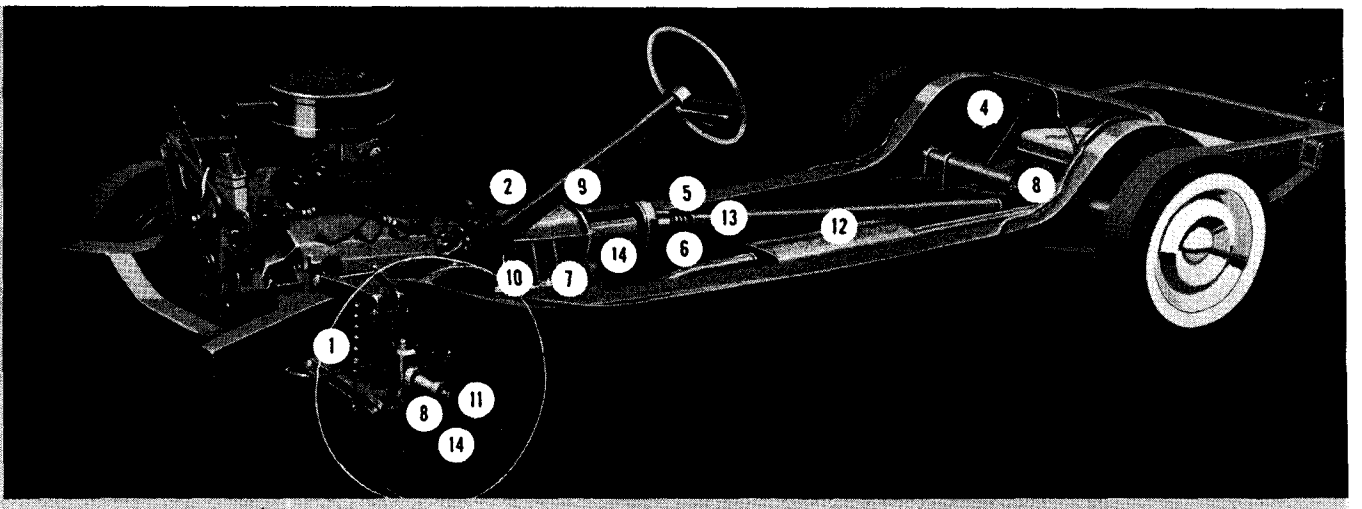

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HIJACK

"He remained throughout in the driving seat." Colvin said, "Who was in the restaurant?"

"Several truck drivers, and some from a mine crew."

"So there was plenty of help if she needed it?"

"They were large men and she was a lovely lady. They would have helped."

"Could you hear what she said?" Colvin asked.

"From the kitchen, yes. She said only the ham sandwiches, please, some coffee and cake. Nothing more. Then she returned to the automobile and they drove away. Afterward my cousin ——"

"She didn't appear frightened, and the man was nowhere near her in the restaurant?"

"As I have told you ——"

Colvin was sorry immediately. "I'm not doubting your word, Jim," he said, "but something is wrong."

He punched the throttle and the sedan ground ahead through the gravel, its engine whining.

Jim said, "We now will overtake this Chrysler?"

"We'll try. But if he has a half-hour start, it won't be easy—and perhaps not even smart. We'll play it by ear."

But when they reached Snag in the early morning, they had passed no black Chrysler. Customs Inspector Halloran volunteered no information, but did admit finally that no such vehicle had gone through toward Alaska all night long—or in the other direction either.

As Colvin stepped from the customs station, he paused a moment in the covered driveway, marked out by concrete posts, through which all international traffic must pass. In the large inspection parking lot only his own sedan and one disabled freight trailer sat. Nothing moved on the highway. Nor did anything move properly in his mind, now filled only with spinning images, none clear, none forming any pattern.

It was the boy who finally brought him out of the pointless reveries. Jim said, "The man in the Chrysler has not gone through? Then he is like the fox, doubling on his own trail."

Colvin agreed. "And I'm a poor hound," he said. "He pulled off somewhere in the bush and watched us go by. Maybe he guessed we were looking for him, maybe not. But he was sure to foul up any pursuers' schedule by doing that. This fellow's been on the run before."

"You think he will go back. try some other way across to Alaska?"

"No." Colvin was sure of this much. "There isn't any other practical route unless he cuts back to Whitehorse. If he did that, he'd be inviting trouble—from his own gang as well as the police. They'd be sure he was pulling a double cross. He'll try to come through here, but only when he thinks the time is ripe."

The boy frowned and then made up his mind. He said, "Mr. Colvin, I am a boy and should not say, but the police also want this man. Would it not be better if you talked to them? Perhaps together the chances would be better."

A thought which had nagged at Colvin for hours returned to him once more. He said, "Jim, I have to be positive. When you saw the woman—the pretty one—leaving the Chrysler at the restaurant, you are positive the man still was in the car? The woman could have called to several men to help her, but she did not call?"

Jim said, "Mr. Colvin, I do not lie."

On an impulse Colvin touched the boy's shoulder. "Of course not," he admitted. "Just don't mind me, Jim. It's only that something doesn't add."

The boy said,

"The police, sir? You have not answered."

"No police." Once again, and for one of the few times in a week, Colvin felt sure of himself.

The boy said, "It is that you think the woman might be helping this man, but still you do not wish the police perhaps to shoot at her?"

Slowly Colvin shook his head. "No," he said. "She isn't helping him. I don't understand some things, but I know that. Once in a while, Jim, you have to have faith, and this is a thing I know. She cannot be helping."

"I would not like to think so," the boy replied.

"The thing is, this fellow could be a killer. And the sight of one police officer at the wrong time could start him killing again. But he's only one, and I'm one too—a man he's never seen. That's even, at least."

The Indian boy's sudden grin showed very white teeth. "Not quite even," he said. "He is one. We are two."

Colvin said, "You stay out of this, hear? That's an order."

Jim said, "Then we will wait?"

"We will wait." Colvin backed his sedan alongside the abandoned transport trailer. Halloran came from the office and looked over at them briefly. Then there was no movement along the border except for the international flies, oblivious of flags, that gathered on the sedan windows, which they hoped would be opened, and waited like the men inside.

Colvin never knew how long the wait was, certainly not to be measured in minutes, but he couldn't keep track of the hours. A tourist sedan came from the Alaska side in a cloud of dust, then a rattling old truck with junk piled high, its ultimate destination beyond guessing in this remote spot. From the Canadian side another truck approached, pulled into the parking lot, sat there while the driver first brought Inspector Rath to peer under its tarpaulin, then headed for the office, trailing multiple legal forms from his limp hand. Next was a steaming coupé, a great awkward house trailer behind it, a plethora of small children spilling from car and trailer as their harried parents went about the official business of border crossing. Presently the huge family—Colvin thought, illogically, of lemmings heading toward a deadly ocean—was herded back aboard; the coupé's abused engine

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HIJACK coughed into life, and the cortege advanced toward Alaska. But the truck remained.

Never afterward could Colvin remember exactly when he identified the next vehicle. Somewhere between the distant sound of an engine, the appearance of a black snout and the quick application of brakes beside the customs house—somewhere in one of those intervals his own lethargy fell away. He was out of the sedan, moving fast but carefully in the protection of the stopped truck.

Then he was in the open. Ten feet ahead of him a couple moved toward the building. The man, tall, oddly pale, quite thin, walked with his hands in the pockets of his jacket. Clinging firmly to his left arm Nancy Orem walked beside him from the black Chrysler with the Washington license plates.

Colvin moved closer by another half dozen feet before his shoes crunched too loudly on the gravel. Nancy turned, her face horrified, her words tumbling out. She called, "No, Bruce! It's all right!"

But he was watching the man. And the man's right hand was tugging at something in his pocket. Colvin hit him over the heart. Staggering back, the man nevertheless got his pistol out. Quite deliberately—Colvin was off balance and could not prevent it—the pistol was aimed.

From somewhere a small, compact ball arrived. Hands and feet flipped from it, but it was nonetheless a human bowling ball. Neatly and with dispatch Jim O'Brien clipped the stranger at the back of the knees, his 100 pounds made lethal by his speed. The pistol coughed harmlessly into the air as the man went over backward. With precision Colvin gave him the boots—to the face, then to each forearm. The pistol skittered free in dust and gravel.

Only then did Colvin look up. McGregor was there, Halloran and Rath were there, and two other inspectors were running from the station. And quite inexplicably a very large blond youth with a bandage on his head also was there, lifting the stranger,

clubbing him twice across the face.

McGregor's voice was taut and commanding. He said, "Hold it, Mike! Don't kill him before he talks. Hold it, I said!"

Like a child dropping a rag doll, Mike Orem let go of the limp stranger. Then he held out his arms to his sister.

With McGregor beside him Colvin turned toward the black sedan. The trunk had only a few tools in it, and nothing unusual was inside the car. But when they lifted the rear seat, McGregor suddenly sighed. Forty-two gold bars, looking like elongated loaves of bread packed by a careless bakery, were neatly stacked under the cushion where the seat springs should have been.

For the first time McGregor smiled widely. "Man," he said, "that takes a load off my mind. The stuff just had to be there. The lieutenant would have skinned me alive if it hadn't been."

In the customs office the thin man still wiped blood from his broken mouth; but he was able to talk, and did. He said, "I didn't kill anybody, and I ain't gonna take that rap. That damn stupid dame of Rocky Mancino's—she did the first shooting. They was only supposed to hijack the rig and take the drivers ——"

Mike Orem said, "I was in the sleeper, Bruce. There was a car in the road and this woman with a fire extinguisher. Johnny hit the brakes. Then this blond dame was alongside, climbing up in the cab. She let Johnny have it with never a chance. I came out the side, and something exploded. That's all I know."

McGregor said, "All right, Smith, or whatever your name is—what happened?"

The thin man said, "All I know is what they told me. Rocky shot this guy." He pointed to Mike. "He went down in the road and they thought he was dead. Willie Comas got in the rig and drove it off, leaving Rocky and his dame with the two drivers in the road. A car was coming from the north, so they just had time to shove them off the road into the ditch. Then they took off themselves in the Dodge. The first I see of them is at the hot springs, where we move the stuff out of the van into this heap of mine. Both the guys are mad at the dame for starting the shooting, and Rocky bats her around some." He coughed blood.

Casually McGregor was forming a heavy cord into an intricate pattern. Then he held it up, equally as casually, for the thin man to see: a hangman's knot dangling from his fingers. He said, "Go on, Mr. Smith. I don't think you can afford to stop now."

"I'm not about to stop. Those jerks ——" The thin man coughed again. "I did just what I was supposed to do, coming from the hot springs north like we'd planned, back past the spot where they'd pulled the heist. Only when I get there, what do I see—this big blond guy, all blood around the head, walking down the center of the road." He paused again thoughtfully. "He wasn't doing so good, but navigating. Geez, I can't just leave him there. Somebody'll pick him up, sure, and every bull in Canada will be on our trail in an hour.

"I could have hit him with the car and finished the job, but I tell you I ain't never done no killing. So I pick up this big lug. It ain't hard. He thinks I'm a pal, and by the time he knows different, I got handcuffs on his ankles and wrists. The way we'd planned it, Rocky was gonna keep both these guys up at a cabin we'd found until some of the heat's off and the gold's over the border—or anyway, that's what he told me. So I've got the handcuffs and stuff all ready to handle them. And after a while I think: there's been a killing, and if anything else goes wrong, I'm a dead man. I can't get out of Canada until the heat's cooled. I don't dare leave the gold where somebody might find it, but so long as I've got one guy to bargain with ——"

McGregor dangled his grisly rope handiwork in front of Smith's face once more. He said, "Talk some more, dead man."

Smith's battered eyes were white around the edges. "I got this guy's driver's license

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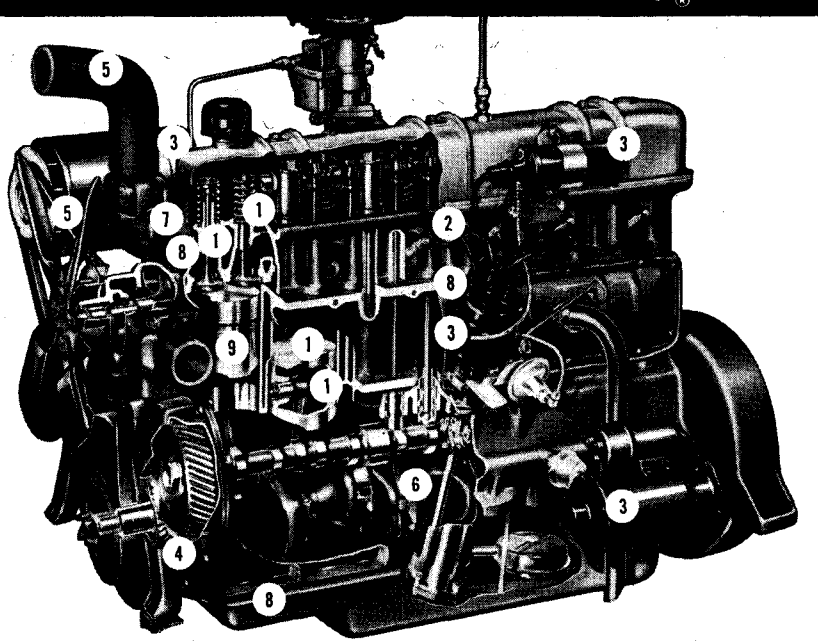

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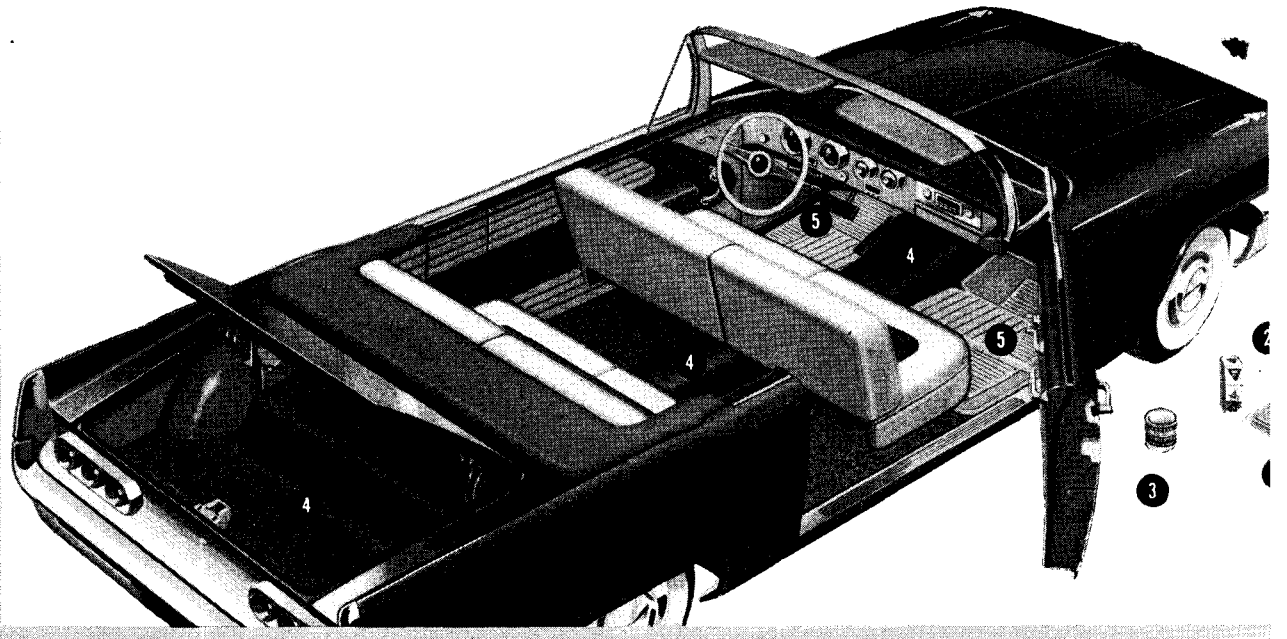

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HiJACK out of his billfold," he admitted. "Then I see this scared-looking dame at the Penington Inn, where I'm staying when I ain't up at the hide-out cabin. Her name's on the register, so it don't take much brains to figure things. You got to understand, copper, I'm hotter than a six-bit pistol and getting hotter all the time. I got to find me a way out or I'm going to swing, just like you're tryin' to tell me with that little toy you got in your hand."

McGregor said, "You still may. Talk fast."

"All of a sudden," Smith said, "there's a way out for Smitty. Somebody may get on my trail goin' north; but no cop, I figure, is goin' to open up the artillery on a nice little mouse."

Big Mike rose half out of his chair, but was stopped by McGregor's huge hand across his chest.

The man with the broken face managed a smirk in spite of it. "I don't know much," he admitted, "but I know dames. She ain't gonna do nothing—absolutely nothing—to hurt her brother's chances. I don't have no trouble with her at all. I just tell her to ride along with me, nice and friendly, and I'll tell her where her brother's tied up after we get in Alaska. Or, if she don't want to ride along, he can die of no water. She ain't a bit hard to convince."

McGregor's big fists closed. "You say you're not a killer. But now you tell us you'd have no compunction about letting a man in handcuffs die of thirst."

"Aw, look, copper, I was just keepin' the dame in line. I'd have let somebody know. Anyway, he had enough to last a week."

McGregor said, "I'll just wager you would have."

Colvin said, "How did you find Mike?"

McGregor smiled suddenly and almost shyly. "The lieutenant," he said, "is a professional, and you can't really expect a professional to admit some amateur had the right idea. But you gave us the right tip on those overload springs. After he swore about it a while, we checked every car on the highway and in the towns. We found them on this Chrysler the day before yesterday, while it still was parked in Penington. After that it wasn't too much trouble. When Smith checked out, I had Indian kids spotted along each road out of town and a police car tailing him far enough back so he wouldn't see it. The kids who saw him told us; and when we came to a youngster who hadn't seen him, we knew where he'd turned off. That side road goes up to a couple of abandoned mines, but it's blind. So all we had to do was to wait. There was a roadblock to the north when he came out and another one south of town. But he checkmated us by picking up Miss Orem. Then we didn't dare take him for fear of hurting her. But after he'd headed north with her, I went in on the side road where he'd been. Mike was in a prospector's cabin, handcuffed to a chain, with the chain through a three-hundred-pound stove."

Mike said, "I could move around some but I couldn't figure any way to get out of there. That stove was too much to carry."

Colvin said, "I'm only surprised you didn't try it."

"Might have," Mike admitted, "in another day or so."

Colvin turned toward the sniveling Smith. "You could explain some of this."

"I had to wait around until the heat chilled," Smith said, "and I couldn't afford to be toting them gold bars all the time. So I buried them up by the cabin where I had your driver on ice. I dug 'em up again and put 'em in the car

just before I had the date with your girl friend."

This time Colvin was the one with fists ready, but found self-control without McGregor's help. He said, "Before we go any further I want to know about those pals of yours, Mr. and Mrs. Gillebo and Ragan. Where are they now?"

"Ragan," Smith said, "is Willie Comas. Specializes in driving hot trucks. You'll find him in Las Vegas." He coughed and gave a street number. "Why should I protect them bums? They left me with a murder rap. Mr. and Mrs. Gillebo—that's a hot one. That hophead girl friend of Rocky's ain't Missus Anybody and never was. She's a bar girl on the strip out of Fairbanks. Uses the name Marilee Jones. The town cops know where to find her. Rocky's got a little gold dredge to the westward. That was how he was going to sell the gold back to the smelter. Besides, he owns one of the clubs. He's real busy, most of the time, acting strictly legit."

McGregor interrupted. "They're in Fairbanks now?"

"You can bet on it. They was going to double back after they crossed the border and switched the license plates. Ragan was goin' home, and the other two had plane reservations back north the night before last."

McGregor crossed to a telephone and soon was relaying the information to Lieutenant Winn. When he had finished he said to Colvin, "He'll take things from there. Your people should be able to pick them up, and we'll start extradition. It might move fast." He paused, and official propriety fell away from him as if he had taken off his jacket and revealed red suspenders. "The lieutenant," he reported, "says to tell you he still doesn't have any use for amateurs, Mr. Colvin; but if you're looking for a constable's job, he'll listen."

Colvin felt his own tenseness relax. "I'll consider it," he said, "if he puts more springs in those station wagons. But one thing I still don't understand, constable—how you happened to be here at exactly the right time."

"When Smith got Miss Orem in his car," McGregor said, "all we could do was to follow along, hoping he'd make a mistake. But he didn't make any—at least not while we were watching. So we radioed customs to keep a full crew on duty here. Didn't have time to get any constables here. Mike and I were fifteen minutes behind Smith at the last town, but we lost

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him. He pulled off somewhere and let us run on past, I suppose. So all we could do was lie in wait here. Just when we were set, you showed. I was afraid you'd get in the way, but there wasn't time to chase you away—just as well, likely."

Smith choked and pressed his hands against his stomach. "Gonna be sick," he mumbled, and started out of his chair. McGregor took his arm, and one of the customs men held open the door to a small rest room. Inside there was the sound of retching as the door closed.

Nancy Orem said, "I haven't had a chance to tell anybody how sorry I am to have caused extra trouble. But when he said I could save Mike, I didn't know he had the gold."

A customs man cleared his throat. "Hate to think of the time when a sister won't do as much," he said. "You're a brave young woman."

The room was stuffy, full of the odors which attach themselves immediately to new public buildings and thereafter stubbornly defy the best efforts of cleansers, brooms and changes of administration. His head continuing to ache, Colvin stepped into the driveway and around the black sedan still sitting there with its rear cushion upended and the gold bars untended. For perhaps a minute he looked to the north across scrub timber, breathing the fresh air.

A foreign sound caused him to turn, and he had only time to step behind one of the concrete pillars on the outside of the driveway—poor protection, but all that was available.

Quite slowly Smith and McGregor backed out of the customs office, the constable with his hands raised high, the shiny point of

a switchblade knife at the back of his neck,

touching it so that a little blood already was running down. Smith held this in his left hand and the constable's service revolver in his right.

The thin man's voice was a snarl. "Don't try to do nothing," he told the people inside the building, "or you're gonna have a nice dead copper. Nobody's gonna hang *me*!" Still backing, he felt for his footing, touched the fender of the black sedan with his elbow, never looking away from the people in the building or letting the blade of the knife waver. "Just keep coming, copper," he said. "Just keep backing nice and easy, and I won't have to slice you or shoot any of the nice people. You're going to do a little driving, copper, and I'll be right beside you. Open that door."

Slowly McGregor opened the sedan's right-hand door.

"Get in," said Smith. "Get in real slow. Don't make me nervous. I'm getting in right beside you." Deliberately he flipped the safety on the revolver, aimed at the right front tire of McGregor's station wagon and put a bullet through it. "It makes me real nervous," he said, "when people keep following me all the time." Air hissed out of the tire.

McGregor was in the car, moving awkwardly, trying to slide under the steering wheel as directed. Smith lowered the revolver but kept the knife in his left hand at McGregor's bleeding neck. He still had not looked around, but in another second he would be in the car and out of reach.

Colvin lunged for Smith's left wrist, grasped it with both hands and yanked. The arm raked the sedan's center post, and the knife spun away. But the revolver in Smith's right hand laid open Colvin's cheek. Colvin hung on, and for a moment they were face to face, Smith's wild eyes inches from his own, a surprising strength in the thin man. Smith's knee hit Colvin in the groin as the pistol, somewhere overhead, fired once more. Colvin ducked, brought a sharp right up to Smith's chin. The man staggered and lost the pistol. Colvin stepped back, free for the first time, and his whole weight—plus fury, fear and revenge, each responsible for more power than any single set of muscles—was in a second right, also to Smith's chin. The man's face collapsed. Then his jaw fell open as, very slowly, he toppled backward. The sound of his head hitting the base of a concrete post was not a sound to be thought about, not ever to be remembered.

Scrambling from the sedan, McGregor had a heavy boot raised beside the fallen man's head, but he set it down again. Slowly he leaned over, grasped one of Smith's limp hands, dropped it and knelt, raising one of the man's eyelids with an expert thumb. Finally he stood up, recovering his gun from the dust.

"Came out of the washroom," he said, "with that pigsticker in his hand. It was on my neck before I even saw the thing. Good thing for me you were around, Mr. Colvin. I don't think I'd have liked what he had in mind for me."

The constable paused and glanced curiously at Colvin. "The man was right," he said. "We're never going to hang him."

In the battered little sedan Colvin drove south with Nancy beside him and Mike sprawled across the rear seat. For a long time he pushed the car close to its limit, ignoring the drumfire of gravel against the running gear and the whine of the overworked engine. But when they came at last to the oiled parking lot between gasoline pumps and the door to the Yukon Inn, he pulled into it and stopped.

He said, "Lieutenant Winn's waiting for us in Whitehorse with a desk full of official papers, and he's too nice a character to annoy. But I think we can spare time for a sandwich, Mike."

From the back seat Mike unhinged outsize feet and long legs. "Yeah," he said. "We should have time. I was going to ask if you'd mind stopping here." Grinning, he walked toward a slim waitress standing at the door of the restaurant. Their meeting was pleasant to watch.

Colvin pulled the keys from the ignition and looked at the dark-haired girl beside him. For the first time in days he could touch her. Nancy's small, warm fingers clung tightly to his hand. THE END

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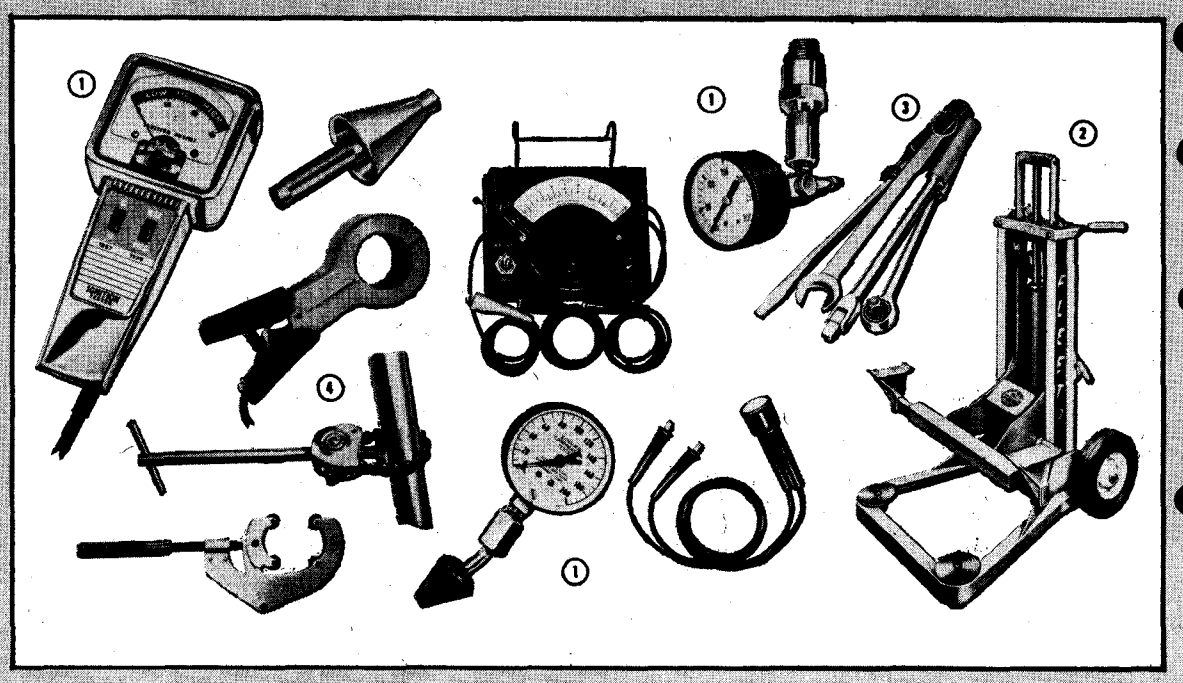

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UNWRITTEN LOVE SONG

(Continued from Page 27)

Alice Graydon," she went on. There was a polite time of silence between them then. Then she said, "It's a good place to watch from, right here. Do you like what you do? Playing that trumpet?"

With some fervency, Rennie said, "Yes, ma'am, I do. I started out when I was about nine—that was in a little school band we had back in the mountains. There was this Mr. Carvel who drove up from town, see; it was his idea. . . ." And then, as though he were standing outside himself and listening to himself, he was telling her all about how, when he'd first learned on a stubby cornet—he'd felt this was the work for him; that there couldn't be any other nearly so good. He didn't know he could be so talky—especially to a girl he'd met just a few minutes before. But he kept on listening to himself, and telling her about it; it was as though it were somehow most important for her to know. To know everything about it; just how it had been; just how it was now. He hoped the way he felt about old man lonesomeness didn't show through. Even if it did, he had the feeling that she might see how it was about that too.

But when he'd stopped talking, he felt suddenly foolish; for she just sat there. And the sun wasn't too far from really coming up now; she was again looking out toward the lake. "Mountains," she said. "I've never been in the mountains." A couple of cars went past in the lightening street. It was just a few butterfly-wing strokes of time before the first rim of sun would come racing like a red fox in the distance between those buildings closest to the lake; the whole east would blaze then. But now it was still murky, in the very tip edge of sunup.

He could feel something strange in his finger tips, in his throat; something like a message that didn't have a single word to go with it yet. Sometimes you felt that way, even though you weren't Bix or Berigan, when you realized for a flutter of time what music could be; what things you could say through the bell of a horn. It was a feeling he hadn't known much at all since coming to the city, and it was something that shoved old man lonesomeness far off in a corner and taught him his proper place.

He held his breath, hoping it would last; and it was lasting. And Alice was saying, "I'm from Indiana—Hobart. It's a little town not far from Gary—there," she pointed, out across the lake—or out across what would be the lake when the shadows went away. After one more second she smiled. "I wanted to be a musician too—a singer. I sang in the church choir there; I still do when I go home for visits." Then, quickly and deftly and not at all in a rush as he'd told her about himself, she was telling him about her brothers and her sister back in that town; about the river that ran through the town, under small stone arches, and the lilacs in the spring—a good many more lilacs than you saw here, she said, though there were some pretty good bushes around Newberry Library. And he could see the river, the lilacs, and the oaks along the boulevards.

He saw them very plainly. As he did, and as she looked a little embarrassed, as though she'd talked too much, the words of the message in him all came at once.

He was opening his trumpet case; the street light was still on, and its light caught the curves of the horn, which was a good one, beautifully made; he fitted the mouthpiece in and, glancing at her shyly, sideward, he said, "Listen; I'm not showing off. I just thought of something I want to say. I kind of say it better on a horn than any other way. You, talking about churches and choirs, made me think of it. It's just a tune I've been fiddling around with for a while."

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT

"Out of shape."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

There was the rattle-clash of more traffic in the distance; the wind moved more strongly from the lake. But the dawn stayed just on the rim of showing itself, as she said, "Please go ahead and play it. Nobody'd mind. I'd like to hear it."

So he held his left hand cupped a trifle around the bell, for a mute, and played it very softly. It was a ballad that would have gone well with a guitar stroking in the background and filling in the cracks, but the melody itself was pure and single-minded and simple; he knew it would be all right from the first note. It had lived in his head for quite a while as a charm against old man lonesomeness, but it hadn't ever been so effective as this.

Then he'd finished. Across the street a workman, in overalls and carrying a lunch bucket, had stopped for a few moments to listen, then had walked on—but he'd played softly, and nobody else seemed to have heard it.

Alice said, "It's awfully good. Very good. I like it, Rennie."

"Thanks, Alice," he said. He looked away toward the lake. He could see the first dazzle of sunlight. "It's got words," he said. "The words are the best. There was a man, a poet—Byron Reece, his name was. He lived in my part of the Georgia mountains. The tune's to his words. If—if you'd like to try singing them, while I play . . .?"

She nodded. It was almost an impatient nod, as though he ought to know down right well she'd like to sing them. So he told her the words. She sat up a trifle higher as he did so, and her lips were open as if she drank the words in and as if they served her as a charm as the words and the tune he'd put to them had served him. She tried them over, saying them a couple of times. The sun was swinging high out of the lake now, bigger and bolder—the buildings that had been black cut-outs were flushed along their dark stonework. She said, "I know the words now," and he set the mouthpiece to his lips again. As he did so, he felt everything he was—his inmost being, the quiet center—pour itself through the trumpet. Yet he played just as softly as he had before. And she began to sing; her voice like a bird's, artless, and singing for the joy in the act. And as clear as a stream coming down through pines on a warm morning, with everything bright-polished and steady and also everlasting.

"If I had a little coat,
A coat to fit a no-year-old,
I'd button it close about His throat
To cover Him from the cold, the cold
To cover Him from the cold.

"If my heart were a shining coin,
A silver coin or a coin of gold
Out of my side I'd it purloin
And give it to Him to hold, to hold,
And give it to Him to hold.

"If my heart were a house also,
A house also with room to spare
I never would suffer my Lord to go
Homeless, but house Him there, oh there,
*Homeless, but house Him there."**

When it was over, they sat looking at each other—then, together, turned their faces toward the sun. It was really up. There were five people—two men, two women, and a small early-up newsboy with wide eyes—watching them. The men walked away, one saying, "That was fine." The women moved along—the fat one said, "I enjoyed that, I really did." Only the small boy stayed for a moment; then he smiled, flashingly, and his heels hurried along the sidewalk. The street lights were out. The day on the edge of spring was opening up like a steel-and-cement flower, and the lake wind swung in closer, tingling in their nostrils. Rennie put his horn back in its case.

He said, "I suppose you'll be getting along to work. I ought to get some sleep myself. Can I meet you here about five-thirty tonight?"

"Yes," Alice said. "I'd be very pleased about that."

He smiled in his turn and stood up, and she stood up; then they turned in opposite directions and walked a little way out of the small park. Rennie found himself turning back for a last look at her—her hair, fine as spun gold, the good gentle body, the reaching face—just as she turned to take a last look at him. Then they turned for good, if for the time being only, and got lost in their own parts of the city. And as Rennie walked on toward his apartment he thought that old man lonesomeness could be defeated, and that the city could be loved indeed—and now he knew exactly how. And he thought, too, that any place you were, when you felt like that, was home.

THE END

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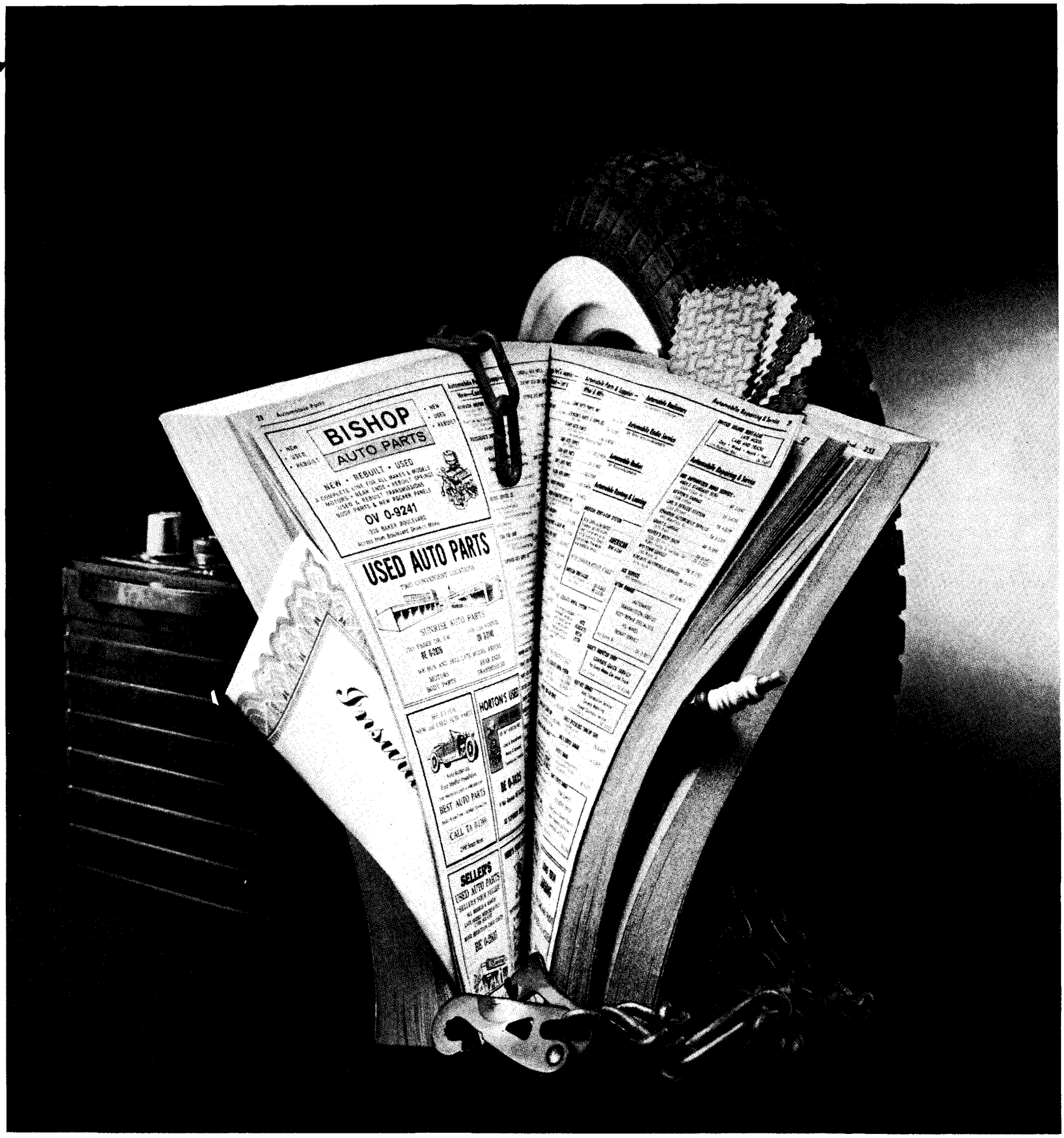

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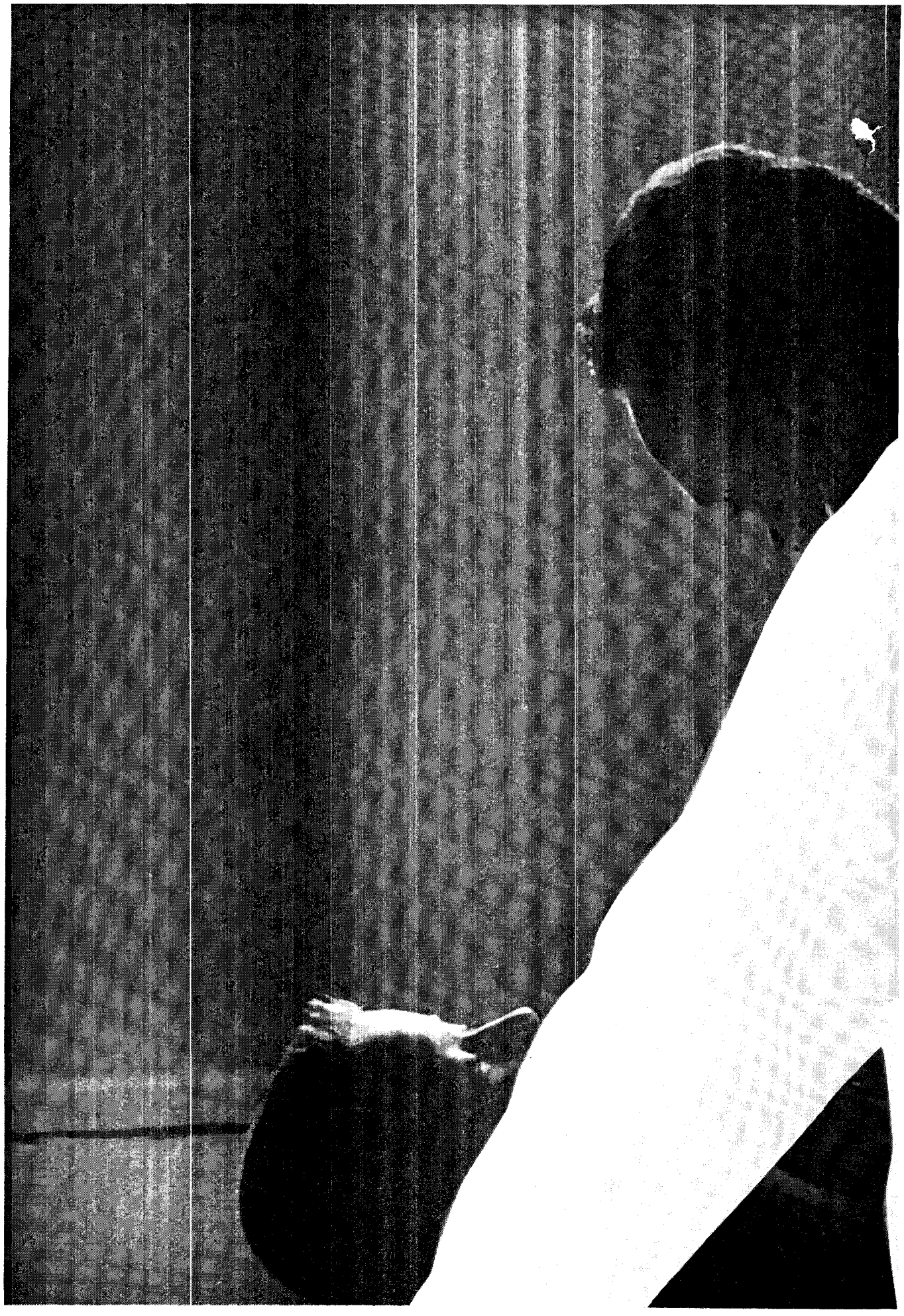
How can you protect a child from cancer, killer of more than 4000 youngsters each year? A doctor offers some valuable advice.

By JOHN E. ALLEN, M.D.



Shirttail out and knees muddy, five-year-old Jimmy Adams dashed laughingly down the kindergarten steps to his mother's waiting car. Outwardly Jimmy appeared no different from other boisterous small boys who plunged out of the school doors with him. But there was a difference.

As they drove away from school, Jimmy's mother sadly recalled the day three years earlier when her young son had a narrow escape from cancer. The first indication of danger was a sudden tightening of his training pants over his stomach. She took the two-year-old tot to the pediatrician and asked him to explain why.

Anxiously she watched while the pediatrician examined her son, always returning to the same spot. Finally he told her, "I'm afraid he has a growth, Mrs. Adams. Rather large. Apparently on the left kidney. But we've found it early. That's eighty per cent of the battle won. Thank heavens you noticed his training pants tightening."

That tightening, out of all proportion to the child's growth, was in fact the only suspicious symptom. Jimmy had no pain, fever or loss of appetite. Those symptoms would have developed later—perhaps too late—if his wise mother had not taken him to the doctor in time.

Immediately Jimmy was hospitalized. X rays confirmed the presence of a kidney tumor. Within twenty-four hours tumor and kidney were removed. Microscopic examination revealed a highly malignant cancer called Wilm's tumor. Fortunately it had not spread to surrounding tissue or to the lungs. X-ray treatments, plus an anticancer drug, nitrogen mustard, were given to eliminate any infection around the cancer site. Result: a healthy boy, minus one kidney but free of cancer.

Unfortunately Jimmy's early cure is the exception in such cases. The tragic truth is that cancer has become the most common disease killing children between one and fourteen years of age. Each year more than 4000 American youngsters die of it. The rate is highest between birth and age five. And despite better diagnosis and treatment, childhood cancer deaths are now up 20 per cent over 1945. Of all recorded causes of youth fatalities, including accidents, only cancer is on the rise.

Ironically, part of the cancer increase is due to improved preventive and antibiotic control over other diseases. The others kill fewer children, giving cancer a chance to strike more. Diphtheria, which in 1920 took ninety children per 100,000 in the one-to-four age group, has almost ceased its fatal inroads. Influenza and pneumonia deaths per 100,000 have been cut from 284 in 1920 to fewer than fifteen in 1955.

Improved diagnosis of cancer also has swelled the figures for that disease by adding many childhood cases which might not have been identified years ago. Diagnosis, however, has its saving virtues.

The seemingly dismal over-all picture becomes brighter as more and more parents realize that early recognition of many types of cancer can result in a higher rate of cure. Improved surgical procedures and treatments depend upon early diagnosis, and parents should learn to watch for the first danger signals. By making intelligent reports to their pediatricians and by having their offspring examined regularly, they can insure the curing of 50 per cent or more of many types of childhood cancer. Regular medical examinations are fully as important for children, in this respect, as for adults.

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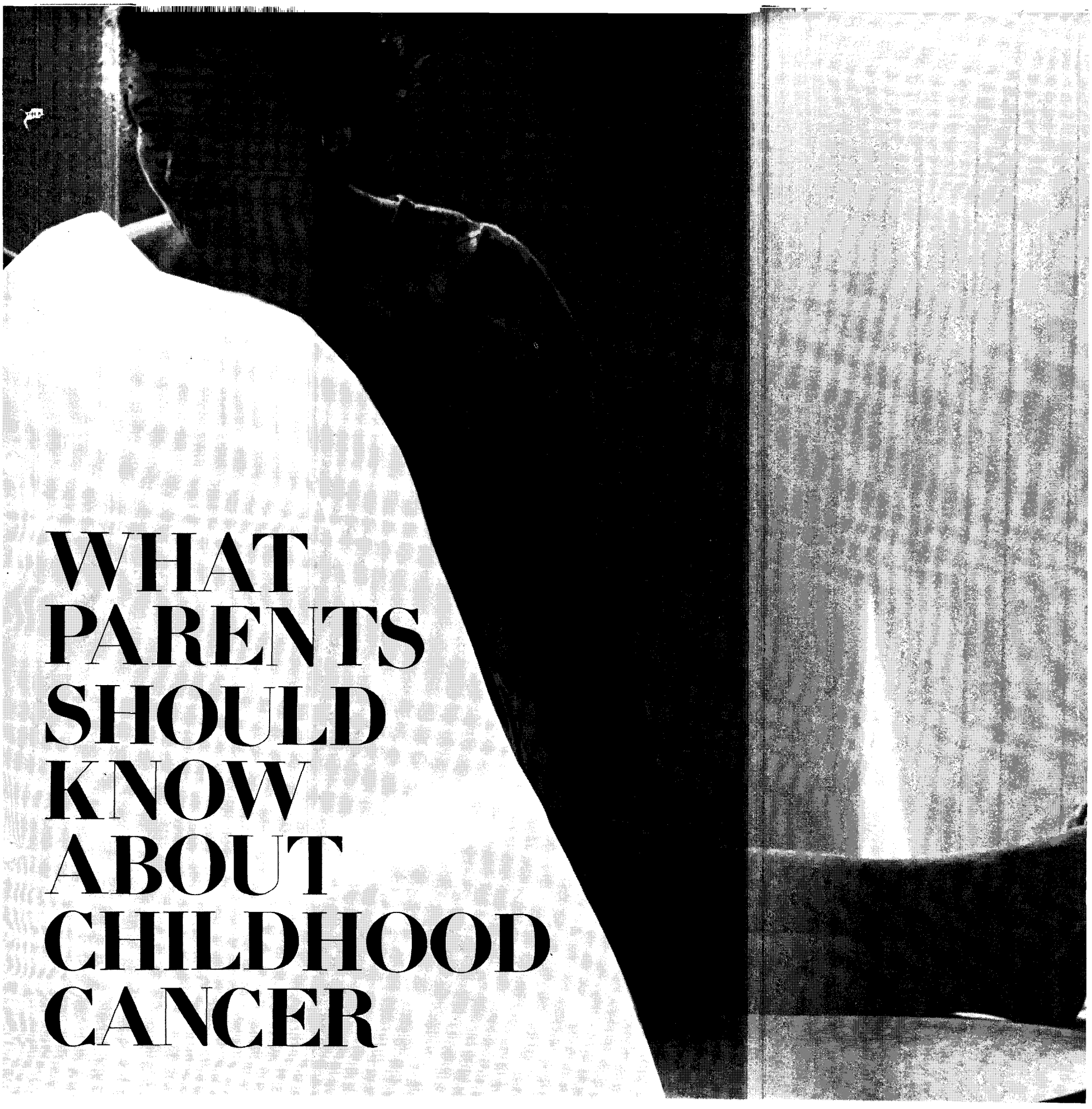

WHAT PARENTS SHOULD KNOW ABOUT CHILDHOOD CANCER

Kidney or renal tumors, such as Jimmy had, cause 20 per cent of childhood cancers. As in Jimmy's case, most are noticed by parents because of abdominal enlargements, usually signaled by unwarranted tightness of clothing and sometimes by a lump which can be felt as a hard mass. Yet parents often neglect to report immediately these unusual swellings. Why? Are they afraid?

If so, they should minimize their fears. Often there is hope. Drs. Robert E. Gross and Edward B. Neuhauser, of Boston Children's Medical Center, as early as 1950 reported a 47.3 per cent survival rate among thirty-eight small patients whose kidney cancers were removed and who were then treated with X rays. The survival rate has since been raised by such anticancer drugs as nitrogen mustard and 6-mercaptorpuine.

In Cleveland recently a three-pound premature baby was born with a huge Wilm's tumor, as sometimes happens. The tumor when removed weighed a pound, a third of the infant's birth weight. Miraculously the tiny patient recovered from surgery and appears free of cancer.

Fortunately nature helps the alert parent to detect one of the most common types of childhood cancer, leukemia, by making the symptoms extremely noticeable. Leukemia and its sinister cousins, lymphosarcoma and Hodgkin's disease, account for more than 35 per cent of all malignancies which occur from birth to age ten. Although leukemia strikes children of all ages, the rate is highest among four-year-olds.

As many laymen now know, leukemia is cancer of the white blood cells. If uncontrolled, it invades the blood-producing bone marrow and chokes off manufacture of red blood cells and normal white cells. This blots out the life-sustaining functions of bone marrow and spleen.

Leukemia strikes so rapidly and vividly that parents usually are aware of it far earlier than other cancers. First there is anemia, with pallor and easy fatigue. Then rashes break out because of spontaneous hemorrhages in the

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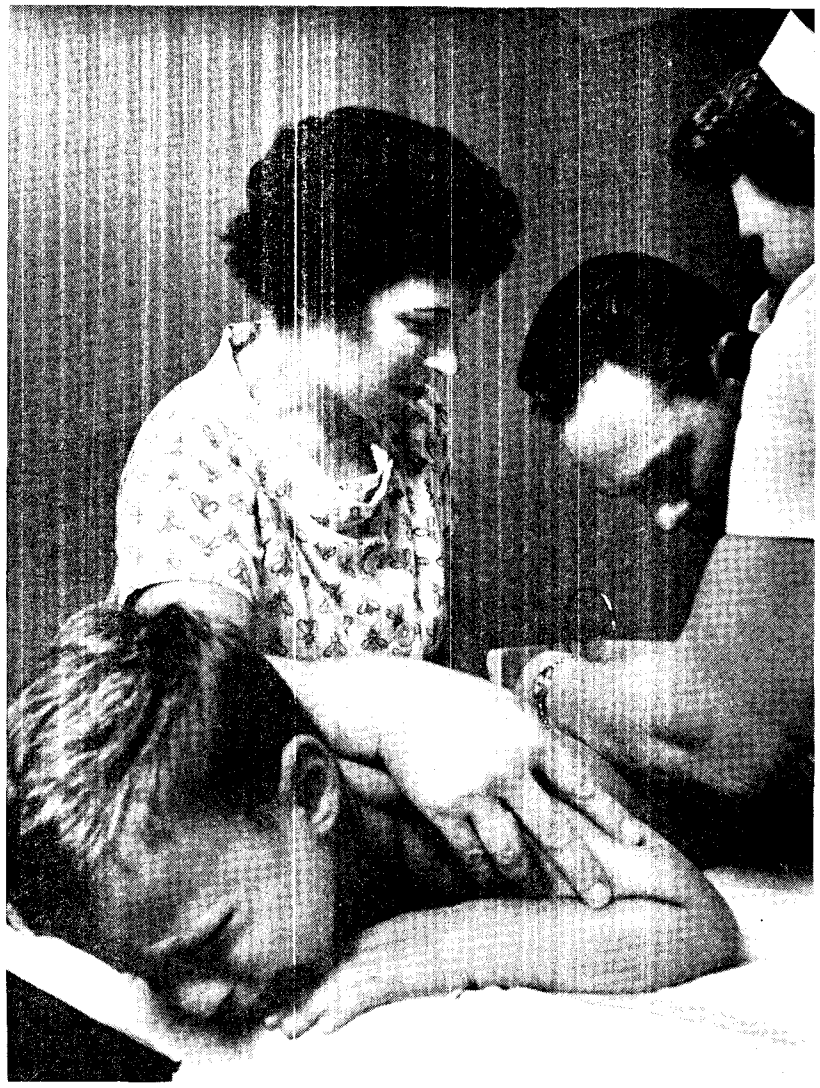

The stitches come out: Loren Meyer, four, winces as the doctor snips and pulls the thread. An operation had removed a nonmalignant tumor.

CANCER skin. Lymph glands in the neck, groin and axillae swell and harden. The disease, entering arm and leg bones, produces aches which may be mistaken as polio, rheumatic fever or even "growing pains."

Lymphosarcoma and Hodgkin's disease, which are localized forms of leukemia, appear as solitary tumors or swellings on the neck, abdomen or chest.

Diagnosis in all forms of leukemia is made by doing a blood count, analyzing bone marrow or removing a sliver of tissue from a tumor site by surgery and examining it microscopically.

If the diagnosis is positive, "miracle drugs," representing the most spectacular advance in cancer therapy in the last ten years, are drafted to sabotage the intricate machinery that causes leukemia cells to multiply. Treated early, a child may survive for many months or years. Occasionally, aided by X rays, the solitary forms, lymphosarcoma and Hodgkin's disease, can be eradicated entirely.

Next to leukemia the most common cancer among the young is brain tumor. Once again early detection is important, more so than in any other form of the disease. But the symptoms in these cases are subtle. More confusing still, symptoms in the first two years of life are unlike later symptoms, because the infant brain and skull are immature and more expandable.

In youngsters under two, noticeable symptoms from the increased pressure of brain tumors are slower to appear than in older children. The baby who proudly rolls over may no longer attempt it. The six-month-old who has managed to sit unsupported may lose this ability. Normal development stops or retrogresses. Baby becomes irritable, plainly unhappy. Appetite fades. As the tumor grows he will vomit persistently and have fevers unconnected with colds or other minor ailments. In advanced cases the head becomes abnormally enlarged because of the tumor's pressing on unfused cranial bones.

Because the skull and brain of the older child are more solid, the increased pressure is felt sooner. The child complains of frequent headaches. He may lose his ability to walk and manipulate objects. If of school age, he becomes less attentive, loses initiative, complains that he cannot see the blackboard.

Any of these symptoms may appear in a normal child, but they should be checked by a physician. If the doctor's suspicions are aroused, he has many diagnostic tools at hand. He will examine the back of the eye with an ophthalmoscope to detect early pressure changes. He will order skull X rays to seek evidence of abnormal pressure from within. An electroencephalogram, or electric brain-wave tracing, will help him to locate abnormal growths. Finally he can use special X-ray methods, involving an injection of air around the brain and brain cavities. These X-ray pictures give a complete picture of the condition.

In tumor cases the skill of the neurosurgeon must be enlisted. Brain tumors are unique in that they do not spread beyond the skull or spinal cord. Potentially, the complete removal or destruction of the tumor can bring about a cure. This potential is sharply limited; brain tissue is not replaceable, nor can a child function normally if a significant part of the tissue is damaged. Yet, as Dr. D. D. Matson, a well-known neurosurgeon, reported in the *New England Journal of Medicine* in 1958, "Forty-six per cent of brain tumors are benign and therefore at some time in their history could be removed."

Some brain tumors cannot be removed, however, because of their inaccessible location or malignant invasion of delicate brain areas. But even many of these can be treated with X rays. The task is made easier if observant parents recognize tumor symptoms early. The surgeons' present record of five-year cures is 35 per cent. Parental vigilance could lift it much higher.

Neuroblastomas, or cancers involving the sympathetic nervous system, have a set of symptoms which are fairly detectable. Yet one of the saddest cases that I have handled struck down a motherless immigrant child. This victim of neuroblastoma was a boy of four—call him Paul Czika—born behind the Iron Curtain, a tiny heir to the Old World's accumulated worries. Medically he was a logical victim of a disease of the sympathetic nervous system.

Little Paul's mother died soon after he was born. His father, determined to find a more democratic life, smuggled the son and himself into West Germany. In 1960 they came to the United States. Neither of them could speak English. The father found it extremely difficult to get work. Paul ate poorly, became irritable, lost weight. Ultimately he complained of a constant abdominal pain.

When I first saw the boy, his weight loss and debility were obvious. Examination revealed a large, firm tumor in the lower abdomen. A lung X ray disclosed extensive areas resembling snowballs, an indication of the cancer's spread. Surgery came next. It exposed a cancerous tumor, neuroblastoma, clearly too large and invasive to remove.

The best that medical science could do for Paul Czika was to administer massive doses of X rays and an anticancer drug, Cytoxan. It was a forlorn hope. Paul's "tummy pains" had gone unattended too long. His death was a frightful blow to his harassed father, who had had to be both father and mother while trying to learn a language and find work in a strange country. No parent deserved sympathy more.

The crowning tragedy in Paul's case is that, with early diagnosis, excision of the tumor and X-ray treatments before the cancer has spread, 88 per cent of neuroblastoma cases can be cured. These cases account for 12 per cent of cancers between birth and the age of nine. As with Wilm's tumor, most occur before the age of five. Commonly they develop in the abdomen, although they may originate in any area involving the sympathetic nervous system, which is an accessory to the central nervous system. Clues to this cancer fostered within the nerve network are not the most obvious, but they are there. The organs controlled by the sympathetic nervous system function unconsciously, producing sweat, blushes, and bladder and bowel activities beyond normal. Because the sympathetic chain of nervous tissue extends from neck to groin, the neuroblastoma may originate in the chest, skin, adrenal glands or pelvis.

The scourge of teen-agers is cancer of the bone, certainly the most virulent form of the disease. Although relatively uncommon, fewer than 15 per cent of its victims are cured, and then only when the cancer is detected very early.

Complicating the problem of parents and physicians in this form of cancer is the fact that the symptoms are nonspecific and gradual. Generally the youngster's first complaint is "pain," often in a limb. But as the pain is not constant, and since most of us have pains now and then, little attention is likely to be paid to this vague ache.

Ultimately the pain of bone cancer becomes piercing and continuous. It grows worse at night. A hard swelling appears in the painful area. By now, obviously, it is a case for the doctor.

Great responsibility for correct diagnosis and therapy rests upon the victim's physician. His decision must be prompt and correct. The ultimate diagnosis of bone cancer includes intricate interpretations by both radiologist and pathologist, but the family physician is still the quarterback who must call the play.

A physician's son, fourteen-year-old Mark, whom I had taken care of from birth, limped into my office with his father one day. The boy, an enthusiastic football player, had been benched by a knee injury three weeks earlier.

"Gee, when is this going to get well?" he asked. "The season's almost over."

I examined his knee and felt the tender, somewhat red swelling above it. "You'll never make the Cleveland Browns this way, will you? How did it happen?"

"Oh, one of the guys made a hard tackle. Do you think it'll be O.K. by Friday? I've got to play. I'm the fullback."

I was still examining the mass on his leg and the skin that had tightened over it. I had an empty feeling. My optimism sagged. In a boy of his age with these findings, a very possible diagnosis was bone cancer.

I ordered an X ray, but the pictures did not give a clear answer. Was the abnormal area a harmless bone cyst? Or was it cancer? The next step was a biopsy. The pathologist's verdict was, happily, benign chondroblastoma, a noncancerous tumor of the growing ends of the bone.

The public assumes that physicians regard every patient with scientific stoicism. How wrong! In this instance it would have been difficult to say who was more relieved—Mark's obstetrician father or myself.

In an actual case of bone cancer the treatment would have involved radical removal of all infected bone, followed by X-ray therapy. As in most cases of cancer, the best results follow early detection and prompt diagnosis.

Cancer, attacking the human body on all fronts, does not spare even the eyes of newborn infants. Retinoblastoma launches its insidious growth at birth but usually is not detected for about eighteen months. Approximately 100 of these tumors are found yearly in the United States. (See THEY SAVE INFANT EYES, by Joseph P. Blank, *The Saturday Evening Post*, March 25, 1961.) Luckily most of us need not be concerned with retinoblastoma. Other types of tumors, however, concern all of us.

Most parents know that the small firm lumps which often develop on the upper part of children's necks are usually lymph glands, harmlessly enlarged by tonsillitis, measles, infected mosquito bites or chicken pox. But few realize that there are no lymph glands in the lower front of the neck, location of the thyroid. Any lump, swelling or nodule in this area should be investigated immediately. Some, I regret to say, can be "man-made" as well as menacing.

In one such case an observant mother who happened to be a registered nurse brought her nine-year-old Sally to see me. Sally appeared radiantly healthy. Pointing to her new necklace, she said, "Daddy gave it to me for my birthday."

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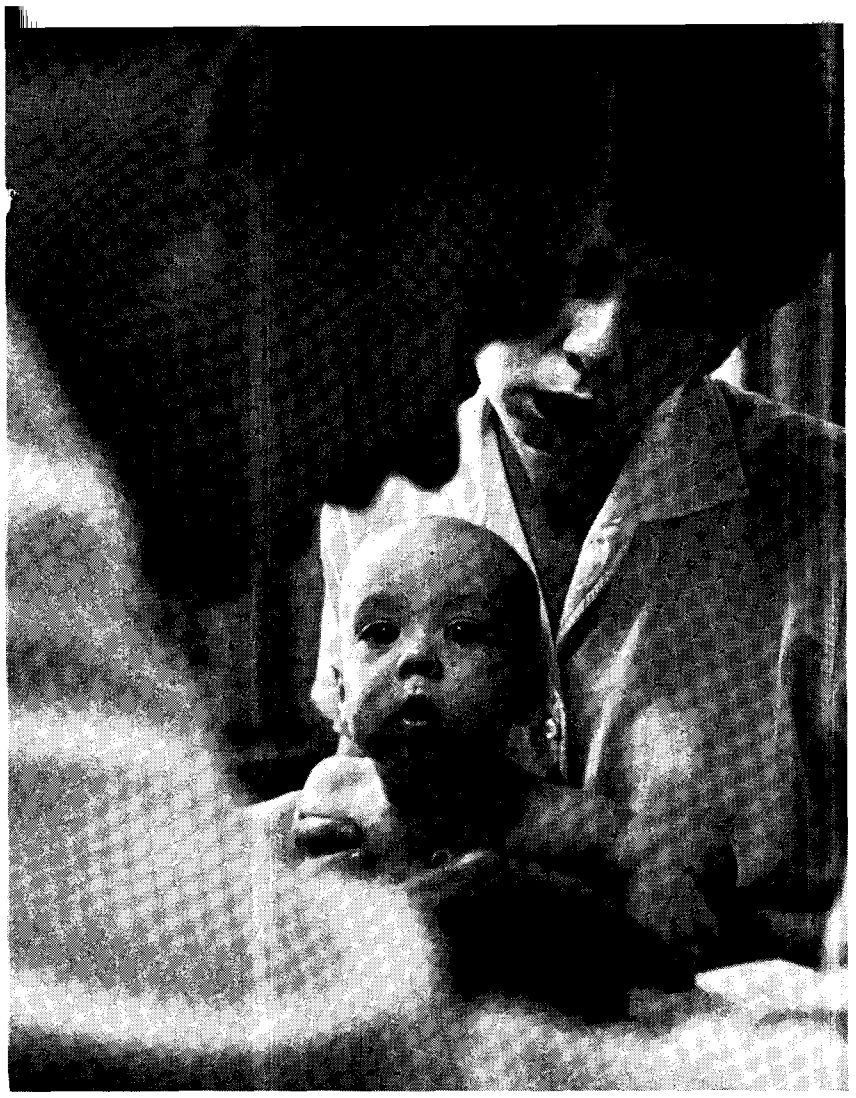

Routine cancer checkup: An alert young mother brings her infant son for examination. Successful treatment usually depends on early diagnosis.

Her mother smiled uneasily. "I was putting the necklace around her neck," she said, "when I noticed this." She pointed to a lump, hard and peanut-sized, below Sally's so-called Adam's apple. "I hadn't noticed it before and thought it ought to be checked."

The mother was indeed right. In taking Sally's case history, one factor loomed large. During early infancy, she breathed so noisily that her parents had her examined. The diagnosis had been "enlarged thymus gland, pressing against windpipe," and the treatment consisted of X rays to shrink this gland, which lies just above the heart and below the thyroid.

Although it was common practice years ago to shrink the thymus by X rays to relieve pressure on the windpipe, medical science now recognizes that a large thymus is normal in infants and does not cause labored breathing. Babies like Sally "crow" in breathing because the cartilaginous rings supporting the walls of their windpipes are underdeveloped. The windpipe partially collapses when they breathe in, a condition they outgrow.

In Sally's case the damage had been done. A biopsy of the hard lump revealed cancer. The cancer and surrounding thyroid tissue were removed. Sally has been well ever since—a girl who possibly owes her life to the birthday gift of a necklace.

Sally and others in like circumstances fell victim to the misguided use of X rays. Medical advances can be fallacious. Only recently Dr. Milton T. Edgerton of Johns Hopkins University reissued a warning against even light doses of X rays in and near children's necks.

"In forty-seven patients under seventeen years of age diagnosed as having cancer," Doctor Edgerton summarized, "seventy per cent had a history of previous X-ray treatments of the head, neck or upper chest."

A similar survey of 180 children with thyroid cancer disclosed that 80 per cent had at some time undergone X-ray treatments—usually for minor conditions which could have been treated more effectively by other means—or which needed no treatment at all. These disorders included the so-called enlarged thymus, adolescent acne, tonsillitis, simple enlargement of lymph nodes, sinusitis, benign tumors of the laryngeal cords, and harmless hemangiomata or birthmarks.

Amid such confusion, how are we to approach the tumor problem rationally? Simple ability to recognize benign or noncancerous growths, such as hemangiomata, helps greatly. These somewhat elevated bright-red blood-vessel tumors appear within a few months of birth and may grow to splotchy, disfiguring proportions anywhere from the scalp to the buttocks. Many parents panic and insist that something be done about these blemishes on their children's faces or bodies. Some refuse to believe the truth—that in time nearly all hemangiomata disappear of themselves without becoming malignant.

Take the case of blue-eyed Andrea, who was less than a month old when her parents noted an increasing redness on her right cheek. An unsightly fiery-red tumor developed with incredible rapidity. The parents rushed the baby to me.

The agitated mother said, "We've never had anything like this on my side of the family. Is it serious? Is it—cancer?"

"It definitely is not cancer," I assured her. "It has a long name. Hemangioma."

"How soon can we have it taken off?" Andrea's father asked anxiously.

I told them to be patient and let nature do the job. I explained that drastic treatment by surgery, X rays or "freezing" with carbon-dioxide snow frequently leads to permanent scars. I urged them to let time alone operate.

Both parents took the advice reluctantly and skeptically. Their confidence took a plunge when the tumor continued to grow. But when Andrea was seven months old, the growth halted. At one year, fading began. At five, Andrea looked as normal as any other little girl.

Many medical studies confirm that the best policy on hemangiomata is "hands off." Dr. H. J. Wallace, in the *British Journal of Plastic Surgery* in 1953, reported on a seven-year study of 411 hemangioma patients. None received treatment, yet 90 per cent of the tumors disappeared, 7 per cent left merely vague traces, and only 3 per cent failed to involute and vanish.

Only a handful of hemangiomata and noncancerous childhood growths call for surgery. These are hemangiomata of the eyelid or vocal cords, which hamper sight or breathing; disfiguring "port wine" birthmarks and certain unusual blood-vessel tumors, which are not true hemangiomata and which refuse to disappear spontaneously; noncancerous lymphangiomata, or overgrowths of the lymph vessels, which are skin-colored lumps; and the common pigmented mole, or nevus, when located on the palm, sole, genitals or other sensitive skin area, where it may become potentially cancerous because of constant irritation. Happily, melanomas, the dreaded cancerous moles, almost never occur in children.

The tumorous conditions that I have mentioned are not the only ones affecting the young, but they include the most common childhood cancers, ones whose symptoms can be identified by vigilant parents. The first line of defense in the battle against childhood cancer lies in the solicitous eyes of mothers and fathers. While they cannot be diagnosticians, they can at least be keen observers. Symptoms to remember include:

- Kidney or renal tumors—abdominal swelling, lumps.
- Leukemia—anemia, pallor, fatigue, rash, lymph-gland swelling, aches in limbs.
- Brain tumor—loss of motor or motion control, vomiting, headaches (older children).
- Neuroblastoma—lumps in chest, skin, abdomen and pelvic area; weight loss, debility.
- Bone cancer—persistent and increasing pains in bones.
- Thyroid cancer—hard lumps or nodules in region of Adam's apple.

Parents also should remember to avoid two things: X-ray treatments of the neck area for any reason whatever, unless further medical consultation confirms the necessity. and all treatment of ordinary birthmarks or hemangiomata which have been properly diagnosed as such.

Perhaps much or all of this seems alarming. It may suggest that tumor symptoms should be listed on the family bulletin board along with "In case of fire, call . . ." and "In accidents, do as follows. . . ." However, cancer consciousness can become a daily health habit with concentration and thought.

Parental alerts and calls to doctors invariably will involve reports of noncancerous tumors. As has been stated often, *not every lump, swelling or nodule is a cancer.* Most, fortunately for humanity, are not. But isn't it better to inform the doctor and let him judge than to lapse into a dangerous "wait and see" attitude? In cancer treatment, time is the very essence of life.

THE END

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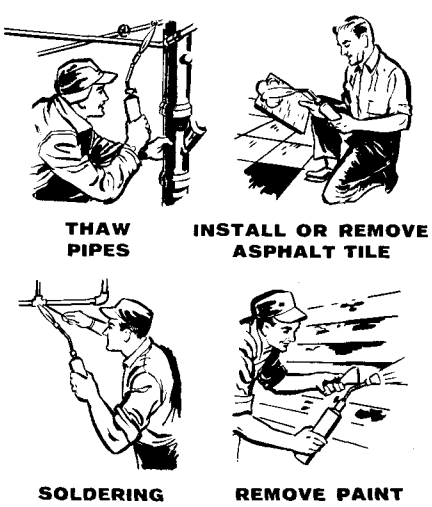

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Approximately 60,000 foreign students attend universities in this country every year, and according to a recent article in *The Wall Street Journal*, "more than half will go home mad at the United States." Mostly these potentially influential friends for America return disillusioned and disenchanted with us because few people show personal interest in them.

Last March William F. Dawson, twenty-two-year-old engineering junior at the University of Kansas, discovered that of the 260 students from sixty different nations attending school there, few had any American friends, most had never set foot in an American home, none had ever seen for themselves how American free enterprise works, and many would have to drop out of school if they couldn't find summer jobs to take care of next year's tuition.

Deciding that something had to be done to change this situation, Dawson arranged for a number of the foreign students to meet with campus leaders so they could air their gripes. As a result of this meeting, a People-to-People Council was set up on campus to help foreign students become better integrated into American life and to help them in every way possible—a sort of stay-at-home Peace Corps operation.

During the remaining months of the school year big changes took place. The People-to-People Council was given official recognition and office space in the Student Union. Committees were set up to arrange forums and social gatherings, home hospitality and tours to farms and businesses, job replacement and a brother-sister program to help orient new students arriving in the fall.

With the co-operation of the university and the local press, foreign students previously ignored suddenly found themselves the center of attention. Townspeople began inviting them to their homes for dinner. Farmers had them out for weekends. Students were getting together over coffee to discuss world problems and exchange information concerning their respective cultures. Everything was going along fine until school was about to close and fifty-six students showed up at the council's office seeking summer jobs.

Finding fifty-six jobs in a city the size of Lawrence, Kansas (pop. 32,858), presented an impossible task, but Dawson and Rick Barnes, chairman of the Job Placement Committee, went to work. They called upon a prominent businessman in nearby Kansas City and told him their problem. He promptly wrote thirty-seven leading firms there, urging that they try to provide jobs for these students. Only one came through, hiring two students.

When Dawson and Barnes learned what had happened in Kansas City, they should have been discouraged. But, instead of giving up, they hopped into a sports car and barnstormed the state of Kansas, calling on businessmen, newspaper editors, radio stations, chambers of commerce and anyone else who would listen to their story. When they returned to the university they had lined up the remaining fifty-four jobs.

If there had been more Bill Dawsons around when Kwame Nkrumah, the president of Ghana, was a university student in Pennsylvania a number of years ago, perhaps he would not be the leading pro-leftist in Africa today.

Next year the students at the University of Kansas are planning a bigger and better program to make real friends of students from abroad. Our whole nation would benefit if the example set at K.U. were followed and People-to-People Councils were established on campuses all over America.

WHEN HANGING IS A "MUST," JURIES ARE SLOW TO CONVICT

Our nation's capital has the distinction of being the only place in the United States that allows neither judge nor jury any discretion in first-degree-murder cases; the death penalty is mandatory upon conviction. This rigid, possibly barbaric law remains because the Congress of the United States, which must double as "city council" for Washington, has not got around to changing it to be more in line with other jurisdictions, where the courts are permitted some discretion. The death penalty has been abolished in nine of our states; in most others it is permissible, but not mandatory.

Does the mandatory death penalty give the city of Washington an atmosphere of bloodthirstiness? Not at all! It simply makes it difficult to get convictions. Only one execution has occurred in the past seven years in the nation's capital, although there were 490 homicides and 121 indictments for first-degree murder during the same period.

Juries, faced with the choice of either sending a man to his death or freeing him, are inclined to free him. Legally an accomplice in a murder is equally guilty with the actual killer, but a jury understandably shrinks from imposing a death sentence on an accessory, whereas the jurors would unhesitatingly send him to prison, as the law requires.

Many District of Columbia law-enforcement officials want the law changed, not for emotional reasons, not because they want to coddle murderers, but because the inflexibility of the mandatory death penalty defeats the ends of justice. Recently a defendant who had been found by a jury to be not guilty of first-degree murder, as charged, but guilty of second-degree murder, went scot-free when his lawyer pointed out that the murder had been committed during a holdup, a *first*-degree offense and nothing less.

"Hanging juries" are a thing of the past throughout the country. In the 1930's there were an average of 167 executions per year in the United States; in the 1940's the average was 128; in the 1950's the average per year dropped to 71. Clearly, juries nowadays are reluctant to send men to death, particularly when the "shadow of a doubt" of guilt remains.

For the District of Columbia, the issue is this: If the District is to get convictions for first-degree murder, Congress must take a little time out from national affairs to change the District's rigid law.

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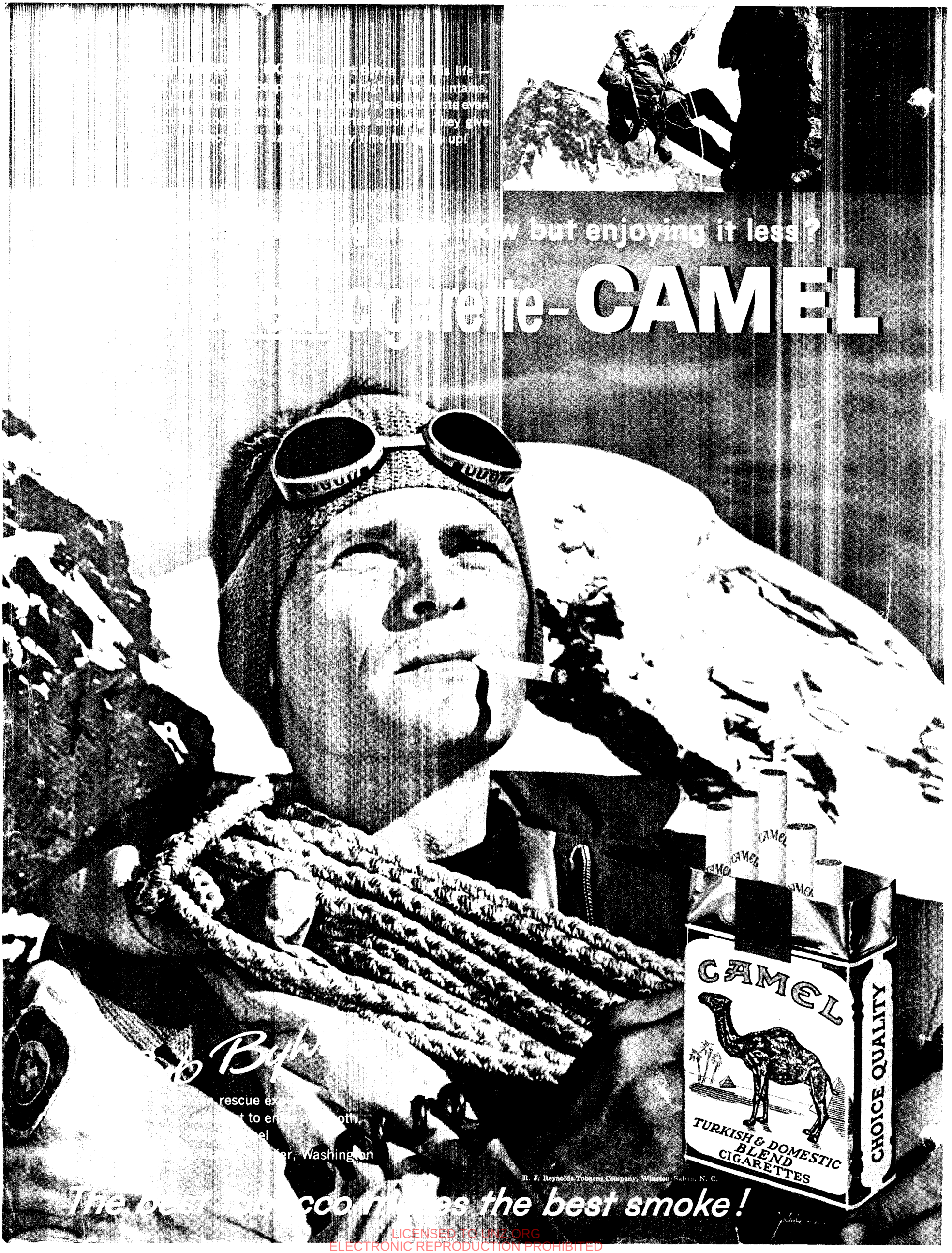

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